THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 200, Number 6

AUG. 6, 1927

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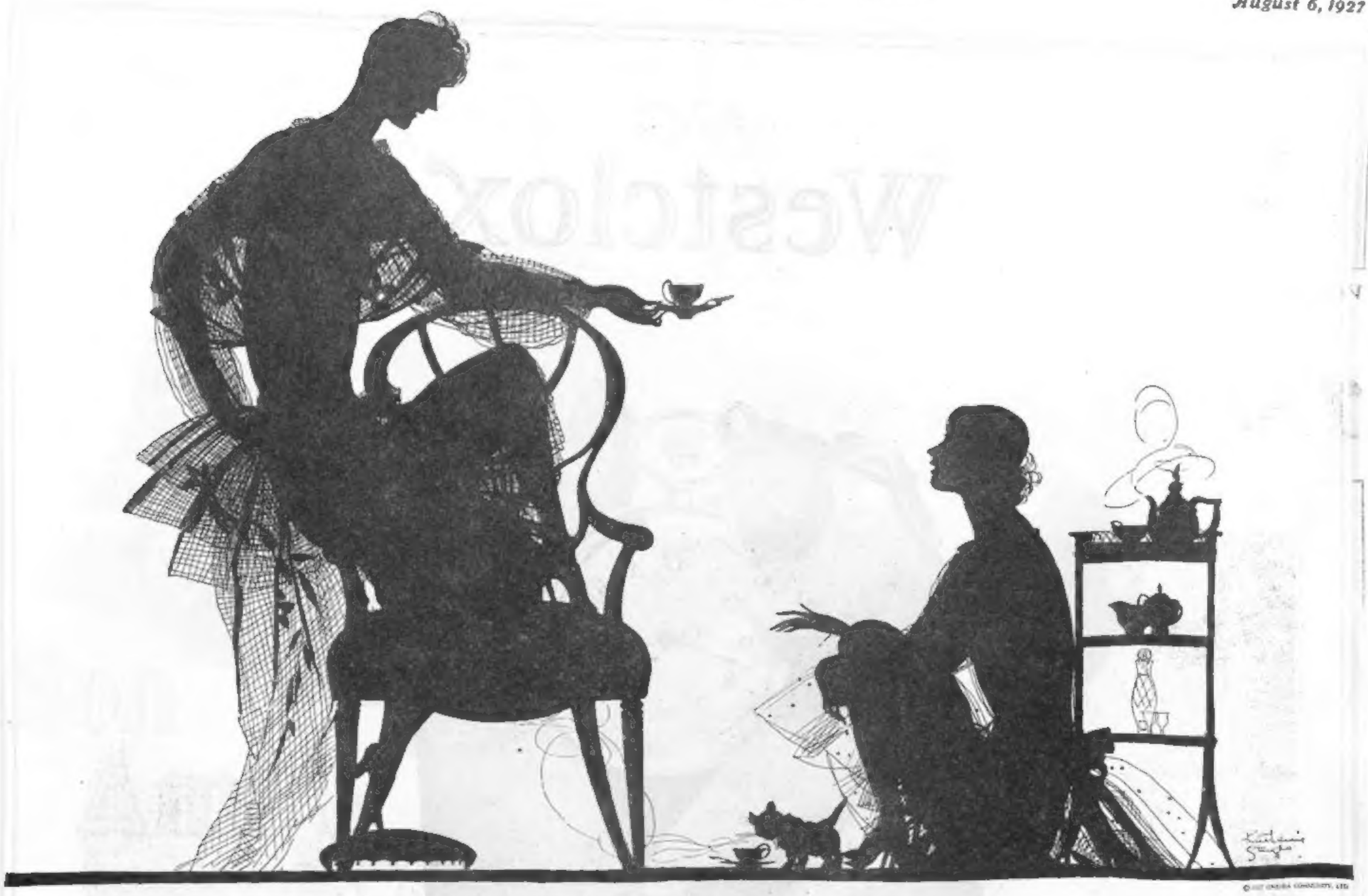

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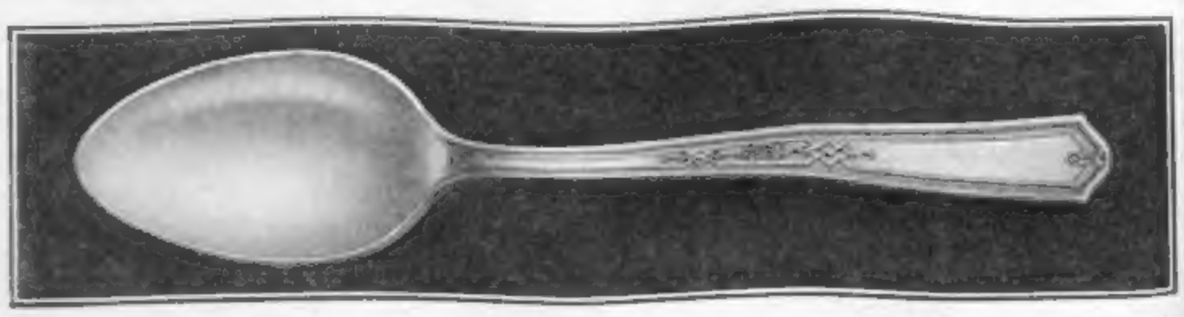

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
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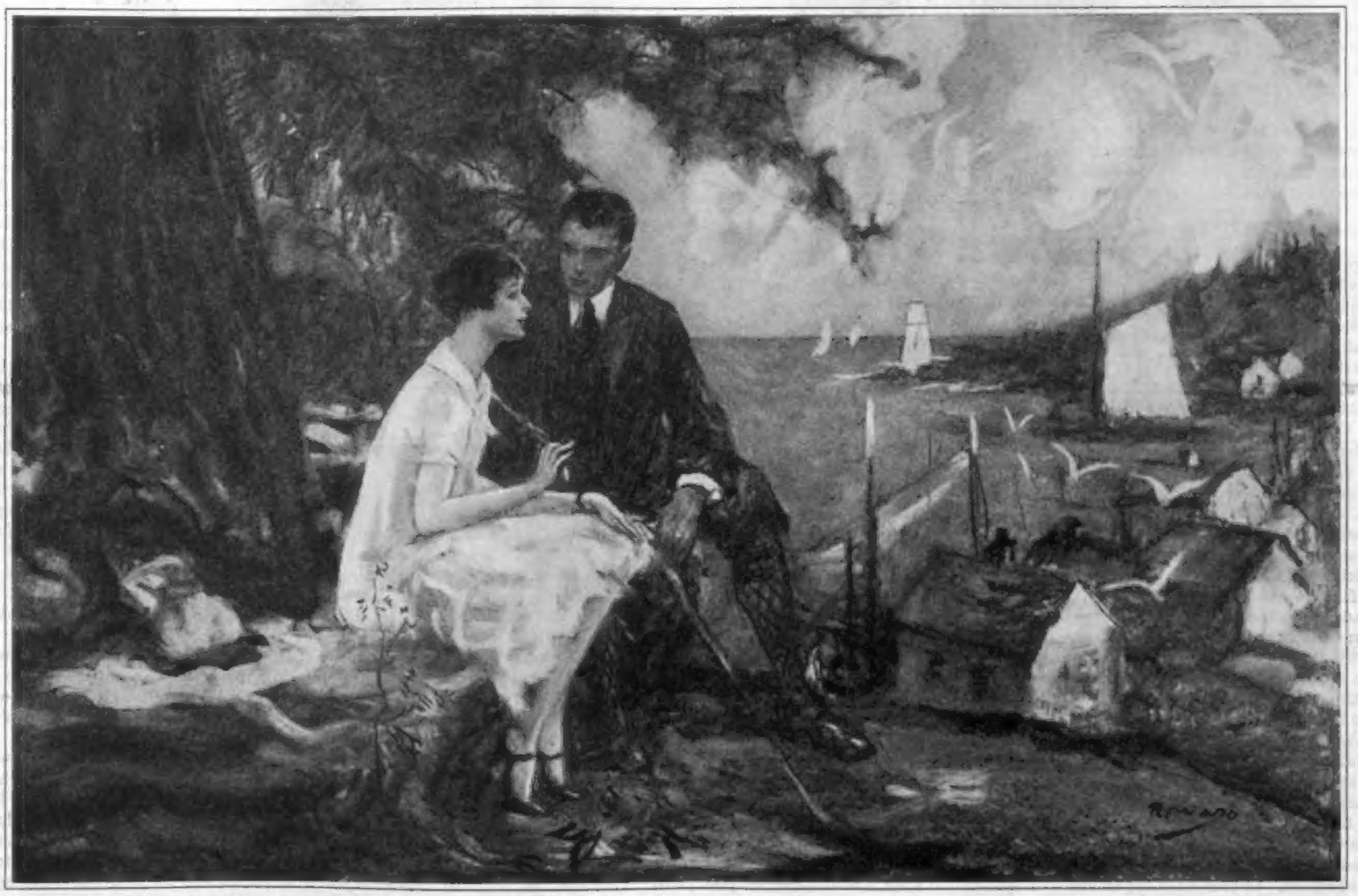
The Coeducation of Peter White



Pete and Joan Had Met on the Maine Coast During the Summer After His Last Year at Prep School

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

FINALLY his father said, "Well, boy, so far as I can make out, you haven't even learned how to drink at college." Comfortably finishing his cigar there in his son's room at the fraternity house, Peter White, Sr., leaned back and smiled as if more amused than worried by his reckless namesake.

That was not the way fond fathers were supposed to react when impending tragedies brought them to the university in a hurry. Pete was puzzled, but he was not going to let his young-looking old man know it. "Far be it from me to contradict you," Peter White, Jr., said, "but you are hardly fair to my dear old alma mater. Early in my course I elected a pretty heavy schedule in alcohol, and by junior year I was doing quite a lot of optional work besides, outside of regular drinking hours." He returned his father's casual smile and offered his distinguished guest a cheap cigarette. He tried to do it with the easy manner of the man of the world he had observed when his father, earlier in the painful interview, had graciously proffered one of his expensive cigars, the special brand made of sun-grown tobacco for one of his clubs in New York.

"So I gathered," said Mr. White, as he declined the cigarette with a smiling shake of the head. "You did your best, I'm sure. You worked so hard and have learned so little. Rye whisky on top of champagne—last summer at the country club. Didn't you even know it ought to have been brandy? And Burgundy with your dessert when we were over in Paris. Burgundy! I saw it with my own eyes. Don't you know anything at all? Such mixtures! It's a disgrace to the family!"

The boy scrutinized his father's bland countenance. What was he up to? Was it merely a case of age indulging in sarcasm at the expense of youth? Pete always resented that. "Well, you see, we are young and can stand such mixtures." It was rather fresh, but the old man deserved it.

Apparently his parent saw nothing impertinent in the implication. "Stand them!" He laughed and shook his head. "That's just it. You kids don't look upon drinking as something to enjoy, but as an ordeal, a thing to endure. What a pity! If you must drink, why not learn how? Why spoil all the civilized charm and beauty of conviviality? Why revert to savagery and swill liquor like an Indian? There is nothing really advanced or modern or sophisticated in that. It's reactionary."

Pete laughed and felt himself blushing. The interview was not following the orthodox lines. When he received the telegram announcing his father's coming, Pete nerved himself for a big scene. He had rehearsed the dialogue. "Oh, very well, if you don't approve of my conduct, you can go to hell. I'll leave college and get a job. I won't be treated like a schoolboy by you or anyone else."

But now, despite himself, Pete could not help liking the amused, detached note. "You might think he didn't give a damn," the boy said to himself. Perhaps it was a trick, but he did it so well.

"I Told You You Were Not to Do That." She Turned Her Face From Him. The Worst of It Was, She Liked It

The crowd downstairs had grinned and winked when the old man arrived and went up to the room with Pete. But now the boy caught himself wishing they could witness this scene. None of them had fathers like his. Despite one's modern views and the scorn of parents in general as a necessary nuisance in this queer world, he felt the old respect and admiration coming back, as when he was only an unsophisticated kid. More than that, he wanted to be respected and admired by this older man, even though it was his father—a shameful state of mind for a senior, one of the most important and prominent men on the campus.

The son remarked, in his best sophisticated manner: "Oh, well, that matter of boozing is really an academic question so far as I am concerned. Because, as it happens, I'm on the wagon now."

It was his father's turn to be surprised. "I didn't know that. I'm glad." He was more glad than his brief, unemotional comment indicated. Pete guessed that, but was pleased that his father had made it brief and unemotional. "Why didn't you tell me, Pete?" he said in a frank, friendly tone. "I'm interested, you know. Or is this something sudden and recent?"

The boy lighted another cigarette. "Rather sudden, but not so recent," he said, exhaling smoke. "Began with the opening of school this year."

"That's nearly four months. Pretty good. And you haven't fallen off?"

Pete shook his head. "I won't fall off," he said. He enjoyed the simple brevity of his declaration. He enjoyed the sensation that he knew it caused in his auditor. "At least, not until I'm out of school and no longer dependent upon you." There was a pause. He knew that he had made a hit with the old man, but he expected his father to say something. "Don't you believe that, father?" The son felt a little hurt.

"Of course I believe it," was the casual but convincing reply. "I wasn't thinking about that. I was wondering how it happened. What caused it, Pete?"

He had seldom lied to his father, but he did not care to tell the truth about this. It was none of his father's business. It was something too personal, too sacred, he told himself, to discuss with anyone—least of all his father. The thought of even mentioning Joan's name to him was repugnant. He would rather be shot. He felt the color coming into his cheeks again, so he tried to camouflage it with a laugh. "Well, you see, I was a failure even as a drunkard, as you've just pointed out."

His father laughed, too, an appreciative, chuckling laugh, as if he liked his son's humor. He did not press the matter. He merely said, "Glad you came to this conclusion without any urging from me, at any rate."

"If you had urged it, I'm afraid I'd never have come to it," the son replied.

"I knew that; that's why I didn't." The father had seen the boy's blush. That was why he avoided looking at him by taking out his watch. He was on his way to Chicago to attend to some matters in the Western branch. His train would leave in about an hour.

It was borne in upon the boy that his father was a very important man. This interview with a son was, after all, merely an incident in a busy life, taken in his stride. Pete felt insignificant and his father loomed large. "Hell!" he said to himself. "I'd like to be something more than a nuisance and expense to him. He's a pretty good sort—as fathers go."

"Well, Pete," said the busy man, "any more debts besides the bills we've just paid?" He did not want to change the subject, but he perceived that Pete did. He picked up the sheaf of bills from the table and pretended to look them over again.

Pete shook his head. "Don't you think I've cost you about enough as it is?"

As to that, his father would not commit himself. "No personal obligations? No bridge or poker debts?"

"No, sir."

"That's good. Then I take it you've been successful at cards, at least."

"No, sir."

"Oh, then you paid them all out of your regular allowance? A frugal fellow."

Pete delayed his reply while he crushed out his cigarette stub. "I don't play cards," he said—another eye-opener for the old man.

"I see. I didn't know. Opposed to gambling, are you?"

"No, sir. But I can't afford it."

"Oh," said his father, still smiling and still handling the bills. "I didn't know that would deter you."

"I don't blame you for thinking so. But I can't afford the time for bridge and such things. I'm a very busy man."

This gave his father a laugh, which he immediately suppressed. "Excuse me, Pete," he said, "but how was I to guess that you'd been overworking? Your reports don't show it." It was an ominous report from the dean's office that had brought him here.

Pete kicked himself for using the word "man." His father considered him a boy. But he was on his dignity now. "I've been too busy to do much studying. That's why I'm on probation and got that rotten grade in psychology."

"I see," said his father. "A student too busy to study."

"It may sound funny to you," said the boy, declining to be amused, "but I think it would have been quite interesting to study if I had allowed time for it in my schedule. But when I got through making a fool of myself, and woke up to my opportunities for that sort of thing, I had too many responsibilities on my shoulders and I couldn't get rid of them."

"Oh, I see," said his father, trying to look sympathetic.

"You ought to know what I mean. You were a good deal bigger man in your Eastern college than I am out here in this Western university. But I suppose you've forgotten all that."

His father stopped smiling and looked out of the window. He had not forgotten, but he was thinking of his own responsibilities. Could it be that this fine, manly lad had been modeling himself upon his father? He had not thought of that. It gave the father a queer sensation. "I see what you mean," he said. "You haven't time to study because you're an editor and an actor and a manager and tried for the teams. Yes, those things do eat up a lot of time."

The boy laughed and made a grimace. "Trying for the teams didn't take much time. I didn't last long. But the other things do. I simply bit off more than I could chew and —— Well, it's too late now, I suppose."

"Unless you pass this examination tomorrow, that is, and make up the rest of your back work. What do you think the chances are?"

"Not so good."

There was a long pause. Pete's father looked at his watch once more. He'd been trying for twenty years to be a good father, but still felt as much of an amateur as ever. He was a success at business, a fairly good husband and a useful citizen. But at the most important task of all, he felt himself a failure—perhaps because parenthood was not a business, not a profession, but an art—the most important art there was, though always in the hands of amateurs—and today more difficult than ever. The old authority had gone. A good thing too. It had never been fair or sensible.

He could bully this boy of his with a financial club, but that always seemed a cowardly treatment to apply to those financially dependent. Besides, it would do more harm than good. Pete was a spirited youngster, not the

kind to be cowed. He would only go to the devil. Affection and fair play were the only things one cared or dared to work with. Children were undoubtedly a good deal of a nuisance. He had often wished he had never acquired any. But as long as he had them, he meant to hold them and make a good job of the business if possible.

He turned to the boy and said, with no sarcasm, no worldly superiority, "Look here, Pete, tell me what to do."

"About what?"

"About you. Suppose you had a son and found that everything you had done was all wrong. I'm not blaming you for it. I'm blaming myself. I didn't want you to come out here to this Western coeducational plant in the first place. I still don't know why you insisted. But I don't blame you for that. I blame myself for not making you prefer to go to my own college, where the family has always gone. I had it all fixed for you."

"There's nothing the matter with this school," interjected Pete loyally. "If I've made mistakes it's my fault."

"All right," his father went on, "I won't criticize your college—your school, as you call it. To tell you the truth, I rather admire your independence in coming out here where you were unknown. I'm proud of you for bracing up and making good in the life of the place. I'm not criticizing you for getting mixed up in all these extra-curriculum activities, as they are called. Probably I set you a bad example. But I blame myself for not influencing you somehow so that you would take some interest in what you were sent here for—though perhaps your professors ought to share the blame for that. If that psychologist knew anything about psychology, he'd understand that fellows like you can't be made to neglect the things they are interested in unless they can be made more interested in something else. If he were a real teacher he'd make you crazy about psychology."

"Oh, it's not Johnny Sinclair's fault. I ought to have studied. I know that."

His father agreed with that, but he shifted the subject. "Frankly, I didn't like your working me for so much money, Pete, but I blame myself for not being able to say no. It's awfully hard to refuse when you like a person."

"It is for you, sir," said Pete, who knew his father's reputation for liberality in his business relationships.

"But that's all past now—an academic question, as you say—and here we are, up against it. If you don't get your degree in June, I don't see how you can get the place I've always counted on your having there in the office. It would not be fair to the others. I don't honestly consider the mere act of going through college a qualification for the job, but since it has become an unwritten law in the firm, I can't ask or expect my partners to make an exception in your case, can I?"

"No, sir. Least of all in my case, I should think."

"So what are we going to do about it? You're no longer a boy; you're a man, and I'd like your advice. Suppose you were my father and I your son—what would you say?"

For the first time in his life Pete saw himself from his father's point of view, and the sight was not pleasing. "Gosh, how disappointed he must be in me!" he thought. "And he's been so successful in everything else too!" Professor Sinclair, the psychologist, had frequently told the class about the baneful influence of parents. But now, instead of disliking and fighting his father, he loved and admired and felt sorry for him. He was such a good sport, so square and generous. "Well, if you really want to know," said the warm-hearted boy, his veneer of pseudo-sophistication now completely melted off, "if I were you and had a son like me, I'd tell him to go to hell."

Peter White, Sr., burst out laughing. "But the trouble is, you see, I don't want you to go to hell. I would much prefer to have you go into the office with me. Though maybe you think business life is hell—and all that."

"No, sir, I don't." As he had dramatized the scene in his private rehearsal with himself, the son, not the father, was to say "Go to hell." He had changed the only line left in the scene. He had intended, you see, to leave the university at once and eventually write about "bilge" and the "booboisie."

"You want to go in with me, do you, Pete?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

There was no doubt in his son's tone, and the old man rejoiced. But it is never well to let these scenes drag out to anticlimax. "Well, I think that about covers it," said the busy man, arising to leave. "The rest is up to you."

Pete helped him with his overcoat. "I'll get my flivver and take you to the station," he said.

"No; if you're going down to the train with me, let's walk. I never get enough exercise when I'm traveling." He always kept himself fit. That's why he looked so young and could do so much work. And to this day he could beat Pete at golf.

They started in the direction of the campus. "You have a far greater number of motor cars per capita of students out here than we have in my so-called aristocratic college in the East."

"The distances are greater," said Pete.

As they approached the university buildings a tower clock struck the even hour, and they met crowds of students hurrying toward lecture rooms or coming out of them less hurriedly.

"Queer place, a coeducational institution," said his father.

"What's queer about it?" asked Pete.

"While you were in class I walked about a bit. I found only two bookstores, but I counted twelve beauty shops—only they were nearly all spelled like that one over there." He indicated a "shoppe," and Pete laughed. "Still, I'm not surprised," he added. "I know nothing about their brains, but most of these coeds seem to need considerable aid to their beauty. There, look at those two. Murder!"

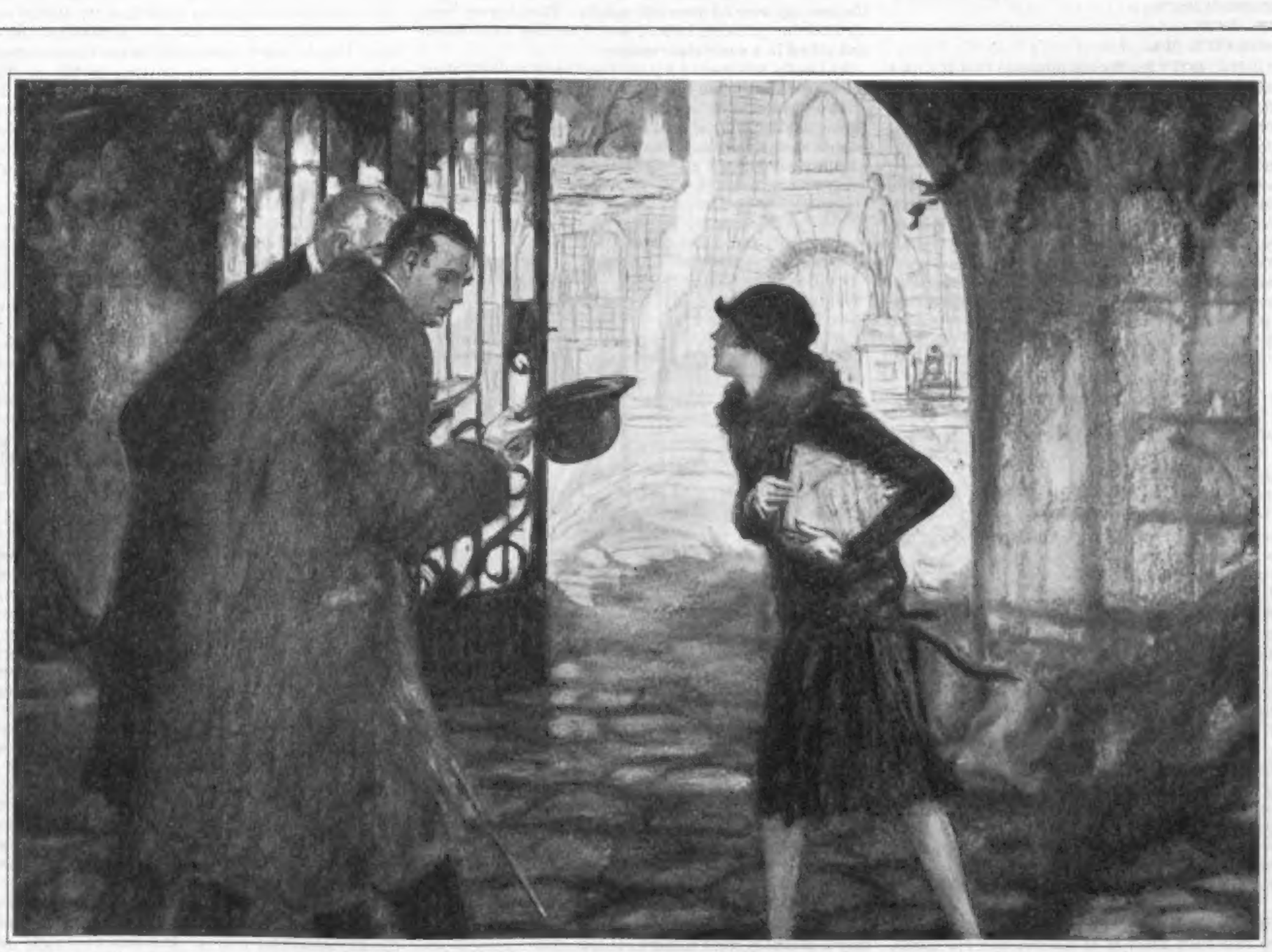
"Oh, they aren't all like that," said Pete. "Some of them are pretty fine girls."

"Oh, I've no doubt there are exceptions to prove the rule. But coeducation is an acknowledged failure."

"Yes, acknowledged by old-fashioned, conservative Eastern universities that haven't progressed enough to have it."

It was an old familiar fight of theirs and never settled. There was no danger of its becoming acrimonious today, but it had been the family's strongest argument against Pete's coming here. "A university ought to be something better than a matrimonial agency," his father had said.

(Continued on Page 35)

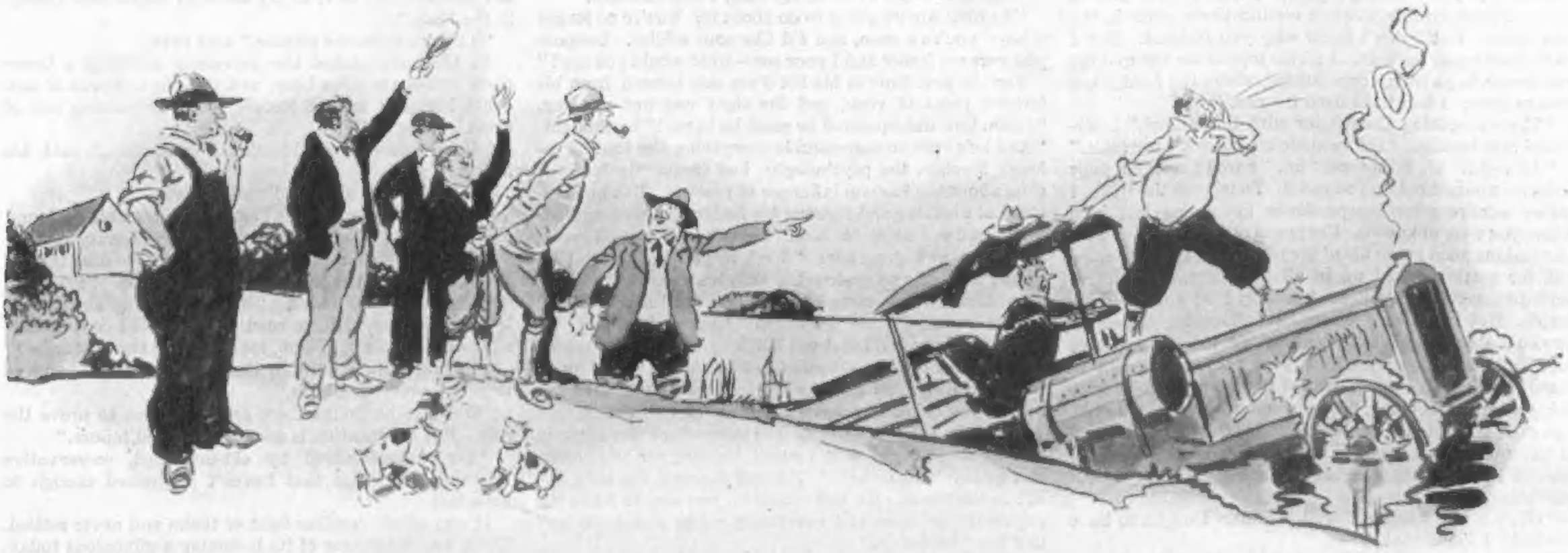


Indeed, She Came Shamelessly Near Being Sweet for a Modern Girl, and She Said "Hello, Pete," in a Voice That Was Soft and Rich and Low

THE INDIRECT METHOD

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS

June 1, 1920.

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS,
MULLER HOTEL,
KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR MR. BOTTS: We are informed that the road commissioners of Silica County, Kansas, are considering buying a tractor for grading and general road work. We want you to go at once to Sandy Forks, the county seat, and sell these commissioners an Earthworm Tractor.

Salesmen from other companies will probably be there. In addition, it is possible that you may encounter a little sales resistance, due to the fact that Mr. Joseph Ripley, a wealthy farmer of Silica County, has been having trouble with his Earthworm Tractor—due entirely to his own negligence—and has been blaming everything on the company.

However, we have every confidence in you and feel sure you will put over this deal. Advise us fully in your daily reports as to what progress you make.

Very sincerely,
GILBERT HENDERSON,
Sales Manager.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: June 3, 1920.
Written from: Sandy Forks, Kansas.
Written by: Alexander Botts, Salesman.

I got your letter yesterday, and it is a good thing you are putting onto this job a real high-powered salesman like me, rather than one of your ordinary men. When I explain the situation here, you will see that any ordinary man would have quit cold. But not Alexander Botts.

I left Kansas City bright and early this morning in my new flivver roadster, and about the middle of the afternoon—when I had gotten to within about two miles of the town of Sandy Forks—I saw something that I can only describe as a sickening sight. Right beside the main road as you approach Sandy Forks is a little bluff looking out over a very pretty lake. And right on top of this bluff, in plain sight of anybody coming along the road, was a large ten-ton Earthworm Tractor with a big sign on it reading:

I WILL SELL THIS EARTHWORM TRACTOR VERY CHEAP OWING TO THE FACT THAT IT IS ABSOLUTELY NO GOOD, NEVER WAS NO GOOD, AND THE COMPANY THAT MADE IT WON'T STAND BEHIND IT. JOSEPH RIPLEY.

Parking my car by the road I walked up and looked at the tractor. It was old, weather-beaten and rusty, and the carburetor and magneto were gone. One of the side plates was off the crank case, so that I could look in and see that the bearings were all loose and wabbly. Running my hand up into the cylinders I could feel that they were scored and pitted in a scandalous manner.

As I sadly returned to my car there came walking along the road a young man in overalls.

"Yes," he said, in answer to my questions, "Old Man Ripley has had a lot of grief with that tractor, and he sure is sore at the company that made it. He has just got himself elected to the county board of road commissioners so he can make sure that when the county buys a tractor it will be something else besides one of these Earthworms."

"Won't the other members have something to say about that?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "old Joe Ripley is the richest and most influential farmer in the county. Most of the other members have worked for him at one time or another and they'll probably want to work for him again. They aren't apt to go against what he says."

"Where does this Mr. Ripley live?" I asked.

"Straight ahead. First house on the right."

"Thank you," I said.

After the young man had left I pondered the situation, and as I have a quick mind I soon realized that you were right when you said in your letter that Mr. Ripley has been having trouble with his tractor. Apparently you hadn't heard that he was the main guy on the board of road commissioners, or that he was putting on this pretty little tractor show out beside the state road. But I decided you were right when you said I might possibly encounter a little sales resistance. And that is why it is lucky you sent the kind of a man that it takes to overcome sales resistance.

I didn't waste any time. I decided I would take this bull by the horns; I would beard this lion in his den. Accordingly I drove on up the road to the first house on the right, which turned out to be a nice-looking white farmhouse with trees all around it and big red barns behind. In the front yard stood an old gentleman who appeared to be gazing down a well. In his hands he held a large mirror.

"Howdy, neighbor!" I said cordially, as I drew up beside the road. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"There seems to be something the matter with this well," he said, "but I can't find out what it is. It's so dark down there I can't see a thing."

"Well," I said, "it just happens that I am an expert on wells, so perhaps I can help you."

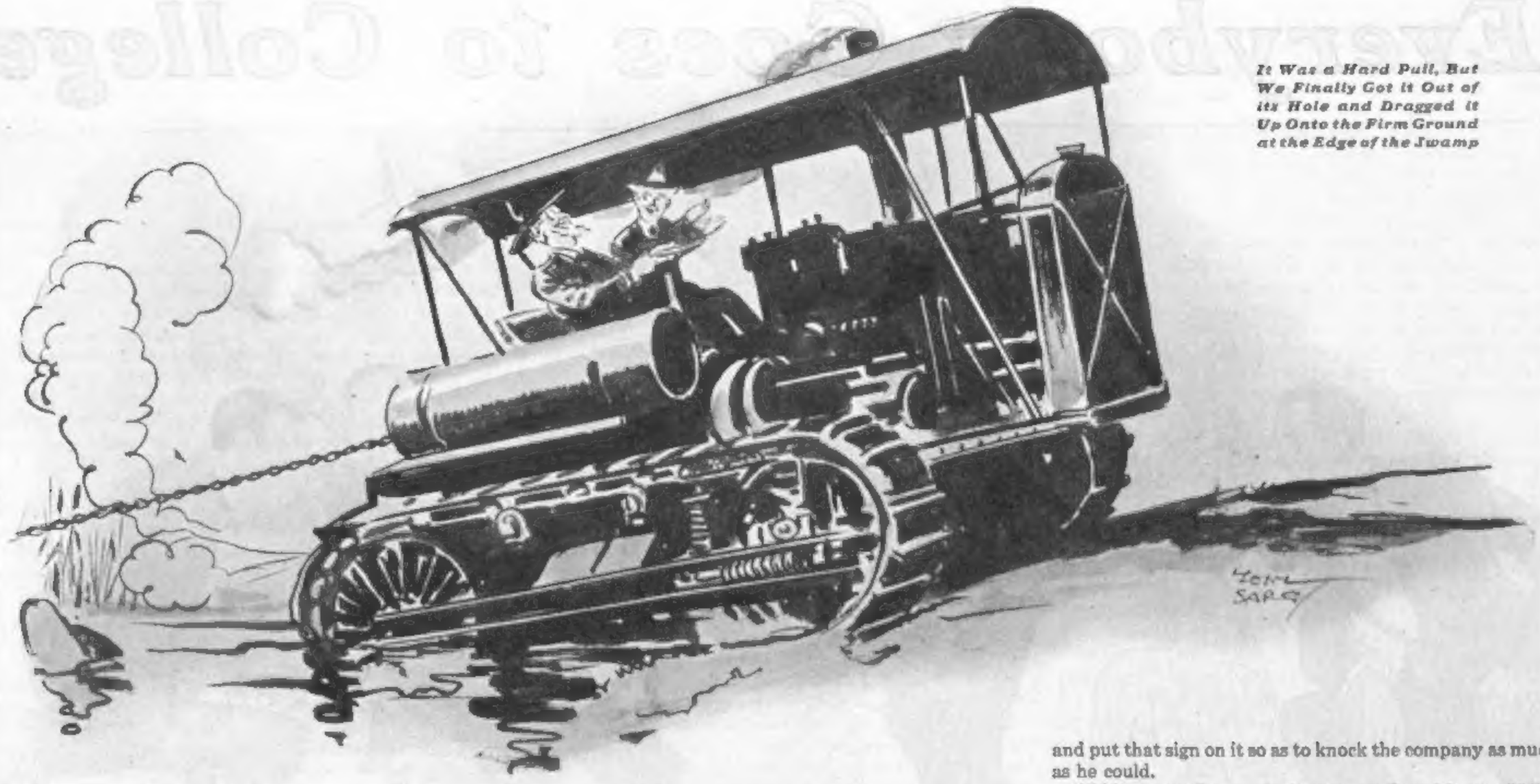
Note: As a matter of fact, all I know about a well is that it is a hole in the ground with water at the bottom. I have never even been able to figure out just how it gets there. But I felt it would be wiser to approach this guy by the indirect method and to introduce myself as a well expert rather than as a salesman for Earthworm Tractors. "My name," I said, "is Alexander Botts, Expert on Wells."

"My name," said the old gentleman, "is Joseph Ripley."

"Pleased to meet you," I said. "And now we will see what is the matter with this well. First of all, what is the idea of that mirror?"

"Everybody knows," said Mr. Ripley, "that the way to look down a well is to hold a mirror at the top and shine the sunlight down into it. But this tree, right over the well here, makes such a dense shade that there isn't enough sunlight to do any good."

I Tumbled Out on the Grass and Lay on My Back, Imitating as Nearly as I Could a Person Who Is Half Drowned



It Was a Hard Pull, But We Finally Got It Out of its Hole and Dragged It Up Onto the Firm Ground at the Edge of the Swamp

"Yes," I said, "that tree complicates matters. I will have to think it over and see what we can do."

At first I was going to suggest cutting down the tree, but I doubt if the old gentleman would have approved. Then, all at once, like an inspiration, I got one of the most brilliant ideas that has come into my mind for a long time.

"Have you another mirror in the house?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"Fine," I said. "Go in and get it."

Somewhat doubtfully he went into the house and came out with another large mirror. I then had him go out by the road in the bright sunshine and reflect a beam of light over to where I was standing at the top of the well. With the other mirror I reflected this beam of light down into the depths. The results were extraordinarily gratifying. The inside of the well was brilliantly illuminated, and far below, floating in the water, I could see, just as plain as day, a large and probably once very handsome cat.

"Beautiful!" I said. "Splendid! I have discovered what is the matter with your well."

I then walked out into the sunlight with my mirror and had Mr. Ripley look down into the well with his. He agreed with me at once that we had discovered what was the matter with the well, and declared that the unlucky animal was no doubt a cat by the name of Cicero, which he kept at the barn and which had disappeared some two weeks before. He said he would call a couple of men from the fields to get busy and clean the well.

"No," I said, "I am an expert on wells, and I will go down for you and take out this unfortunate cat."

I will admit that I did not particularly enjoy the idea of going down into a well after a cat, but it seemed to me that this was an opportunity to get in strong with the old guy.

I immediately let the bucket down into the bottom of the well and, after removing my coat, I went down the rope hand over hand. As I am fairly agile and as the force of gravity was working in my favor, it did not take me long to descend to the level of the water. Standing with my feet on projecting stones at opposite sides of the well, I reached down, placed all that was left of poor old Cicero in the bucket and yelled to Mr. Ripley to pull it up.

This he did. And as Cicero was mounting upwards there suddenly came to me, just like an inspiration, a plan by which I could extend my visit with Mr. Ripley and have a better chance to get in strong with him. Acting upon this inspiration I at once climbed down into the water of the well, bracing my feet against the projecting stones at the sides, until I was up to my neck in the icy water. Many men would have shrunk back from the terrible coldness of that water, but not Alexander Botta. As soon as I was completely covered by the water I began splashing and yelling as loud as I could that I had fallen in and was drowning. Mr. Ripley at once let down the bucket, and I proceeded to scramble up the rope, assisting myself by stepping on the projecting stones on the sides of the well.

When I reached the top I tumbled out on the grass and lay on my back, gasping, coughing, choking and rolling my eyes, imitating as nearly as I could a person who is half drowned. Mr. Ripley set up a great hollering, and a couple of farm hands came running from the barn. He had them carry me into the house, and after they had lain me on the bed in the spare room he gave me a drink of some liquid which produced a pleasant feeling of warmth over my entire body. By the time I had had two or three drinks of this excellent stuff I was feeling very comfortable, and I was able to accept very gracefully Mr. Ripley's invitation to spend the night. He saw that my car was put in the barn, and I remained in bed for the rest of the afternoon while old Mrs. Ripley dried and pressed my clothes. Meanwhile Mr. Ripley had his men pump all the water out of the well and give it a thorough cleaning.

So far I had not mentioned tractors, but after supper I brought up the subject in a casual and indirect way—without spilling the news that I was a salesman for Earthworms. Mr. Ripley was very willing to talk. He said that he bought the tractor last year and that after he had used it only two weeks it quit on him. He had then asked for a service man from the factory, and the service man had told him it was all his own fault for not putting oil in the machine, and the company had refused to repair it for him free. That made him so mad he had run it out by the road and put that sign on it so as to knock the company as much as he could.

"Did you really run it for two weeks without oil?" I asked.

"I can't remember for sure," said Mr. Ripley; "very possibly I did. But that doesn't let the tractor company out. That machine was guaranteed for a year, and it went bad after only two weeks. So it was their business to fix it up for me free. What if I did forget about the oil? Anybody is liable to forget a little thing like that. I know that I gave it plenty of gasoline and plenty of water, and anybody is liable to forget a little minor thing like oil. No, sir, these Earthworm Tractor people are nothing but a bunch of crooks."

"Well," I said, "you certainly have had a most unfortunate experience."

"Right you are," said Mr. Ripley, "and the worst of it is all the people around here are kidding me about it. I suppose I got bit once, but I ain't going to get bit again. I am a member of the board of county commissioners and we're going to buy a tractor for road work, but you can bet your bottom dollar it won't be one of those damn Earthworms. Salesmen for several other makes of tractors are going to do some demonstrating for us down around town, and we'll take whichever one of them shows up the best. There was a man here trying to sell us an Earthworm, and we told him we wouldn't even consider it."

"I didn't know there were any Earthworm salesmen around here," I said.

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He Gave Me a Drink of Some Liquid Which Produced a Pleasant Feeling of Warmth Over My Entire Body

Everybody Goes to College

Everyone Knows it is Not Wholly the Zeal for Learning

By Albert W. Atwood

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

IN EVERY age mankind has had its own particular brand of salvation. It sets its hopes for the future and builds its ideals around a particular institution. Today in this country humanity is to be saved by education, by a process or institution known as school, and more particularly and distinctively by its crowning feature, the college and university.

Most of us have not yet awakened to the full meaning and far-reaching implications of this fact. So sincerely convinced are the American people of the ability of education to care for the future of the race that in this belief may be found the most characteristic differences between this country and Europe. The American educational movement is not only a new interpretation of democracy; it is perhaps the most nearly real manifestation, as yet, of that much-discussed principle of government.

Men have long talked about democracy, but no one ever did much about it until there was fashioned in these nearly fifty states a great educational ladder by which the humblest might climb and seize the opportunities of college and university.

Briefly but effectively the educational chasm which has separated Europe from the United States may be visualized in two figures. One has already been used—that of the educational ladder. The European system has consisted of two ladders, one very short and the other very long. The short ladder has been for the masses of the people—for more than 90 per cent of them. When they reach the top of their brief, common-school education they go to work, of course. A few youths, mostly boys, of the higher or more selected social classes climb the long ladder through the university.

America's Ladder of Learning

HERE we have only one ladder—that from the elementary school through the university. Not all boys and girls climb to the top, although far more make the journey than in Europe; but it is open to all, and in a sense new to the world, it is free to all.

The other illustrative figure is that of the pyramid. In Europe it is broad at the base, but rapidly begins to taper to a point. The foreign pyramid has no resemblance whatever to our own. Here, too, it is broad at the base, but the tapering process starts in much higher up. Here there is no sharp falling off; indeed, a fair question with us is whether the process now going on of widening out the pyramid toward the top is not the most astonishing direction which modern American civilization is taking.

It is true that a large share of our total economic resources, and an increasing share at that, is being devoted to widening out the pyramid toward the top, or to change the figure of speech, to supporting incredible numbers of young people who mount the higher rungs of the one long ladder.

But this particular piece of writing is not concerned with the question of whether the game is worth the financial cost. That is another topic altogether, and for another time. This is merely an attempt to appraise the magnitude, the importance, the meaning of the American experiment in higher education.

In any case, it seems probable that the much greater diffusion of capacity which this country enjoys as compared with other nations is largely the product of our freer, more democratic system of education. It may be that the devotion behind the economic sacrifice which American taxpayers, philanthropists and parents are making to send such vast numbers of boys and girls to college is offered up at the altar of a mistaken ideal. But it seems to have had very practical results. Europe trains a few selected leaders better than we train many in our hit-or-miss fashion. But we have far more leaders; we have a greater bulk of middle-range capacity.

Since the war European countries have not only sent commissions to study our factories; they have sent just as many to look into our systems of secondary and higher education. They begin to suspect that to survive they, too, must draw more leaders from their lower as well as their higher levels. But regardless of European comparisons, it may be pointed out that organized education has come to occupy a position in American society exceeded by only one other institution—business. Certainly, to speak quite frankly, it surpasses in national interest both government and organized religion.

Education in America now fills the place occupied in the Middle Ages in Europe by organized religion. As the cathedral was the most conspicuous object in a medieval city, so the high school or college is now the monumental building in literally thousands of American towns. As the crusading soldier devoted his gains to churchly endowments so the business man of today devotes part of his wealth to some institution of learning.

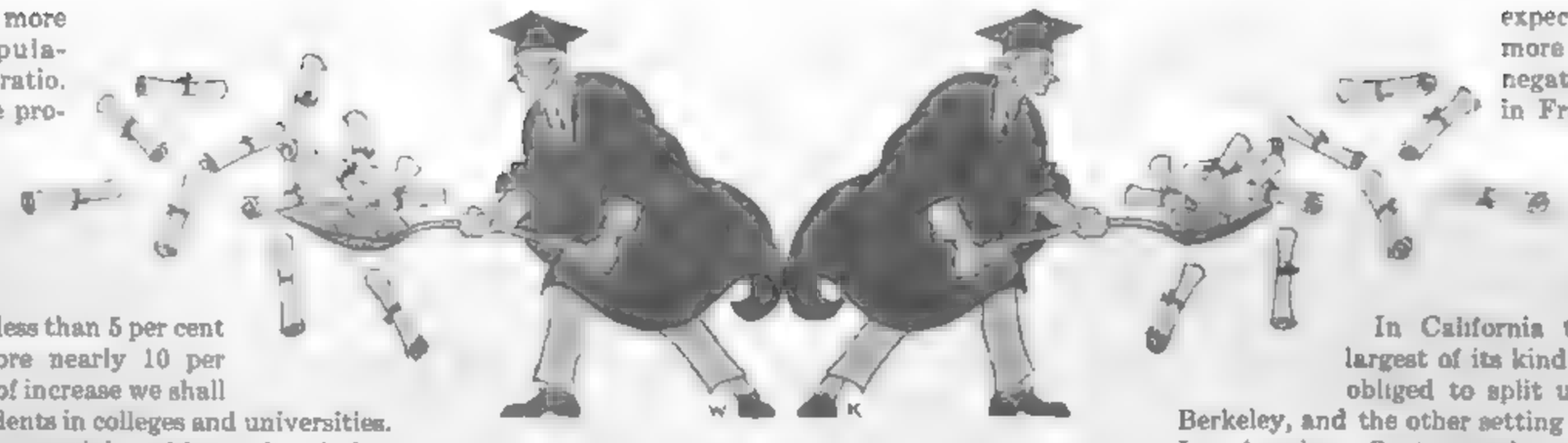
Whatever we may think of our schools and colleges, however much their defects or costliness may stand out, the fact remains that here is the machinery employed for turning the boys and girls of today into the men and women, the citizens, and part of them at least into the leaders of tomorrow. We have tied up with this machinery of education the whole question of progress and the very perpetuity of civilization itself. These depend not a little upon the success or failure with which we pass on to the future the accumulated knowledge, wisdom and achieved character of the present.

The Flood at the Gates

NOT only do we call upon education to maintain, to keep intact, the existing mental capital, but we expect it to add to that capital as population increases and as a more complex civilization makes greater demands upon its members. So, as the culmination of this rising tide of education, we have the rush to the colleges, the freshmen flood, the wave upon wave of youth battering at the gates of institutions of higher learning which are apparently but ill equipped for the task of handling the copious material offered them. At the present time a single one of hundreds of colleges and universities in the country may reject as many as 2000 or 3000 applicants in a single year. It has been estimated that fifty-one colleges rejected 15,196 applicants in 1926, more than half of whom met the full requirements.

One group of thirty colleges can accept only half the applicants; one in the group as few as 20 per cent; another is taking this year only 590 out of 1300 who are qualified. Institutions of no great national importance, hardly known outside their own states and often but little regarded except in their own immediate vicinity, may turn away as many as 600 or 700 applicants.

Yet actual registration in our colleges and universities increased six times as rapidly as the population between 1890 and 1924. If we go back further or if we bring the figures up to the present year, the increase in numbers in



the colleges has been far more disproportionate to population growth than even this ratio.

In about fifty years the proportion of those in college in a given age group has risen from less than one in a hundred to something like one in twelve. Enrollment must be increasing at the present time at not less than 5 per cent a year, and probably more nearly 10 per cent. At the present rate of increase we shall shortly have 1,000,000 students in colleges and universities.

More and more, American youth is making up its mind to have all there is in the way of education. Measures to discourage or frighten applicants away seem to act as a stimulus. Higher education has shifted from a rare luxury for the chosen few, the select and the exceptional, to an everyday, matter-of-fact necessity for the very many. Almost every family expects to have at least one college member.

A poor English family came to this country a few years ago and settled in a small Western city which, like hundreds of others, has its own college. A few days after their arrival a professor in the local college who lived near the newcomers asked a little girl in the family what she expected to do when she reached the legal age for leaving school. She replied briefly that she was going into service. Sometime later the teacher asked the girl the same question, but this time she replied that she was going to college.

It is still true that the son or daughter of the father engaged in business pursuits or in a profession or in government work has a much better chance of going to college than the child of an unskilled laborer. But no feature of American social life is more often commented upon, not only in print but in everyday conversation, than the rapidly widening circle of what might be described as the clientele of higher education.

A Unit in the Public-School System

AS EDUCATION becomes more varied, with new types of institutions, such as the junior college, the homes from which students come are found to represent a more diversified group of occupations. To express the same idea in the language of aristocracy, the colleges are constantly reaching down to lower levels of occupational groups as respects the parents. Even in the old endowed institutions of the East, some of which are now and then referred to as rich men's or gentlemen's colleges, a large minority of the men students support themselves in whole or in part. At one of the most famous of these universities it is said that one-third of the students come from families with incomes of $5000 a year or less, and 20 per cent from families with incomes between $5000 and $10,000.

As we travel westward, and in the case of the more democratic type of municipal university, the percentage earning their way increases. In the state university in one Western commonwealth nearly three-quarters of the men students support themselves in whole or in part, and in one smaller institution the percentage runs up to 81.5. A traveler of an inquiring turn of mind on a transcontinental railroad train discovered that one of the brakemen had a son in one branch of a certain state university and one of the colored porters had a son in another branch.

The question no longer seems to be whether there shall be higher educational facilities for all, but how best they shall be provided. Perhaps the spreading out of the educational pyramid may be more striking in the West than in the East. The West, with fewer of the old endowed institutions, with its systems of free state universities and its supposedly more democratic spirit, is in a condition of social flux where new experiments and opportunities find congenial soil.

In the opinion of the aristocrats of education the state universities of the West have succumbed to the high schools and have largely surrendered the right of intervention in preparatory work, and accept the high-school product, which in turn is determined by the needs of the community.

Thus the state university is a logical product and unit in the public-school system, and the candidate offers credits in clay modeling or band practice, to some extent at least; whereas the Eastern endowed institutions still dominate the secondary-school curriculum, scorning the acceptance of credits which are not "solids" in the old-fashioned sense.

So, if you ask a boy at random on the streets of Paterson, New Jersey, or Fall River, Massachusetts, whether he expects to go to college, he is more likely to return a blank negative than the random youth in Fresno, California, or Sioux City, Iowa. In the former case he would probably say, "Why, I never could." He would hardly assume that such opportunities were open to him.

In California the state university—the largest of its kind in the country—has been obliged to split up, one part remaining in Berkeley, and the other setting up business, as it were, in Los Angeles. Or to speak more officially and perhaps accurately, the state university is now in two cities, or at two cities, several hundred miles apart. But perhaps that is not the end of the matter, for there are local interests which would like to have full-time, complete state universities in three other cities in the same state.

But it must not be supposed that the East is being left out by the triumphant onward sweep of educational democracy. Not by any means! Massachusetts has the oldest and one of the most famous of our universities—Harvard—and numbers of old, endowed colleges, with their rich traditions of liberal culture, as well as several of the greatest of technological schools. Yet even in Massachusetts the establishment of a state university is being discussed.

The Progeny of the High Schools

TWO of the world's largest universities are in New York City—Columbia and New York—and in addition the city maintains a large free college—the College of the City of New York. Yet an entirely separate university is being started in the borough of Brooklyn, and no doubt other boroughs will soon demand their own college.

Ohio has one of the largest of state universities and a score or more of privately endowed and denominational colleges. Yet, in addition, a system of municipal universities seems to be growing up in cities like Cincinnati, Toledo and Akron. All over the country, in fact, municipal universities show signs of developing in the larger cities.

Cleveland has a large, old, endowed university, but additional facilities are demanded there—new college or university units, a cathedral of learning, or perhaps a series of junior colleges. Here, indeed, is the most striking educational development of all—the junior college—of which some 300 have come into being in a very few years, largely the offshoot and upshoot of the high school.

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Discussion Still Rages as to Whether College Men are Any Good in Business

WISE MONEY

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

"May I See You at Once?" Cried Anne, Addressing Bancroft Wildenning. He Was Dressed, as Usual, for an Inaugural

RAPHAEL tapped three measured taps on the folding doors, like the three astral knocks that lift the curtain on a French play; he thus avoided any implication of overdue rent and at the same time suggested something unusual. There was a cessation of some rustling within, and silence. The pair outside regarded each other, then the door, oddly.

"She is afraid," whispered the landlady's husband.

"Of what?" inquired De Fressy, in the same muffled whisper.

"The poor girl is too good-looking," explained Raphael, reaching himself on tiptoe up to the visitor's ear. "She is being followed home constantly. It is a great misfortune to be on foot and so attractive. . . . Miss Calvert!" he cried through the door. "It is only a gentleman come to see the view. He may take the house!"

Miss Calvert then opened the door, but so maneuvered that they did not see her face. She was dressed to go out. She had on a pretty little costume someone had given her, and a close-fitting hat she had hand-painted herself, in lieu of flowers.

What might have been called the escutcheon stripe of her silk stockings emphasized her delicately turned ankles. The Chevalier was not insensible to this. But most of all he wanted to see her face—that was the view he had driven over here to see for himself.

She was wrapping up some Christmas cards of doubtful art, painted by herself, and she was about to sally forth to sell them. She would go on foot to within a block of Camelot's place in Fifth Avenue, then hire a taxicab, and let it stand in front, for *empressement*, while she went inside and airily offered the cards for sale to the old kindly dealer in *objets d'art*. Camelot always bought all she brought to him, the girl's great-aunt, a rich old harridan, Euphemia Calvert, having instructed him secretly to do so.

Anne really believed she was making her own living, such as it was. It was at Camelot's that De Fressy had first seen her, and Camelot, relying on De Fressy's discretion, had given him enough to go on, never suspecting that the Chevalier had a commission to find just such a girl in just such a predicament.

"Go out!" commanded the Chevalier, more by gesture than words, and little Raphael made haste to obey. He made a great effect of hearing himself summoned from below and contrived to leave the door properly ajar. The Chevalier watched his vanishing figure and made sure that he was well gone.

Suspecting a change of base outside, he was making a cursory examination of a second door, when Anne turned on him and said, "What is it you want?"

"I wish to see the view," he said, drawing himself up to his full stature and imperceptibly nodding at his own image in the mantel mirror. He put a finger to his lips, gave her a significant look, moved over to a rear window, from which, looking down, one could see the river and the island with its crawling prisoners, like ants, at work in the yards. Wondering, she followed him. She remembered she had seen him in Camelot's, thinking he looked startlingly like a benign potentate of the last generation. This man had the same august countenance, and he dressed and groomed and comported himself to heighten the likeness. In fact, though the girl did not know it, De Fressy made a career of his astounding resemblance to Edward VII.

She came over to his side. She was almost pathetically pretty. Indeed, one's impulse was to say here was a woman who really was beautiful, so poignant and at the same time so sweet was the look of sadness in her eyes. Beauty is art, and to achieve art one must have suffered—so runs the legend. But Anne had not suffered. She was young enough so that all her misfortunes still appeared to her in the guise of adventures.

De Fressy presented his card. Anne studied it in silence. He had been a gentleman to a highness in his time, and his card was not without its air of serenity. She looked at him without masking her frank curiosity. He said, lying easily:

"I come from your great-aunt. If you will permit, mademoiselle, I will speak as one who has the interests of both at heart, not merely as the prejudiced agent for one. She wishes to do something for you." With an imperious yet gracious gesture, he begged her to let him say what he had come to say, for the blood had suddenly mounted to her cheeks. "She is getting old. She is odd. She is particularly jealous of her good opinion of herself. She would never forgive anyone who put her in the wrong. That is why your poor father suffered at her hands." He paused: a shade marred the majesty of his countenance. He turned and stared about the room; the insinuation was obvious enough—the meanness of the place for a Calvert.

"This is your birthday," he said. "She has in mind a gift for you, a sort of peace offering. But most of all what she seeks to avoid is thanks—or any hint that she relents." He smiled deprecatingly. "After all, can't we afford to be generous, from the vantage ground of youth? We have this youth, everything is before us. She has nothing but retrospect, a dreary waste of life to look back on—and regrets. Can you not find it in your heart to be charitable to an old woman who wants to do right but doesn't know how?"

The Chevalier had a great way with him as a mediator. His words, fortified by his rich barytone and an unquestioned manner, went straight to her heart. Her eyes grew full. The sudden emotion, whipped to the surface by the softness of the moment, made her eyes even more violet than usual; their magic color seemed almost to come forth and hang in the air, as she regarded him.

"What is it she wishes?" she asked softly.

"That is good, my child!" exclaimed the Chevalier heartily. He beamed on her. "First, you are to travel abroad," he said.

"With her?" said Anne, her eyes wavering uncertainly.

"No. That is the point," he said. "It is arranged that toward the end of the journey you are to meet, quite by accident and under circumstances favorable to a reconciliation." He smiled on her again—his propitiating smile that implored charity. "It is her vanity. She will carry it to the grave with her. It is her way of making, in some small measure, reparation for the injury she did your poor father."

There were many things she could have said here—bitter things. But she withheld them.

"Am I to travel alone?" she asked, drawing with a finger tip on the windowpane. He smiled at this *naïveté*; she was annoyed in the streets by men; still, she did not appreciate the inferences of Continental usage.

"She will provide a companion," he explained; "one young enough to be interesting and old enough to be discreet. The first requisite is that she be agreeable to you."

"When am I to go?" she asked. Her mind was in a curious static state. She was forbidding it to think; just now she merely was accepting the facts as they came forth. Later, when he was gone, she would unravel the whole fabric and explore it in detail.

"First, you are to outfit yourself," said the Chevalier; and he gravely presented her with a pigskin bill fold. She pushed the flap aside with a finger tip, her cheeks mantling

to a deep crimson. It was filled with nice new bank notes – the kind the banks kept especially for rich people. "You have taste, mademoiselle. Provide yourself, without stint, for a three-month tour. You are going among gentlefolk like yourself, people of the world to which you are accustomed. Your aunt wishes that you should not appear at a disadvantage." Her lovely eyes softened at this pleasant flattery. He turned, buttoning up his coat, rearranged his *boutonnière*. "I confess I looked forward to this interview as an encounter to be dreaded," he said with a fine smile. "It has been singularly happy. It is pleasant to bring good news. Mademoiselle, I thank you." And he bowed over her hand.

They walked the length of the room together; and she accompanied him into the hall, with its smells of fried potatoes and kerosene. He opened the door and stood drawing on his yellow gloves, regarding the champing pair and glistening brougham at the curb. Raphael had emerged from his eavesdropping station and hovered in the darkness of the rear hall.

"If it is permitted," said the Chevalier, looking into his silk hat, as he carefully lowered his tone again, "keep your quarters here, and so far as possible maintain your present routine. And above all things, say nothing to anybody. You will need some place to send the things you will buy. There will be a little suite at the Ritz. I will communicate with you there. You will choose there the lady who will be your companion. Mademoiselle, again—it has been a great pleasure."

The Chevalier had a way of saying things to women he served that amounted almost to genius. If the world had not changed in his time and he could have gone on being a gentleman to a serenity or a highness, no one could have decorated life more thoughtfully. But when he was put to the shifts of making a living for himself, his gifts were apt to be made use of by persons with more brains and fewer scruples.

He descended the steps, not at all seemingly conscious of the furor he was causing among landladies in basement windows. Anne threw after him, as he turned for the last time, on entering the carriage, one of her happy smiles; but it changed to startled surprise at a glimpse of black chiffon. Someone—some old woman—had been waiting in the carriage. There was no question in her mind it was her grandaunt's carriage. Now and then she saw it in the Avenue, holding up traffic. Once she had seen it stopped, and a great crowd, such as gathers for a fire, milling around to watch her aunt get out; one would have thought the horses were eohippi from the excitement they stirred up in New York streets.

"It is so good news!" cried Raphael rapturously. Anne said nothing, but the smile of which she was quite unconscious said everything. "Is he not truly majestical?" exclaimed the boarding-house husband.

She was putting on her cloak back in her room, and she paused to shut her eyes swiftly, as if to recall a dream that was escaping her. Her hand fell on the package of Christmas cards. She had promised Camelot to let him have these without fail this morning she had been up most of the night finishing them with little dabs and daubs. So once more she went through the quaint pretense of a grand lady patronizing a shopkeeper. She tripped through the long blocks across town with the litheness of a naiad, to within a block of Camelot's, and hired the same cab that had come to know her and her subterfuges.

The smile of which she was wholly unconscious had come back to her lips, and the taxi driver said, "You have heard some good news? I can see it in your face, miss." And he smiled from contagion. Happiness is an exogenous plant.

To Camelot she said, as she unwrapped her poor smudgy little aquarelles: "Are these terribly crude and ugly? They seem so, just now. But everything seems different, for some reason or other."

She Went Down Into the Garden. The Murmur of the Waves on the Shore, the Sound of the Wind in the Trees, Soothed Her

She looked at him so intently that he averted his gaze, and then he stared back at her as if he knew the truth had been surprised out of him by this stratagem. She opened her pigskin bill fold and showed him what lay within.

"You can tell me the truth now," she said. "Are they so very bad?"

"I have no difficulty in disposing of them," he said "And I am very glad to get them. When can you let me have some more?"

That was all true; Camelot did very well, he thought.

"Are they so very bad?" she demanded

"They are very good -for what they are intended "

"What are they intended for?" she insisted.

This time she was so determined to have the truth that he unexpectedly gave in.

"To show your aunt that you are making an effort to earn a living," he said.

"She buys them all of them?"

He nodded, swallowing.

It was like an icy stream of water on her spine. She managed to say, "I am not supposed to know, or even to suspect?" She smiled ruefully now and, controlling a quick catching of the breath, she added, "Am I supposed to continue to bite the hand that feeds me?"

Then, like Cinderella, or whoever it was who could not wait to put her good fortune to the test, her first impulse was to drive to the Ritz. But her little *trotteur* costume would never do. She admitted so much to herself now. An hour or two ago her eyes could not have discovered it, any more than they could have discovered what messy Christmas cards she had stayed up all night to paint in the name of art. So, instead, she drove to a little shop in a side street, a perfect *bijou*, one she had always loved from a distance. In the window her eyes warmed her pounding heart with the sight of a little whimsy of a hat and a bit of lingerie as impalpable as a sigh.

It was Estrelle, Inc. This Estrelle was the very melting pot of creations. Anne entered. And Estrelle herself, so it chanced, was there to meet her. Anne opened her magic bill fold ingenuously. The credentials were ample.

"Will you do me from the skin out? I can give you two hours," she said, holding up two charming fingers.

Estrelle gave her one look—one long disrobing look—and the vision was fixed. "What is it to be?" asked Estrelle.

"For tea at the Ritz," said Anne.

Estrelle called out, like a general whose staff hung on speaking tubes. To her chief of staff, she said, "The Russian *motif*—with silver fox." As she led the palpitating Anne into a cubicle she whispered to her lieutenant, "We will build it on the violet of her eyes." Already they were disrobing Anne. Estrelle, passing over the little *trotteur* someone had given Anne in the dim long ago that ended this morning, gave it an appraising glance. It was her own handiwork, but not for its present owner. Such things happen—bread upon the waters.

Now, at a signal, everything stopped. And at another signal everything started forward again—for Anne. She was the motivation of the entire establishment. She was laid out on a very narrow, very austere, very gorgeous divan on the stage, and the intangible nothings for the

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HRVATSKI HARLEQUIN

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

UNDER the most peculiar circumstances I met Mr. Imbro Zelenjak. Mr. Imbro Zelenjak had just finished shaking hands with Death. His face was black with gasping, and his eyes still bulged with agony and terror. But I said "Pleased to meet you, Imbro," and shook his scorched hand carefully, while tears of laughter ran down off my face.

I had heard of Imbro often, and of his compatriot, Mr. Jože Duduk. Charlie Simms is an A-Number-1 construction engineer partly because he squeezes his tough job quite dry of every drop of fun that's in it. And Charlie had pointed out this pair of worthies to me and told me much about them. But I had never had a formal introduction to either Mr. Zelenjak or Mr. Duduk.

The *j* you sound *y* in Croatian. The *z* is like our *z*, unless it has a little dingus over it; then it's *zh*, as near as we can say it. And if, after while, you run across a *č* so decorated, it's like *tch* in watch. I put this down because I think you feel a little more at ease with folks when you know how to say their names.

Mr. Zelenjak was a Croat, and Mr. Duduk. We used to call those people Horvats in the mills, not getting it right by a good bit, for the English tongue likes vowels sprinkled in between its consonants. "Burza!" we used to shout at them. "Come on, you bohunks, hop!" It's really "brzo"—swift, quick.

It's a good speech the Slavs have. They say "Mrk," meaning ominous, threatening; they say "Krv," meaning blood; "Smrt," meaning death. Good words, those, with a jar to them. They land on your eardrums with a crack. But the English tongue manages them badly, losing their strength. "Horvat," for instance—what character is there in that? Hrvat is how a Hrvat says it, with the rough *h* and the rattling *r* hooked close, and the last syllable snapping. A man's tongue, Slavic, that can bite like a quirt or spike a thought down there in front of you as though with hammer blows. A solid, hefty language, stark and unpolished and unmusical to ears that are used to a Saxon tongue that has taken up overmuch of Latin softness. A sturdy, grim speech, Slavic, fit to take to work or into battle with you. But you cannot think of long-dumb Harlequin, when he finally gets the power to talk, breaking forth joyously into some Slavic dialect. Harlequin is too light of foot. He has need for vowels and liquids, many and smooth; like those in the Italian of his name, which is Arlecchino.

There's no sense to this tale. You're warned of this right in its title, and you go on at your peril. Imagine it—a Balkan Harlequin! Like the man said at first sight of a hippo: "There ain't no such beast." You take, for instance, any one of the thousands of hunyaks that used to wear out picks for us at old Susquehanna Steel. He'd make a fine sight, now wouldn't he, all dressed up in diamond patterned, pied tights, skipping about in a domino, touching this and that with a magical sword of lath? I ask you. Sockless was our Walyo—feet wrapped in rags of burlap, or even just plain newsprint, and shoved down into pachydermal boots of felt and rubber. What do you mean, the light, fantastic toe? And the instrument with which our hired help could do most magic was the well-known Slovak banjo, or scoop shovel. No, it's admitted. You cannot picture Janković tripping an antic measure. He'll plod you a heat, but skipping and tripping is hardly his racial dish. The Serbs have a national dance they call the kolo. Hands all round, and tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp and then a couple of tramps. A line up of chanting squaws is a whirlwind of action, compared. Hrvatski Harlequin! There's no sense to it. And yet there was Jože Duduk. Jože and Imbro. Jože was Harlequin. Imbro was Pedrolino—poor Pierrot, as Frenchmen call him. And finally there was even Columbine—in the person of Miss Julka Matasović.

It Made Poor Rope. We Snatched a Loop Up From the Coil, Bent It Into a Bight, and Fed the Squirming Double Wire Down Into the Chamber, a Cataract of Croatian Pouring Through That Manhole With the Wire

This tale that has no sense is Jože Duduk's. He told it to me; how he fared with the stealing of the fair Columbine away from Pedrolino. And no masked comedy of Italy could have been half the knockout that recital was.

They surely were a vaudeville team, that pair, Imbrek and Duduk—yes, Imbrek. That's short for Imbro—which will give you a fine idea of the Slavic of it. Imagine trying to soften Imbro into a diminutive or endearing variation and getting Imbrek! Charlie Simms had picked them out from a gang of Croatian laborers and turned them into handy men about the new open-hearth construction. They did all kinds of jobs that took a trifle more of brains, skill or English than the ordinary labor tasks. The brains, the skill, the English, Duduk furnished. Imbrek served merely as the foil in this comedy duo. Oh, yes, and he furnished—foxy Charlie Simms—the disposition to work for both himself and Duduk. Comedy is like faith; without works it gets up no open hearths.

Roustabout jobs filled their days. Provided with a six-foot folding rule, Duduk would fare proudly forth with this evidence of superior mental gifts in hand, the faithful Imbrek at his side, and return from the bolt racks with just the right foundation bolts for the engineers—Imbrek with the heavier bolts across his shoulder, Duduk bearing the lighter ones, if any.

Sent to the rigger shanty for a twenty-five-ton jack, they'd come back with the right one—on Imbrek's back. Duduk would be carrying the handle. And that was a perfectly fair division of the labor. Imbrek was the bigger man of the pair; and left to himself, he would have forgotten to bring the handle along, and would have fetched the wrong jack besides.

They ratcheted holes in steel where the need for odd field holes came up, due to oversight in the drafting room or in the fabricating shop. And Imbrek yanked the ratchet handle while Duduk fed down the screw and kept oil on the bit. And this was all right too. Left to work the feed screw or keep the tool cool, Imbrek would have broken off bits as fast as the tool house could have furnished them.

Same way with hack-saw jobs. Imbrek sawed through heavy rail heads and flanges, where the long cut guided the blade in a safe groove. Duduk took the thin, easy webs. Very nice for Duduk; but Imbrek at this part of the job, with clumsy, off-line strokes, would have soon surrounded himself with a ring of broken hack-saw blades four feet six inches high. So they worked together, an elegant team, and Imbrek the butt of never-ending pranks.

I remember one day when he came blundering into my office. He was looking for the sky hook. Duduk, he said, had told him Mr. Charlie wanted it, and that they kept it in my office. Quite likely; for the sky hook is a very important and expensive bit of equipment—like the left-handed monkey wrench and the gadget. Imbrek had spent hours looking for these latter two instruments months before, but earnest and extended search for them had never brought results. He had never to my knowledge, though, inquired at the general manager's office, so for the sky hook I sent him there. They tell me that Mr. Primpton, the very precise, immaculate, and hush-voiced secretary to the G. M., was very much exercised over Imbrek's visit. Imbrek, so it appears, would not go without the sky hook. The veliki boss, the big boss himself, Imbrek maintained, had sent him there to get it. It finally took two company police to get him out. I lied indignantly and successfully when Mr. Primpton accused me of such unheard-of nonsense. But all work and no damfoolishness, I hold, makes Jack a bum chief engineer.

Imbrek was perfectly happy and good-natured under it all. Half the time, tell the truth, he didn't know that he was being made the goat; and the other half, he was getting much valuable experience out of Duduk's horseplay, and Imbrek knew it. Duduk, in fact, accepted Imbrek as a sort of charge—a responsibility. Duduk's the duty to see that no real harm came to Imbrek on or off the job in this great strange new land. But Duduk could not even save Imbrek's life without making a monkey out of him. They were Harlequin and poor Pedrolino even in that.

The day that I met Mr. Imbro Zelenjak formally, I was walking over the half-completed charging floor of the new open hearth. Part of it had been covered with its floor plates. Part of it was still open girders and beams, below which could be seen the brickwork of checker chambers and gas flues and gas-valve chambers.

As I walked along, patting myself on the back at how the business was progressing, my elegant self-esteem got a

sudden rude upset by a Slav who came rushing up back of me. He took me frantically by the arm and cried, "Oh, Mist'r - Mist'r Boss, come! Hurry up quick! One man be dead for hole! One man be dead for hole!"

I ran along with him, and stepped down off a floor beam finally onto the broad arched roof of a checker chamber, and presently was staring down into the chamber through a small square hole that had been left in the roof for the removal of the arch forms and the placement of the checker bricks.

We had been drying this one out with a wood fire. I could see, down in the darkness, bright embers of the fuel that had been thrown in the night before. There was no blaze, but the heat and fumes that rose and smote my face were very nearly intolerable. That a man could live down in that pit was unbelievable, but down in that hot cubicle a man was living. His cries for help rose desperately. Lucky for him that the fire had burned itself out. Luckier still that a man had seen him step on the piece of corrugated sheeting which had been carelessly laid across the manhole, and had seen this tilt up and the fellow disappear. A miracle how he lasted down there as long as he did.

A moment I had been engaged in the pleasing business of self congratulation. But as wholesomely happens many times, next moment this was totally wiped out. I wasn't so good. Below me, only twelve feet or so, a man was about to die—and I stood actionless. So trifling the whole difficulty seemed. A checker chamber is not much bigger than any good-sized dwelling-house room. But there was no other quick way into this room than through the hole in the roof around which we now stood, doing nothing, while a man just below us struggled alone with death.

Of course I yelled, "Go get a rope!" But it happened that the men about me did not know the word "rope." Also they did not know the word "ladder." Even if they had, there was no ladder near. I looked about for Charlie Simms, but at that moment he was not in sight. He would have known where rope was—rope that was not in use. Oh, there were lines a-plenty, lines in maddening profusion. But all of them were aloft or made securely fast. And there was now no time for climbing and untying.

Once I thought I had it. Right overhead, almost, was a great bridge crane, final mill equipment which we had put up early in the game, just a few days before, because it would be such a great help in erection. I could ride the crane chains down into the chamber and fish the man out that way. But my heart sank as the man high up in the cage spread his hands in the unmistakable gesture that meant the crane was out of order.

I wasn't so good, after all. Right below me, a man was calling up to me to help him—calling more weakly now. I could not see him—only hear him there. The chamber was night-black. But I could see the bright embers scattered over the chamber floor, and the breath that rose up through the manhole was scorching and foul. I looked about me all around again; and then, heartsick, made my first step to get a rope from somewhere—anywhere. I knew that when I finally brought one I would be too late.

But who said that there was no such thing as a Balkan Harlequin? By magic—Balkan Arlecchino's magic—we had rope! If not rope, then something which desperate need, in lieu of magic, could transform into rope. For here Duduk came running, lugging salvation. Charlie Simms the day before had lent his pair of roustabouters to the carpenter boss, who was short-handed. Deep down inside high concrete wall forms, they had all day twisted double strands of baling wire tight to hold the lumber firm against the push of liquid masonry that soon would be poured in. And Duduk, quick of head, had thought about a half-used coil of baling wire.

It made poor rope. We snatched a loop up from the coil, bent it into a bight, and fed the squirming double wire down into the chamber, a cataract of Croatian pouring through that manhole with the wire. And somehow Duduk's instructions must have reached the man below, for presently Duduk shouted, "A'right! She's ketch hold! Up! Digni gore! Up high like tree! Pull 'em up!"

We pulled. "Poor rope" was right. With the heavy weight we lifted, it nearly cut our fingers to the bone. But it was just as much better than no rope at all as life is better than death. We yanked our load up, gore—high like a tree, and there was Mr. Imbro Zelenjak.

I started laughing when his head came out. A glance, and you could see that he had not been hurt. I've never seen a face so utterly distressful and so plumb ridiculous. His hat, one of those dashing things of heavy wool cut over a flower pot—made thick, you know, to suit the wearer's head—he still had on. And whereas Mr. Zelenjak ordinarily wore it so as to look as dumb as possible, which was unnecessary, it was now set rakishly acock. I looked at that fuzzy fez-shaped pot slanted so jauntily over one scared outpopping eye, and some perverse imp inside me kept my ribs shaking. Hysterical relief, perhaps, had some effect; for death had just been cheated. But coupled to this was the clownish fact that to rescue poor Imbrek from death by heat and suffocation, Duduk had practically hanged him.

Imbrek had evidently felt that loop of wire touch him down there in the blackness, and following that cataract of instructions had tried to get it down beneath his armpits. But when Duduk felt weight on the wire, he had stood not upon the order of his hoisting but had hoisted, brzo and gore, quick and up high like a tree. And if that wire cut our fingers almost to the bone, you can imagine what it did to Imbrek. He had not got it underneath his arms. When he came up out of that hot checker chamber he had the wire looped around his neck!

His eyes bulged and his tongue hung out. His face was black with soot, charcoal and choking. And here and there glowing circles widened on his clothes, where they smoldered, threatening in the fresh supply of air to burst aflame. The horrid smell of burned hair came up with Imbrek out of the nether region he had just escaped. But just the same, I laughed. For while men were batting sparks out on the bosom of Imbrek's trousers, the water boy came along, and Duduk seized his bucket and flung the contents, ice and all, at Imbrek. Then he turned to me.

"See, mist'r," Joža Duduk said with pride, "dot's fine nice feesh I ketch—yes, no? Dot's Hrvat feesh, mist'r. Name dot feesh be Zelenjak Imbro!"

Under such circumstances was I introduced with due formality to Mr. Imbro Zelenjak, and shook hands with him, weeping.

The first I heard of the lovely Columbine in this Slavic *commedia dell' arte* was when Charlie Simms stopped with me beside his handy pair one day and asked Imbrek if we could see her picture.

"I like boss see that picture," Charlie said to Imbrek. And to me—"Fine woman Imbrek get some day, boss."

So Imbrek dug in, and from some deep layer of his clothes brought forth a much worn photograph.

I rise right here to state that that girl Julka Matusović was a knockout. Even the peasant outfit of Croatia—which is picturesque, but not, I'd say, revealing—could not disguise the splendidness of that creature. Ceres she might have been. She was straight-limbed, strong-limbed, straight-bodied and full-breasted. She was broad hipped and shouldered. She was wholesome, clean and fertile, with the wholesome cleanness of good fertile earth. Her build was wide, not thick. She was stalwart, but not gross. She was a woman, let me tell you right. Her face was very beautiful. Mouth big; lips rather flat than pouting, but softly curved and with the red not tapering until nearly at the corners of her mouth; eyes well apart and gold-flecked—gray, if one could judge by cold photography; face wide at cheek bones and somewhat squared below, having nothing of the exquisite oval of her Italian sisters just across the Adriatic. But if you happen to like light-eyed, wide-apart-eyed people, you like also the beauty of steadfastness that wider faces have; and you would like the face of Julka Matasović. She was a Balkan peach.

"By m'by," Simms told me, using speech that Imbrek would understand—"by m'by Imbrek got lotsa pay day,

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"All Two, We Like Same Girl; Nice Girl, Same Girl You See Dot Picture Imbrek Got, Name Julka Matasović"

THE IFFERS ARE WITH US

There are Plenty of Men They Can Put Into the White House If ——

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

POLITICS to a politician is a good deal like fleas to a dog. David Harum very wisely pointed out years ago that a certain number of fleas are necessary in the lives of all dogs, to keep them from brooding over the fact that they are dogs. It is so with politicians. If they didn't have their politics, no matter whether there is any real politics to have or not, they might become morbid and introspective over their real value to the country, and that would practically ruin our best congressional, governmental and minor political circles. The papers would be full of news stories headed, "Well-Known Politician Jumps From Twentieth-Story Window," and similar tragic tales.

Consequently there is plenty of politics at the moment, although this is midsummer in an off year, with the President fishing out in the Black Hills, and the people all excited about aviation and golf and baseball, and automobile trips and summer resorts, and so on, and not giving a hoot for politics. Although the great benefaction of a summer without Congress in session has been vouchsafed to us, although the next presidential campaign is a year away, the politicians are busy and buzzing in all sections of the domain, and are laying out great strategies, planning amazing coups, stringing innumerable wires, and building an infinity of fences; but none, dear readers, on a *more* stable foundation than an if.

The Popular Pastime for Politicians

THE Iffers are with us. Not a week goes by without its elaborate and country-sweeping scheme being formulated and perfected, but all by virtue of an if. If Coolidge does this—if Coolidge says that—if business keeps good—if business gets bad—if the crops are big—if the crops are small—if there is an extra session of Congress—if there isn't an extra session of Congress—if the farmer states are in revolt—if the farmers are placated—if the Wets are as strong as they think they are—if Smith could get anywhere in the West and the South—if the Democrats can abrogate the two-thirds rule—if the third-term precedent remains a political disability—if it does not—if there is rebellion against business domination of politics—if there is no such protest—if the country still favors prohibition—if the country is sick of prohibition—if the national conventions take a decisive stand on the wet and dry question—if the said conventions straddle on that point—if—if—if!

A French savant whose name escapes me at the moment, but who was renowned for his research into the possibilities of the impossible, announced at a meeting of his colleagues of some academy or other that, after years and years of intensive consideration of his chosen problem, he was then and there prepared confidently to state that he could put Paris in a bottle by virtue of an if. There was long discussion and deliberation over this startling claim, and it was finally determined, by a unanimous vote, that the French savant undoubtedly could do just that provided his if would work. That is to say, he could put Paris in a bottle if the bottle was large enough or if Paris was small enough. Unfortunately for the interests of science, the matter went no further, probably because of the annoying circumstance of bottles that always were too small and a Paris that always was too large.

The situation of our political Iffers is analogous. There are plenty of men they can put into the White House if —— The only obstacle in the way of cutting and drying the conventions of 1928 in midsummer of 1927 are half a dozen or a dozen ifs. Compose these and the thing is absurdly simple. I can name a dozen politicians who can put down on a piece of paper an exact political diagram of the next twelve months, provided this if is translated from conjecture to fact and that if is transposed from fact to conjecture. And they are all doing it. Our politicians do not play at cross-word puzzles, nor letter games, nor questionnaires, nor Guggenheim, nor at any of the similar diversions now so popular. They play their own game of if; and the results have just about as much bearing on the general political situation as the changing of sinner to saint in sixteen steps has on the general educational situation.

However, as if politics is the only sort of politics there is at present, speaking presidentially, there is a certain interest in examining into that kind, in squeezing half a lemon over the various ifs to see how many of them turn green, because, incredible as it may seem, most of our presidential politicians who formulate ifs as bases for their operations get easily into that frame of mind wherein their conjecture becomes conviction. Each has a simple and touching faith that his particular if will somehow come to be an is, will evolve from a surmise into a certainty. The point about politicians not generally understood is that although they are adepts at fooling the people, they are twice as expert at fooling themselves. Otherwise, the extreme futility of their occupation would drive them into other lines of endeavor.

The Iffers are operating at present with many ifs, but with two principal and more important ones. These are, first, the Coolidge if, and, second, the Smith if. Naturally, as Mr. Coolidge is President, is a member of the dominant party, is either going to be a candidate for renomination next year or intends to retire at the end of his present term, the Coolidge if is the if that is uppermost and most prevalent. Still, as the Democrats must have a candidate, and as there is clamor in some sections that Smith shall travel that rocky road for them, the Smith if is an important if, also. There is no thought in the back of any wise Democratic head that the Democrats will get anything but another licking in the campaign of next year, but they cannot let it go by default. So the Democratic Iffers are iffing with Smith, mostly, at the moment.

Three Parts to the Coolidge If

THE Coolidge if has three component parts. It is a triple if. The first one has to do to with what will happen if he says he intends to run again. The second one has to do with what will happen if he says he does not intend to run again. The third one contemplates the situation if he runs again and does not say anything about it one way or the other. So far as Mr. Coolidge is concerned, until the time of writing this piece, these ifs lack completely any Coolidge support or substantiation. They are poor, nebulous little ifs floating about in an atmosphere of political speculation, kept alive by the hot air of their creators.

Mr. Coolidge doubtless knows all about them, but he is cold and unsympathetic to them. One small sentence from him, such as: "I am a candidate" or "I am not a candidate," would instantly kill every if in the lot, but it seems to be the case that Mr. Coolidge is more concerned with catching trout than with killing ifs. It may be he does not think the ifs are important, or, at any rate, essential. To be sure, he could put many politicians at ease, and could

fit into their proper niches a number of presidential candidates, but that does not seem to occur to him. He is at ease and in his proper political niche, and why worry about the others? Looking at the situation from his dominant viewpoint, why, indeed?

Still, as all Republican politics is divided into two parts, one of which is Mr. Coolidge, and the other of which is all the rest of it, it may be of contemporaneous interest to take these three Coolidge ifs apart to see what makes them tick. After all, an if is as good as a but in a case like this, and even so pitiful a thing as the midsummer politics of 1927 deserves some attention, if only to show how pitiful it is.

Nor is it without its humor, albeit neither Mr. Coolidge nor the Republican politicians can be said to be humorists intentionally. It may be that the President is getting some fun out of it, at that. Even a serious-minded Yankee must see the humor in a lot of president makers running around in circles trying to find some way to make a presidential candidate and without any raw materials to work with, because that same serious-minded Yankee has a monopoly on such materials which he can maintain as long as it pleases him. Mr. Coolidge, at the moment, is a personal combination in restraint of presidential trade. The boys can do little without him and they can do less with him. It is a sad political story, extremely tearful and depressing.

I make no pretense of knowing what is in the mind of Mr. Coolidge, save as an experienced political observer can interpret that mind in the light of action, or lack of it; but I do know what is in the minds of the politicians, because, in the present agitated states of those minds, to use the conventional term for such, the politicians have wept on my shoulder and have told me their troubles, their surmises, their deductions, their hopes and their fears. Reconstructing these communications on the foundations of the three ifs mentioned as pertaining to the case of Mr. Coolidge, these are the major and inner thoughts of the Republican politicians:

First. Mr. Coolidge fully intends to run for President again and he will get the nomination.

Second. The only thing that will prevent Mr. Coolidge from running again will be a bad political situation, from a Republican viewpoint, that will make his election doubtful or not possible. In this case they are sure the President will indicate his intention to retire on the political honors he will have garnered by noon of March 4, 1929.

Third. Unless some statement to one effect or the other can be wangled out of Mr. Coolidge, it is well within the cards for him to go along without saying anything about the matter and let politics take its course, with, to be sure, some expert assistance, here and there, from Coolidge partisans and machinists, and get the nomination anyhow.

N. B. One of the leading Coolidge managers in Washington says they already have the Southern delegates sewed up.

Sitting Pretty and Catching Fish

NOW, with these as the inner and real thoughts of the politicians, no matter what the outward and audible bluff may be, it is a difficult thing for these manipulators to get anything that is manipulable or do any manipulating. Unless there is opposition to Mr. Coolidge, he will be nominated, and the probabilities are he will be nominated if there is opposition. That is their real thought. Consequently, there can be neither heart nor conviction nor much activity in getting up an opposition. That would mean failure, they think, and far more to be feared than failure, it would mean disfavor at the White House in case Mr. Coolidge was elected, as they think he will be if he runs. Disfavor at the White House is something no politician of a winning party can endure without great agony and travail. Far better to be out of politics entirely than to be in politics and out of touch with the White House when your party is in power. That is the saddest political fate known to man.

Those people who think that Mr. Coolidge does not know all these things are entirely in the dark as to the political acuteness of the President. He knows them all. He knows that he has every Republican politician who is opposed to him in a cul-de-sac, and there is nothing in his actions, sayings or the activities of his friends that even hints that Mr. Coolidge does not intend to keep these politicians in that cul-de-sac as long as it pleases him and seems necessary for whatever plans he has in mind. Mr. Coolidge is the political monarch of all the politics he surveys. If he says nothing he will be nominated and will hold off any opposition, because all of those who might have a desire to oppose him know just that. If he says he wants the nomination he undoubtedly will get it. If he wants to run he can do so in a dignified manner. If he wants to retire he can retire with equal dignity. He has the Republican political world by the tail with a downhill drag. He is sitting pretty and catching fish.

Playing 'Em Close to His Vest

THOSE who are opposed to him think he should say something, give some indication of what he has in mind. Apparently he does not feel the call for either conversation or indication. So that settles that. He is under no obligation to those who want to succeed him in the White House. There is no popular clamor that he shall show his hand. The people seem to be pleased with him. He still retains their confidence. He seems to be a satisfactory and dependable President to the bulk of the people. He knows that. So why should he go out fighting for something he already has? Why should he talk when there is nothing in particular, in relation to this situation, that it is necessary

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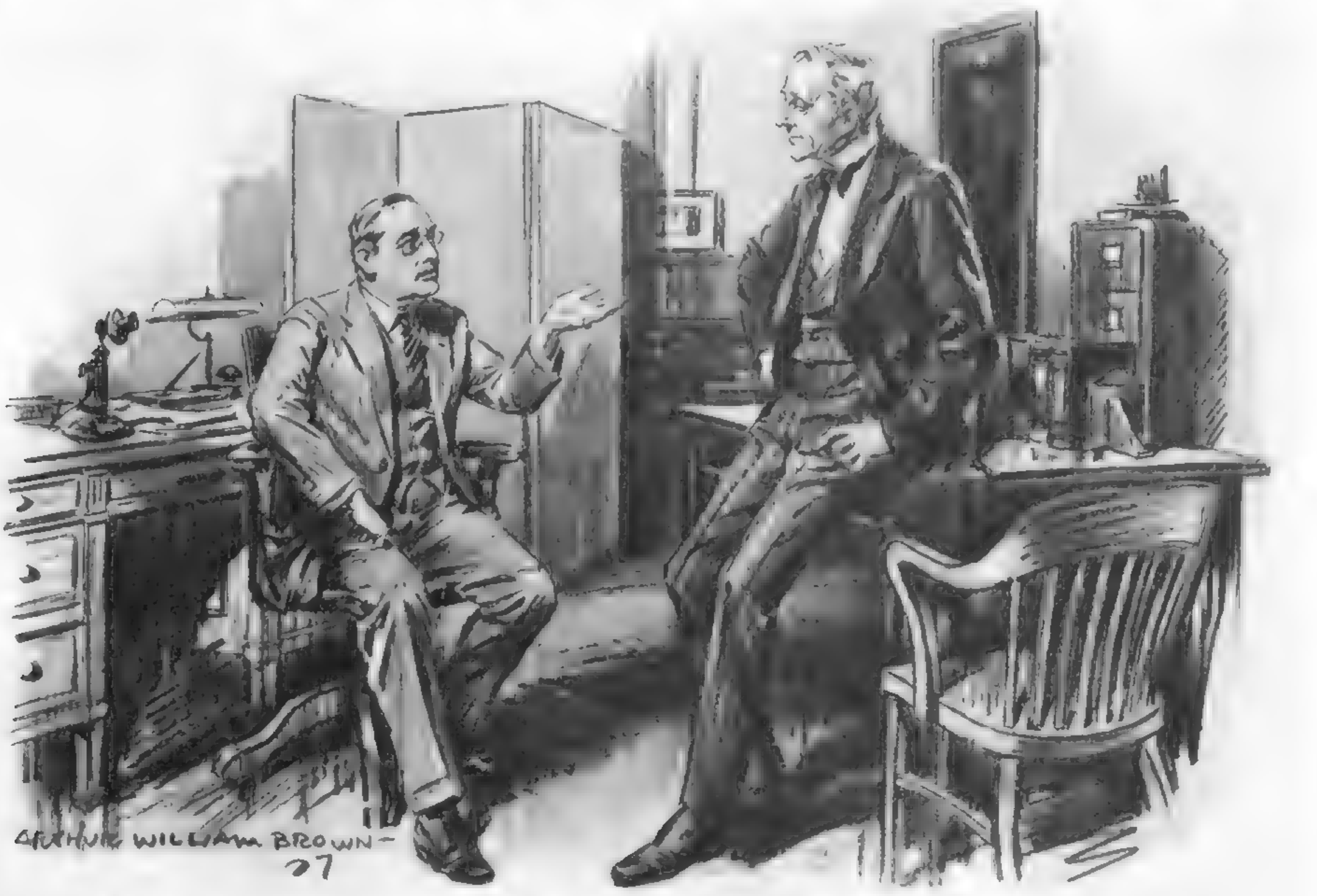
These are Not Yet Out of the Incubator Stage

THE SCARECROW

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"To Read the Papers One Would Think You Were Absolutely the Whole Thing Here. Mr. Tutt Does This, Mr. Tutt Says That! And When They Say 'Mr. Tutt' They Mean You—Not Me"

Once I said to a scarecrow, "You must be tired of standing in this lonely field."
And he said, "The joy of scaring is a deep and lasting one, and I never tire of it."
Said I, "Only those who are stuffed with straw can have known that joy."
Said he, "Only those who are stuffed with straw can know it."
The Madman, His Parables and Poems, by CAHLIL GIBRAN.

TUTT," said Mr Tutt, "is anything the matter?" From where he sat at his desk he could look through the open door directly into his partner's office, where Tutt the Lesser was gazing moodily out of the window. "If I was not fully satisfied of your moral rectitude I should think that you had something on your conscience. You haven't done anything wrong, have you? How about a stogy?"

Tutt Minor shook his head sulkily. "Pthah!" he replied. "I'm sick of the word!"

"What word?"

"'Stogy.'"

"Why, Tutt!" Mr. Tutt slowly unwound his legs, with which he had been caressing the ninth volume of Corpus Juris, and joined his legal associate of thirty years in the other room. "Why, Tutt, what would I be without my stogy? As well rob me of my old tall hat, my ivory-headed cane and my congress shoes. Without it, I could neither bewilder my opponents with poison gas nor duck to safety behind my own smoke screen. And I could not in the hour of victory burn proper incense upon the altar of the law gods. I should be as helpless as Samson without his hair. As well rob me of you!"

"Well, why not?" growled Tutt. "I probably shouldn't have mentioned it myself, but now that you've brought the matter up I may as well state frankly that I'm tired of playing second fiddle. Tutt and Tutt is the name of our firm ——"

"Yes—we get 'em coming and going," nodded Mr. Tutt.

"And one Tutt is as big as the other—in type anyhow."

"In every way! In every way!" Mr. Tutt assured him.

"You have often said," continued Tutt, "that we were the necessary component parts of a harmonious legal whole; that while you might be the brains and the voice I was the eyes and the legs of the combination; and that either of us would be helpless without the other."

"And, my dear Samuel, I say so now!" declared Tutt Major. "I could not live legally, so to speak, without you. We are like Siamese twins."

"Exactly!" Tutt Minor gave the cuspidor a sullen kick. "But does the world ever hear of me? Nobody! I never get credit for anything. There was a time —— Oh, hell! I don't exist any longer! The name Tutt has come to mean merely Ephraim Tutt! I'm through just holding the bag!"

"Why, Tutt, I had no idea you felt this way!"

Mr. Tutt was sincerely distressed, not only because he really needed his partner in his business but also because he hated anybody to feel unjustly treated.

"It's this infernal publicity!" declared Tutt savagely, this time sending the cuspidor spinning. "To read the papers one would think you were absolutely the whole thing here. Mr. Tutt does this, Mr. Tutt says that! And when they say 'Mr. Tutt' they mean you—not me."

"How do you know they do?"

"Who ever hears of Samuel Tutt? Look at this feller who is always writing you up! In the last year he's had you swangdangling a real-estate corporation out of a hundred thousand dollars for the sake of a poor widow, detecting a forty-thousand-dollar forgery by the use of acid fumes, exposing a supposedly reputable Wall Street firm that was running a bucket shop, showing up a city official as a nincompoop, and generally playing Solomon, the Good Samaritan and Moses Montefiore to any sweet young thing that happened to be in trouble. But has he mentioned me once? Oh, no! He hasn't even had the decency to hint that I had anything at all to do with those cases, although I worked on every one of them. Did you look up any of the law? Not one jot or tittle! Did you prepare any of the papers? You did not! Did you do a thing in any one of 'em except to get up in court when the proper time came, say, 'If Your Honor please'—and cop off all the glory? You did not! And simply because you're a tall ramshackle old bird who looks like a cross between Abraham Lincoln and Uncle Sam—a picturesque anachronism in your old surtout, your stovepipe hat, your grandfather's cane and your everlasting stogies, the papers and everybody play you up: 'Good for Mr. Tutt!' 'Hurrah for Mr. Tutt!' Well, where do I come in? How about Tutt?"

Mr. Tutt came over to where his partner was sitting and laid his hand on his shoulder. "Of course it's unfair," he said. "And I'm glad you got this off your chest. It's nothing to me who gets the kudos, although I can easily see how it might annoy you to get none. That sort of thing is largely a matter of chance."

Tutt swiveled round to his senior. "Not by a flaskful! You never let me try a case. You never let me appear in court. You never let me open my mouth. You were always the one to leap into the limelight and yell, '*Sic semper tyrannis!*' You grab all the sensational trials. You may not intend to, but you all the time keep me in the dressing room while you caper around in the middle ring of the big tent. My picture never gets in the paper, whereas your face, which is not one whit better-looking than mine, is known to every man, woman and child in these United States, and all foreign countries, including the Scandinavian. Well, I'm sick of playing the silent partner. I want to see how it feels to get a little publicity myself."

Mr. Tutt looked around for the cuspidor and deposited his stogy in it. "My dear Tutt," he said earnestly, "the

last thing in the world I want to do is to steal your thunder. I really don't care two straws who gets the credit. All I want is the cash—and the fun of getting justice for the under dog. I don't mean to grab all the good cases. Of course you should have your share of them and try them yourself. The very next time anything good comes along—any case that seems likely to attract attention—it shall be yours for your very own."

Tutt held out his hand. "Thanks," he said gratefully. "I thought when it came to a show-down you'd talk like that. You know my wife ——"

"Yes," agreed Mr. Tutt quickly, "I do know her. Now what would you prefer? Something in the nature of the exposure of corporate abuses, a rattling good murder case, or—or ——"

"I'd prefer," said Tutt, "something with a pretty woman in it."

II

ABOUT a week after this declaration of legal independence in which Tutt the Lesser had so eloquently affirmed that the Tutts were equal, the senior partner appeared suddenly in his junior's office, closed the door carefully behind him, and laying his finger upon his lips said, "Your case is in the other room."

Tutt beamed. "Really? I hardly meant you to take me seriously. Still —— Is she pretty?"

"Very!"

"Beautiful maiden in distress?"

"I should put her in that category. . . . It's certainly an unusual sort of mix-up. Savage stepmother—diamond necklace—suit for ten thousand dollars—future happiness jeopardized unless promptly rescued by clever lawyer —— Do you want it?"

"Do I? Lead me to her!"

Tutt danced behind the screen in the corner of his office, hastily began combing his hair and brushing off his coat. "Sure you don't want the case yourself?" he inquired charitably.

"Oh, no!" returned Mr. Tutt. "What you said the other day made quite an impression on me. You should have your share of cases and get due credit for the learning and ability you put into them. There is no reason why—simply because this young lady, having read my name in the newspaper, has come in the first instance to me—I should not turn her over to you. In fact, if from now on you can assume complete responsibility for half the matters in the office, it will be much more agreeable to me than our present system, which, as you have so clearly pointed out, is wholly unfair to you. Come along, Tutt. Quit cleaning your finger nails and meet one of the loveliest and most foolish virgins in the world."

Never—never, at least, since his famous adventure with Mrs. Georgie Allison, years before—had Samuel Tutt's eyes beheld so charming a child as, a minute later, arose to shake hands with him. She was so slight, delicate and generally immature that in spite of her claim to twenty-two, it seemed incredible that she was more than sixteen, an innocent schoolgirl, frightened but frank, trustful, and possibly just a little prim—an impression, Tutt decided, due to the unusual length of her skirt in an almost skirtless age, and the fact that her unbobbed honey-colored hair was gathered into a semi-invisible knob at the back of her head. Around her neck, only half concealed by the top of her simple frock, a necklace of huge diamonds sparkled with the blue radiance of moonlight upon Alpine snow fields.

"Miss Laidlaw—my partner, Mr. Tutt," Ephraim presented Samuel. "Into your hands, O Tutt, I commend this beautiful spirit."

"More than pleased to meet you," murmured Tutt fervently, infolding her hand in both of his and almost adding "my dear."

Mr. Tutt smiled upon them. "This somewhat elderly gentleman," said he, after they had sat down, "besides being my partner and confidential associate, is one of the best lawyers in New York City. You can have implicit confidence in both his discretion and his skill. I am sorry that I haven't the time to attend to you myself, but I shall be right here in case you should want any assistance."

"Which we shall not!" slid Tutt out of the corner of his mouth.

"And this young lady, Tutt," continued Mr. Tutt, blessing her with his eyes, "is the victim of her own kindness of heart. She will tell you her story in her own words; but to make things a little easier for her, and by way of introduction, let me say that she is the daughter of the late Rev. Robert Laidlaw, of Geneseo, New York, where she has lived most of her life. Her parents are both dead. About five years ago she became engaged to her third cousin, Austin, who lives with his widowed stepmother, Mrs. Eliot Ross, on upper Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Ross at first opposed the match on the ground that her stepson, a law student, then only twenty-three, was not yet self-supporting and, in her opinion, too young to marry. She holds the purse strings tightly. Apparently she's something of a gorgon. Anyhow, I don't think there's much love lost between her and either of the young people, whose happiness depends at present entirely upon her good will.

"But she's got 'em both buffaloed, and although she has at last given her tentative consent to their engagement and future marriage, they stand in deadly terror of incurring her displeasure or unintentionally giving her offense. In that case she'd come down on them like a ton of brick and everything would be lost. That is what makes the present matter difficult. Her dignity is involved. Last year, when our client here attained her twenty-first year, Mrs. Ross gave an engagement party for her at which she presented her future stepdaughter-in-law with a diamond necklace costing ten thousand dollars. . . . No, not that one." Mr. Tutt's expression was Sphinx-like.

"Miss Laidlaw will explain the rest herself. She is badly in need of legal assistance. You, Tutt, must be the plumed knight to charge into the lists in her behalf. I rely on you to save her, else I shall never forgive myself for not laying all else aside and coming to her rescue myself." He held out his hand. "Good-by—my dear," adding the "my dear."

The girl watched him leave the room with obvious regret. This funny little pot-bellied man beside her was so different. "Now tell me all about it," he was saying soothingly, and she pulled herself together.

"It sounds perfectly cuckoo!" she said, her eyes in her lap. "I don't suppose such a thing could have happened to anybody else—at least to anybody who knew about business; but, you see, I didn't. I don't now for that matter. I didn't even tell Austin until I had done it—and then it was too late."

"You ought to have come to me—h'm—my dear." Also adding the "my dear." Tutt-Tutt!

She gave him a glance of surprise. "But I hadn't met you. Even if I had —— Oh, I don't know! It's all such a mess! Too terrible!"

"Oh, everything will be all right, I promise you!" assured Tutt in his most avuncular manner. "Come now, what is this horrible thing?"

"I'm being sued for twelve thousand dollars—and—and I haven't any money!"

Tutt brightened. "That's nothing! Bless your soul, our clients are being sued all the time! A suit doesn't amount to a row of pins!

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"Look Here!" Interrupted Judge Bowser. "My Clients Had a Right to Make Any Profit They Chose. We Have Nothing to Conceal"

IDLES OF THE KING

"I Has Jawn You on the Screen, Miss Jones, an' I Think You Is as Wonderful an Actress as You Is a Beautiful Woman"

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE complacency of Birmingham's Darktown crumbled before the glory of King Fredrick of Boldavia. The king arrived in the Alabama metropolis with one suitcase partly filled with civilian clothes, one trunk crammed with royal raiment and a small box containing numerous medals. He also brought with him a slim wallet, an impressive family tree, a supercilious manner and a deep understanding of human nature.

He established himself at Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house and held a brief conversation with that gossiping colored person. Sis Callie left her household duties to spread the word, and when she returned home three hours later, all dusky Birmingham knew that royalty had descended upon it.

At the outset there was a wild protest, a skeptical wail, a chorus of loud doubt. King Fredrick was waited upon by a committee of prominent colored citizenry, headed by Lawyer Evans Chew. He received the delegation in state in the parlor of Sis Callie Flukers' home on Avenue F. There was no questioning the fact that the king was an impressive personage. He walked magnificently into the room, garbed in very regal clothes—a robe of deep purple trimmed with what purported to be ermine. On the small round head a large gleaming crown rested uncertainly. And if, beneath the ermine hem, one was enabled to catch a glimpse of trousers rather frayed and shoes which had long since seen their best days, at least that did not make the monarch much less impressive.

Lawyer Chew delivered an oration. King Fredrick listened attentively, gently waving his scepter as though it were a palm-leaf fan. Eventually the portly, ponderous attorney completed his peroration and a delicate smile creased the lips of the visiting king.

"Well," he inquired mildly, "what is you talkin' about?"

Semore Mashby, wealthy and thin member of the delegation, chuckled, and Lawyer Chew flushed a deep lavender.

He fancied a hint of insult and his dignity was offended, whereat he put the king on the witness stand and subjected him to a rigid cross-examination.

"I asks you fust off," thundered the attorney in his best court-room manner, "what is you doin' heah in Bumminham?"

The king was imperturbable. "What business has that got to do with you?"

Lawyer Chew made a sweeping gesture. "Us represents Bumminham cullud sassiety an' we is heah to see that our friends doesn't git gypped by no fakers. So I ask you again, what does you aim to perform in this fair an' noble city?"

"Plenty," retorted Fredrick tersely. "Fo' one thing, I most likely will sell a few titles."

Lawyer Chew blinked. This was a directness for which he was totally unprepared. He altered his course. "What is you king of?" he rasped.

"Boldavia."

There was a triumphant gleam in the lawyer's eyes. "Where is this Boldavia at?"

Fredrick met his gaze levelly. "There ain't no such of a country."

"Ah-ha! A-a-a-h-ha-a! So there ain't no such country an' yet you is king of it, huh? You is king of somethin' that ain't—is that it?"

"Yep."

"Then," clinched the attorney, "you ain't king of nuthin'!"

Fredrick suppressed a yawn. "Ev'y time you opens yo' mouf, fat boy, nuthin' comes out. Was I you, I woul'n't advertise so clear that the inside of my head wasn't nuthin' but a vacuum."

Lawyer Chew was apoplectic with rage "Well, if there ain't no such country as Boldavia, how can you be king of it?"

"Because," explained Fredrick mildly, "titles comes down fum father to son. Spoain' now"—he ignored Lawyer Chew and addressed his hypothesis to the others of the committee—"spose a country had a king an' was all of a sudden to disappear, woul'n't the feller that was king befo' still be king?" There was a nodding of heads. "Sholy," continued Fredrick. "Fack that the country was gone woul'n't make a feller no less a king, 'cause kings is titles an' they is such whether they got a country or not. An' if they is kings, their sons is gwine be princes an' the oldest prince he gits to be king when his papa dies. Does you foller me?"

Even Lawyer Chew was silenced. He was becoming more impressed than he cared to admit.

"Foller this then," went on the resplendent little stranger: "Once upon a time there was a country named Boldavia an' it had a king. That country got all swallered up, on account it was a loose island. But lots of folks got away, an' one of 'em was the king. But he was still a king, just the same. Just like as if a ginral gits separated fum his army, he's still a ginral. Well, that king had a son an' when he died that son was king. An' so it come down the line till it got to me, an' now Ise King of Boldavia."

Lawyer Chew launched his final assault. "Prove it!" he challenged.

"Tha's easy," smiled the king triumphantly. He crossed to his trunk. From the tray of it he took a huge parchment scroll which he unrolled with impressive gusto. Then he stood back and gestured at the large family tree artistically depicted thereon. "Feast yo' eyes on that, cullud folks," he invited, "an' see if that don't prove somethin'."

They clustered around the family tree of the Boldavian royal line. They made an ill-assorted but eager group—Lawyer Evans Chew, tremendously stout and important; Semore Mashby, threadbare and ratlike; Florian Slappey,

elegantly dressed and thus far distinctly noncommittal. And last of all—and most silent—was the unduly long and slender figure of one Jasper De Void, a person of lean jaw, protuberant angles and much ready cash.

Jasper De Void was a comparative stranger in Birmingham. He had arrived some months before from a little farm near Dothan, Alabama. But during his brief sojourn in the city he had exacted the unwilling admiration of his associates.

For one thing, he seemed to have an acquisitive instinct. An original bank roll of two thousand dollars cash money had been more than doubled, and during all those months Jasper had lived splendidly at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored and had done no work.

Yet Jasper, in all his rural simplicity, was most frankly dazzled by the stranger. He saw that even Florian Slappey was impressed, and so he stared at the family tree of King Fredrick and pinched himself on the thigh to make sure that it was really himself, Jasper De Void, who was thus blithely associating with royalty.

The family tree seemed to dissipate the final doubts of the investigating committee. It showed with unmistakable clarity that, provided one accepted the premise that there ever had been a Boldavia, this man was the lineal descendant of the ruler thereof. It was a moment of supreme triumph for the visiting potentate. He regally forgave Lawyer Evans Chew and went on to explain his mission in Birmingham.

"We is all ontirely convinced that I is a king," he explained gently. "An' since I is a king, it don't matter whether I got a country or not. The impawtant point is this: If a king makes a feller a dook, why, he's a dook, ain't he?"

He focused his gaze upon Lawyer Evans Chew and that erudite person nodded. "That seems imminently correck," he affirmed.

"An' if I make a feller a count, he's a count. Also other things. Now, gemmun, I ain't got no secrets to conceal fum you-all. The fortunes of my fambly is at low tide, an' I need cash money. I has come to Bumminham to git same. Does anybody here crave to jine the nobility, I entitles 'em fo' suttin fixed an' stippilated fees as per this sheet."

With fingers amazingly deft the king dealt from the bottom of a pack of visiting cards. Each of the committee members stared at the pasteboard handed him:

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
KING FREDRICK NINETH
OF BOLDAVIA

TITLES FOR SAIL AS FOLLERS

Prince & hair apparent	1,000.00
Just plain prince	750.00
Earl	500.00
Earless	400.00
Dook	475.00
Dook's Wife	350.00
Count	150.00
Countess	100.00
Knight	50.00
Lady	25.00
Honorable	4.98

The gathering was duly impressed. Lawyer Chew asked a few questions. "King," he inquired, "splain to me 'bout this earless an' dook's wife business. Sposin' I buys me a dookship, don't my wife git to be a dookess right away *ipso facto?*"

"Sholy," nodded the monarch. "But if a lady wants a title an' she ain't got no husband, why, she pays that much fo' same."

"I see." Lawyer Chew was deep in thought. He raised hopeful eyes. "Listen, you woul'n't consider makin' me a special rate on an earlship, would you?"

The eyes of King Fredrick narrowed. These men were all strangers, but it was not difficult to perceive that this particular inquisitor was a person of quality and influence. Once the ball was started rolling right ——

"I might."

"How much?"

"You promise to keep it secret—ev'ybody heah?" They agreed. "All right," said the king grandly, "I sells you a earlship fo' two hund'ed an' fifty dollars."

"An' that makes Mis' Chew an earless?"

"That's the one thing it don't do nuthin' else but."

"Hot diggity dawg! Gimme the title."

"Oh, no!" King Fredrick was canny. "Us has got to have a ginuwine accolade."

"What you mean—accolade?"

"It's what kings does when they gives away titles. We gits a theater manager to let us do it on the stage. I sits up yonder in all my royal robes an' you an' Mis' Chew walks up the aisle an' I taps you on the head with my sword."

"You whiches?"

"I taps you on the head with my sword."

"Lemme see that sword."

A smile flitted across the king's countenance. "You ain't gwine git cut. What do you say to day after tomorrow?"

The date was decided upon and Lawyer Chew agreed to arrange with the manager of the Champion Theater to have the ceremonial conducted on the stage of that amusement palace. Others of the party were offered titles at half rates. Florian was the only one who then considered the offer. "I sho would like one, Your Honor, but Ise broke."

"Well, when you gits a li'l' money ——"

"How 'bout makin' me an honorable complimentary?"

"Nos-suh. Cain't give away no titles. Does you crave to be honorable, you got to pay an honorable price."

"Shuh! What's fo'-ninety-eight to a king?"

"Plenty," came the prompt response. "An' fellers which ain't even got half that much money don't deserve to be honorable."

The committee drifted out of the room and up the street, leaving a king triumphant. Birmingham pickings promised to be very excellent for the pretender to the throne of the nonexistent Boldavia. Fredrick was in fine fettle. This was the first city on which he had tried this particular racket. For a great many years he had lived by his wits, but his enterprises had, for the most part, been too fraught with danger. This, however, was something absolutely safe and there appeared to be no limit as to how far he might extend his operations. It was obvious that the more persons who became titled, the more there would be to insist upon sharing the limelight.

The king rose and stretched himself. He placed his rhinestone-jeweled scepter on the table, but did not doff either his robe or crown. He opened the door and moved softly down the hall toward the veranda which spanned

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"We is All Ontirely Convinced That I is a King," He Explained Gently

TRAVEL IS SO BROADENING

A Mystery Play—By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

CHARACTERS

MRS. CUTTS, *who is traveling to broaden her husband and daughter.*

MELANCTHON CUTTS, *a big real-estate man, who is traveling to quiet* MRS. CUTTS.

MISS LILY CUTTS, *aged eighteen, who has a fiancé at home.*

CHARLES D. FRENNY, *an itinerant stockbroker, who excuses himself by saying he is studying European conditions.*

MISS EMMELINE SOUNDER, *a young lady who adores the picturesque.*

MRS. ROLLO CLINK, *a chaperon for* MISS SOUNDER.

MR. PERCIVAL PRITH, *an apologetic American.*

MISS MARTHA ZODDERBECK, *a school-teacher who started saving for a trip to Europe just before the war.*

A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

Waiters, bus boys, cigarette boys, concierges, telephone girls, maîtres d'hôtel, porters, assistant porters, flower venders, assistant hotel managers and several members of the traveling British public, as needed.

The British are clad in tweeds that look as though they hadn't been pressed since the year when Paul du Chaillu shot the first gorilla.

THE PLACE

Somewhere in Europe.

THE TIME

1927.

SCENE

[*The lobby of the Grand Hôtel du Camembert d'Angleterre et d'Afrique et d'Amérique et d'Asie. At the back are a number of showcases containing samples of brocades, jewelry, perfumes, dolls, candy boxes and postcards obtainable in local emporia. The furniture is upholstered in a poisonous red, and is bald in spots. There are two clumps of bamboos in pots, to take off the curse of austerity.*

[*At the extreme left of the back wall are three glass-inclosed compartments marked respectively Caisse, Réception and Portier; and in each compartment is a pale man with black hair and a frock coat, perpetually engaged in separating coupons from or attaching stamps to pieces of paper. In the center is a telephone operator and a diminutive elevator of the sort that is operated, in theory, by pushing a button. At the extreme right is a door over which appears the sign, Bar Américain.*

[*The rising curtain reveals* MRS. CUTTS, MR. CUTTS *and* MISS CUTTS *seated, R.* MR. CUTTS *is concealed behind a widely opened copy of the Paris Herald.* MISS CUTTS *is staring moodily at the toes of her shoes.* MRS. CUTTS *is just sitting. About four feet from* MR. CUTTS' *ear is a radiator; and a man clad in bedticking is slapping it industriously with a frayed feather duster. From time to time the man in bedticking stares contemptuously at the* CUTTS *family, winks knowingly at an idle waiter who stands near by, and gives the radiator an unusually enthusiastic slap.*

MR. CUTTS *(lowering his paper and staring coldly at the man in bedticking):* I spose you're trying to heat that radiator with friction.

THE PORTER *(imperfectly concealing his contempt for* MR. CUTTS*):* M'sieu dit?

MR. CUTTS: You people certainly never try to heat 'em any other way.

THE PORTER *(with an obsequious bow):* M'sieu parle comme un hanneton.

MR. CUTTS: That's all right. Just you get away from that radiator with your darned old feather duster. You make me nervous. *(He fishes in his pocket, abstracts two small pieces of brass money, examines them doubtfully and hands them to the man in bedticking.)* You keep away from that radiator so long as I'm sitting near it. *(The man in bedticking accepts the brass money without thanks, gives the radiator a final vicious slap, winks meanly at the waiter, and reluctantly goes out.)*

[*The* MYSTERIOUS STRANGER *enters, L., and whispers a question to the pale man in the Caisse compartment. The pale man shakes his head and sticks another stamp on a piece of paper, whereupon the* MYSTERIOUS STRANGER *exits dejectedly, R.*

MRS. CUTTS *(nervously):* Do you think you gave him enough?

MR. CUTTS *(irritably):* Enough for what?

MRS. CUTTS: Enough for hurting his feelings.

MR. CUTTS: How did I hurt his feelings?

Mr. Prith: "It's a Small World, Isn't It? I Had a Great-Great-Great-Uncle Who

MRS. CUTTS *(flouncing angrily in her chair):* Now don't quibble, Melancthon! You know exactly what I mean. It was like that cab driver today. You only gave him five francs extra for driving us up from the station, and all of us felt uncomfortable for an hour on account of what he said to us.

MR. CUTTS *(moving restlessly):* Well, I don't know what to give 'em! No matter what I give 'em, they never give me anything but a dirty look.

MISS CUTTS *(coldly):* Don't give them anything. Look at what you did for that waiter last night. He added everything to the bill except the number of your coat check. He soaked you more for taxes than he did for food.

MRS. CUTTS *(in a pained voice):* Don't say soaked, Lily.

MISS CUTTS *(emitting an exasperated sigh):* I wish I knew a worse one. He soaked you for a luxury tax and a cover charge and a bread tax and a widow-and-orphans' tax and a wounded-soldier tax and a special Thursday tax and four or five other taxes, and then he added all of them into the bill and charged you a 10 per cent service tax for taxing you. Didn't he?

MR. CUTTS: I'll tell the cock-eyed world he did. *(He retires behind his Paris Herald.)*

MISS CUTTS: Yes, and after he'd soaked you 10 per cent for a service tax, you gave him a twenty-franc tip. What did you do it for?

MRS. CUTTS *(patiently):* What would he have thought if we hadn't given him anything, Lily?

MISS CUTTS: Well, my Lord! You'd given him 10 per cent of the bill, hadn't you, in addition to all those other taxes?

MRS. CUTTS *(with a sweet and forgiving smile):* That wasn't exactly giving, Lily. We had to pay that 10 per cent. I feel as though we ought to be generous enough to do something we don't have to do.

MISS CUTTS: Yes, but it doesn't do you any good. That waiter dropped your coat on the floor on purpose and made remarks about us to the other waiters. And pa gave him twenty francs! Gosh, we're a lot of wet ones!

MRS. CUTTS *(plaintively):* Don't say gosh, Lily, and don't use that word "wet." It doesn't mean anything.

[MISS ZODDERBECK *enters, L., at a dog trot, with an unstamped letter in her hand. She approaches the pale man in the compartment marked Caisse and makes signs leading toward the purchase of a postage stamp. The pale man, without looking up, brusquely directs her toward the compartment marked Réception. The pale occupant of the Réception compartment shrugs his shoulders at her postage-stamp gestures and rudely points toward the compartment marked Portier. The Portier meets her request for stamps with a supercilious look and directs her to the Bar Américain.* MISS ZODDERBECK *wearily enters the push-button elevator, presses the button weakly and is lifted jerkily out of sight.*

MR. CUTTS *(reading from his paper):* Listen to this: "Four more liners docked at Cherbourg today with another three thousand American tourists. Every liner arriving in France for the next two months will be booked to capacity. More than five hundred thousand Americans are expected in France this summer."

MISS CUTTS: It doesn't mention that they will separate themselves from about five hundred million unappreciated tips, does it?

[*A pair of British tourists walk across the back of the stage. The man is clad in tweed and the woman wears the shapeless and representative British garment known as a jumper. Both have the air of having slept all night in a rocking-chair. They stare blankly and haughtily at the* CUTTS *family.*

FEMALE BRITISHER *(in an exasperated undertone):* Maw Americans!

MALE BRITISHER *(enduring the situation with true British fortitude):* Mawn maw fyahfl baw evvy yaw! *(They go out.)*

MR. CUTTS: I suppose those people talk English, but I can't recognize any of the words. I suppose I'd ought to take some lessons in their language, so's I can understand 'em.

MISS CUTTS: Something tells me you aren't missing anything.

[*Enter* MR. CHARLES D. FRENNY *and* MR. PERCIVAL PRITH *from the Bar Américain.*

MR. FRENNY: Well, that was fifteen francs for one cocktail. Good night; that makes sixty cents! These people have certainly got a nerve over here! Sixty cents for one cocktail! Holy cats! And synthetic gin at that! Oh, boy!

MR. PRITH: You want to remember that Europe bore the brunt of the war, and the only way they can get anything out of Americans is to charge them for it.

MR. FRENNY *(obtusely):* Charge them for what?

MR. PRITH: Anything they do for them.

MR. FRENNY: What do you mean by the only way they can get anything out of Americans?

MR. PRITH: I mean that Americans won't give them anything. We won't cancel any of their debts or anything, so in a way they're entitled to charge us for anything that they can get. They must meet materialism with materialism. That's why they charge

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Lived in Berwick, and a Great-Great-Great-Grandfather Who Lived in Lewiston"

THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

Harrington Wandered With Lynne Through This Land of Plenty and Found it Good to be Alive

VIII

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

THE new cabin inspired Harrington with the same pride that he had felt formerly when viewing some completed project that stood as a monument to his engineering skill. There was one big room, graced by a great stone fireplace, and two smaller rooms opening into it. The windows were of quarter-inch sheets of mica. Flooring consisted of split poles smoothed with a drawshave, the pole roof covered with a heavy layer of moss and earth.

A dozen feet from the house a fissure in the rocks afforded outlet for a blast of air so hot as to be practically devoid of moisture. Harrington had fashioned a trench a foot in diameter, floored, walled and roofed with overlapping sheets of mica. This improvised pipe led from the steam vent to the foundation of the cabin. At its mouth, where it opened into the steam fissure, it was closed by a sheet of mica that worked in a rock slot fashioned to receive its edges. This operated after the fashion of a head gate by which the flow of water is regulated at the intake of an irrigation ditch. By raising or lowering this crude intake valve one could regulate the amount of heat that was diverted from the steam vent and forced beneath the wooden floors of the cabin.

Harrington viewed the results of his labor with enthusiasm. "No trouble in defeating the Arctic frost king with that contrivance," he predicted. "The chief difficulty will be to refrain from turning on too much heat. I could turn a head of steam through there that would roast us to a turn if the weather stood at eighty below outside."

The cabin completed, Lynne and Harrington turned their energies toward furnishing it. A bunk was built in each of the two smaller rooms, then packed with a twelve-inch layer of moss—by far the best of all outdoor bedding material—and covered with buckskin. A couch of similar construction was fashioned for use in the living room. Several tables and cabinets were constructed of hewed planks; rustic chairs, the bottoms and backs of which Lynne upholstered with caribou hide and padded with moss or equipped with a wickerwork effect, achieved by weaving inch-wide strips of birch bark.

The Northern summer proved itself a bountiful mistress, and the whole countryside afforded an amazing variety and abundance of food for the taking. Strawberries were the first of the wild berries to ripen, and the two occupants of the basin gathered great quantities of the luscious red fruit. Mushrooms thrived on all sides and spring brooks added their quota of delicacies by providing tender water cress. The timber was alive with grouse, the open tundra country swarmed with waterfowl. Thousands of young mallards and pintails, as yet unable to fly for any great distance, slid through the shallows, cleaving furrows in the tall marsh grasses that stood in the water. The geese had gone into the stage when they are known as flappers in the North—the young not yet sufficiently feathered out to fly, and the old birds, having entered the molt, were largely denuded of feathers and also unable to take the air. They progressed by running, aided by violent flapping of featherless wings, hence the name of flapper. Harrington eyed the young ducks and geese speculatively. It would be such a simple matter to catch a hundred or more of these creatures and domesticate them—to establish their own poultry yard in the sink hole.

On one occasion Lynne led Harrington far to the westward to a mountain upon the lower flanks of which were exposed veins of pure copper, from which she had secured the materials for her arrowheads. This deposit, too, would have proved of tremendous value if within reach of transportation. As it stood, however, its only value for the present rested upon what use they could make of it in fashioning implements.

Returning, they passed along the shores of a lake. Lynne, signaling Harrington to be silent, slipped out on a rocky point. Shapes wavered vaguely in the water just off the ledge. Lynne, gauging the refraction of the rays, suddenly loosed an arrow, then motioned for Clay to join her. A big lake trout weighing perhaps twenty pounds floated there, pierced by the arrow. The clear waters of the lakes teemed with trout, and as the summer advanced, Lynne and Harrington took quantities of these fish and transported them to the basin, there to split them and suspend them from racks to be dried in the sun and stored for winter dog feed.

In hunting for small game Lynne used light arrows. Grouse and ptarmigans were abundant in the early fall and were not difficult to stalk. Lynne, drawing to within fifteen or twenty yards before loosing her arrow, seldom missed her prey. One day she shot seven grouse without a miss between.

Shortly thereafter they came out upon the rim of the sink hole and looked down into it. For some reason it had pleased Harrington to emulate the example of the Old Man of the North and to disguise the cabin so that it could not be detected readily. The roof was covered with a layer of moss and earth. Scattered irregularly on top of this covering were flat rocks. The protruding ends of the roof timbers were exceedingly irregular and to these long ends were lashed various bits of vegetation. Knowing exactly where the cabin stood, it was difficult, nevertheless, for Harrington to make it out, so closely did it blend with its surroundings. Any smoke that might issue from its chimney would seem to an observer on the rim as merely the emanation of vapor from another one of the steam vents with which the floor of the place abounded.

And as he gazed down into it he found himself speculating again as to how a man might spend his life here. He would be free from strain and worry, supplied with everything that was necessary to life and comfort. But wouldn't that very fact—the lack of further necessity to strive—cause a man to vegetate mentally? With what could he occupy his mind so that it would develop, instead of sliding back? For a time, he knew, he could occupy his time and utilize his energy in developing the resources of the sink hole—harnessing that steam power that was going to waste; in experimenting with the agricultural possibilities; in starting their own flocks of poultry from the ducks, geese, ptarmigans and grouse with which the country abounded; in building up a herd of domesticated caribou—any number of things. With what had Pan occupied his mind? It was certain that he had not let down to any considerable extent, as evidenced by the broad knowledge that Lynne had acquired from him. All that had not come from a mind that was declining from lack of interest.

The old snowslide path down the timbered slope at the base of the cliffs showed as a lighter streak denuded of trees. At its foot a vast tangled pile of tree trunks and other débris marked the spot where the former cabin was buried deep beneath it.

"What did the Old Man of the North do to keep his mind occupied?" he inquired of Lynne.

"He was a great naturalist, a worshiper of Nature as the all-powerful force that rules the universe. He was always engaged in research work along natural-history lines, also studying human affairs, as he tried to decipher the source behind every belief that had originated throughout the ages. Then he would write and write for days on end. All his manuscripts are rotting there beneath a hundred feet of tree trunks, earth and rocks."

"Lost to the world," Harrington said regretfully.

If the Old Man of the North had been able to occupy his mind to advantage in such isolation, why could he not do the same, Harrington reflected. Pan, freed of the necessity of using his mental energies in the mere matter of wresting a livelihood from the world, had not permitted his mind to degenerate from lack of use. Instead he had made use of the leisure thus acquired to improve himself. Perhaps, if those vanished manuscripts had not been lost to the world, they might have furnished the germ for a new philosophy of life.

Leaves of willow, birch, aspen and alder turned crimson and yellow from the frost as the summer passed into autumn and the nights grew longer. Great banks of berry bushes on open sidehills afforded a riot of color for as far as the eye could reach across the landscape. They also afforded

bushels of blueberries, elderberries, red raspberries and others, for the picking. Harrington wandered with Lynne through this land of plenty and found it good to be alive. They cooked quantities of berries and stored them in birch-bark rogans, the openings closed with inch-thick layers of melted caribou tallow poured while hot, which cooled into solid white plugs that effectively sealed out the air. In the matter of storing food and in the manufacture of articles designed for convenience, he seemed unmindful of the fact that the day approached when they must depart and leave all this behind; and Lynne never mentioned their impending departure.

As the days grew shorter and the nights longer she fashioned candles. Her molds consisted of eight-inch sections of elderberry stalks, the pith removed, save for a plug at the end, then split lengthwise. The wicks she made from the dried fibers of blossoms known in the North as cotton flowers, resembling the white heads of ripened dandelions, except that their shape was flattened instead of globular. By twirling these fibers between thumb and forefinger, adding the short lengths as she progressed, she fashioned cords an eighth of an inch in diameter. With the knotted end of the cord held in the center of the pith plug, the two halves of the mold were again fitted together and secured, then poured full of melted tallow. When this cooled, white and hard, the two halves of the mold were removed, leaving a candle an inch and a half in thickness.

In a hundred ways she availed herself of the advantages that Nature had provided, and fashioned them into conveniences to add to human comfort and efficiency. Harrington—himself with a widespread reputation as a man well versed in the secrets of the wilderness; one who could be left stranded in jungle, desert or ice field and survive—was aware of his own relative incompetence in such matters when compared with Lynne's fund of woods lore and her ability to turn it to human advantage.

Without his being conscious of it, Harrington's outlook on life had undergone a fundamental transition. That vast abstraction that had seemed toshut out even a glimmer of interest in his surroundings, the mental lethargy that had remained entirely unshaken by the blandishments of thedance-hall girls of the Yukon camps, the shift of fortune at the poker tables or by nights of drinking raw liquor with roistering miners, had slipped away from him. For long he had been a man without an interest in life, given over to introspection and the feeling that there was no further incentive in life for him—an unhealthy state of mind. He had gone flat mentally, and had no desire to strive further along old lines. What was there toward which to strive? Added material resources, added recognition in his profession—would either profit him? No. Further advancement in either way would only bring added responsibilities that would simply bore him. Now, without realizing it, he had desisted from this introspective habit and lack of interest in life.

He had become actively interested in a number of things, all of them revolving round Lynne. Chief among these was her almost dual personality. This he attributed to her exclusive association with but two persons, each of them representing an extreme in human types. From Tanlika she had absorbed the crafts of the savage. The modern civilized individual is a specialist. Every day, in his every act of life, he utilizes a thousand articles that he considers absolutely indispensable to his welfare, accepting them as his due and taking them as a matter of course. He gives practically no thought to them. Yet, if suddenly deprived of them, he would be absolutely helpless to replace the least of them by his own unaided efforts. From the simplest utensil of his kitchen to the appliances of his office, he would find himself unable to reproduce a single item, having no knowledge of the materials or the process of manufacture that had gone into its fashioning. The things he used every day were the products of ten thousand varieties of producing specialists.

The smartest and most resourceful civilized man, if suddenly deprived of the things that he accepts without question, would find himself confronting the necessity to fend for himself, to provide his own clothing, food, utensils and shelter by his own unaided efforts, and he would be but a sorry and incapable creature indeed, hard pressed merely to keep life in his body.

Lynne, on the contrary, possessed the faculty of the most primitive savages—that of knowing every act required to produce every article that was necessary to her existence. She could be left stranded in this northern wilderness in the spring, weaponless and unclothed, yet she would survive. With no more than a clamshell or a stone with a cutting edge she would fashion spruce-root cord, weave it, with other materials, into a cable of sufficient strength to withstand the struggles of the heaviest creatures of the wild. With a noose spread from the brush flanking a game trail to snare the head of traveling moose or caribou, she would provide herself with the essentials The animal itself would furnish ingredients with which to tan the hide by means of the old Indian tanning process equal parts of brains, liver and grease. She would make her own fire by friction, and manufacture her own weapons. Step by step he pictured activities. When autumn arrived she would be housed in a moose-hide tepee, clothed in warm furs, traveling on snowshoes of her own fashioning, supplied with meat, fish and berries in abundance, ready to weather in comfort the rigors of an Arctic winter.

That much she had absorbed from Tanlika, the Iklut woman. From her other companion she had absorbed probably the best that civilized thought has evolved. So it was not too difficult to understand the two extremes of her. With keen and questing brain she had simply absorbed all that the two extremes of human types—the primitive savage and the brilliant product of civilized society—had been able to give her. The one extreme she knew by practical application, the other only as abstract knowledge, the application of which she knew only vicariously as yet.

With the first cold days of autumn, Lynne and Harrington journeyed to the resort of the wild fowl on the marshes of the tundra-clad plains. With light arrows Lynne dropped many a fat mallard and Canada goose. These were packed on the dogs and transported back to be stored in the cave until such time as the freeze-up would preserve them for an indefinite period. In the course of a week they stored some two hundred ducks, geese and plovers. All such activities afforded an outlet for Harrington's mental energies and provided an effectual foil for his former disinterest in life. Without being actively conscious of any change in his mental attitude, he found himself content with the present and looking into a future that seemed to promise inviting prospects.

Lynne found this association a source of supreme delight. Her very nearness to Harrington was ecstasy, and she became more than ever determined that she would devise some means of retaining him for herself alone. But since learning about that other woman she had concealed her feeling for Harrington, fearing that a premature disclosure might operate against her plans. Perhaps this reserve was not a lessening of her naturalness and the beginning of conventional artificiality, but, instead, the expression of a very natural faculty inherited from generations of female ancestors who had practiced indirection to gain their ends. But it was sometimesdifficult to keep the truth from her eyes. One such instance occurred as they sat together regarding a lantern that he had cunningly contrived from sheets of mica. He regarded it with considerable pride.

While Harrington Chafed, as is the White Man's Way, Lynne Seemed to Fall Back Upon the Placid Acceptance and Serenity That She Had Been Taught by Tanlika's Native Stoicism

(Continued on Page 118)

WHITE HANDS

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"That Will be Nice. A Great Hunter, of Course, Could Always Get Deer. But There's Also the Question of Clothes, You See. The Rough Ground Hurts Our Feet and We Need Shoes"

IV

PADDY, instead of waking up in an Italian bed of ivory and gold with a mother-of-pearl call bell at her elbow, woke up in a narrow wall bunk wrapped in a Hudson Bay four-point blanket that smelled slightly of kerosene and yellow soap. She could hear the steady beat of rain on the roof, and the slow, dispiriting drip of water where some of that rain was forcing its way through the roof slabs and weeping a puddle beside the rusty sheet-iron stove.

The air, Paddy noticed, smelled cold and damp and musty. Mixed up with its mustiness was an antique odor of tobacco—of very bad tobacco—shot through with still another odor—the slightly dusty odor of pine needles. And the sound of the rain on the roof was very monotonous. She wondered indolently why she wasn't lying in her own silk-draped bed with the intertwined Correggio Cupids carved on its lacquered headboard. She even wondered why her little silver-plated cradle phone wasn't at her side, and foggily debated as to what had become of her dolphin glass reading lamp with its rose-lined oblong shade and the little imitation golf bag of chased gold that used to hold her morning cigarette. She wondered why her bones felt heavy, and why the mattress under her tired body seemed so hard, and why the thought of hot coffee with clotted cream left her with a slightly disappointed feeling just between her floating ribs. And then she forgot to wonder. She merely let the dripping water lull her back to sleep.

It wasn't until a mosquito bit her on the nose that she actually and unequivocally opened her eyes. She must have been entirely awake by this time, for she stared perplexedly yet alertly about the rough log walls that inclosed her and let her eyes come to a rest on the two duck guns that lay there across their absurd wall hooks of buckhorns. Then her gaze wandered on to the shack stove and the grub box behind it, and the rough wall bunk on the opposite side of the narrow room and the scorched line of variegated thin garments of silk and serge that looked so dolorously like a baked Alaska that had been put through a clothes-wringer.

And then memory returned to its throne. That line of scorched apparel, she recalled, was all that was left of the saturated city clothes which they had draped so abandonedly close about the hot stove the night before. And there was about enough of them left, she saw, to dust a flute.

Then Paddy sat up with a start, perplexed by the discovery that the second wall bunk, which most assuredly should have held Jinny, stood disordered and empty. But her resultant feeling of solitude shot through with alarm died away as quickly as it had come into being. For as she turned about she caught sight of her sister sitting thoughtful and motionless on the rough pine sill of the open shack door.

She was sitting with her draping gray blanket held close about her waist by a darkened thong of buckskin knotted over one hip. She was leaning against the rough door frame, staring out over a desolate expanse of lake water, slate-gray in the driving rain. And when she tired of looking at the rain-swept water she stared impassively and meditatively down at her own hands. Her sigh, when she finally looked up, was a wordlessly dejected one. It was so dejected that Paddy was prompted to call out to her.

"What's wrong?" asked the girl in the bunk. She did her best to force a note of cheeriness into that question. But its casualness rang hollow.

Janet turned slowly and regarded her with a lackluster eye. "The fire's out," she tragically reminded her sister.

That brought Paddy abruptly out of her bunk. She stared at the rusty sheet-iron stove, felt it and found it cold, lifted a lid and saw nothing but a bed of ashes.

"Aren't there matches?" demanded Paddy, as she walked helplessly about the stove. Such things, she remembered from the day before, were lighted with shavings and dry bark and small pieces of wood. She had seen old Pierre doing it, and it had impressed her as a much clumsier way of obtaining heat than by the turning of a nickel-plated switch beside an electric grill.

"Not one," Jinny dolorously answered from the doorway.

"Are you sure?" asked Paddy, fighting down a shiver of revulsion as she draped herself in the barbaric gray blanket with a hole in its center.

"No, there's no matches, and no fire, and no dry wood even. Fires apparently have to be kept burning or they go out, and we were too dumb to keep it going. We were too dumb to carry dry wood into the shack. And I wish you'd have let me drown in that cursed lake out there." Her face, in the vague side light, looked disturbingly drawn and pallid.

"We've got to have fire," proclaimed Paddy, as she gathered up the scorched finery and tossed it into a corner. She stood before the stove, staring down at its solemn and taciturn bulk. It had seemed a very consoling and cheery thing, the night before, with the old copper kettle singing on its top and the rose glow behind its open throat.

"Everything's wet," complained Jinny. Paddy, for the first time, saw the suspicion of a beaten look in her sister's eyes. "And I'm going back to bed."

"What good will that do?"

Jinny failed to resent the sharpened note in that inquiry. "What good will anything do?" was her listless counter challenge.

Paddy felt very far away from a world that had abandoned and betrayed her, but she was not yet ready to give up. "We'll have to wait until Pierre comes," she announced, conscious for the first time of the reviving sharp call of hunger in her clamorous young body. And her spirits fell, in spite of herself, as she stood watching her sister creep back into the wall bunk and cover her narrow body with the engulfing blankets. It made her think of a mummy going back into its sarcophagus; of a human shell in which the flame of life had died, turning its back on the world.

Paddy, with her jaw shut tight, walked slowly about the stove. She wondered how one got fire in a fireless world. Old Pierre, the day before, had certainly performed that miracle, but she had not been sufficiently interested at the time to study his method of procedure. And there could be occasions, she saw, when it was worth while being able to do things—to do things with one's own hands.

But wanting a thing didn't bring it, and she wanted fire. She had a vague idea of aboriginal people using flint and steel, but just how they used it was beyond her knowledge. She had an equally misty memory of the ancient Greeks or the Romans, or some other old-timers one read about in history, always keeping a flame burning on one of their temple altars, always tending one little core of heat, like a tribal cigarette lighter that was never permitted to go out.

"We'll have to do that," she said aloud and quite solemnly, "once we get this thing going."

She prowled and padded about, still nursing the hope of finding one last match. But her search was fruitless. She stared out in the driving rain, as though half expecting some distant sign of smoke through the dripping underbrush. Then, in her dilemma, she opened the stove door and raked with interrogative thin fingers through the bed of ashes.

She found, to her surprise, that there was still warmth in their lower layers. And then a sudden cry of relief broke from her lips, for deep in that blanketing gray bed she found one oblong coal of living fire. It was bright—as bright as a ruby, and she could feel the precious heat of it against her shielding palm. But it grew dimmer, she noticed, even as she stared down at it. And the soul of it, the precious and fleeting inner life of it, must in some way be saved.

She restored it to its ash bed and ran bare-ankled about the shack looking for a scrap of paper, for a dry shred or two of bark, for anything that would sustain that small cat's eye of incandescence. She even ran out into the driving rain, where she grubbed under wet logs and sodden chip piles for anything that was dry. She dug frantically and rather foolishly, until her hands were muddy and her hair was wet.

All she could salvage, however, was a palmful of pine needles and a dry leaf or two, and she ran with these back to the open hearth, where she still found one tiny core of life. It struck her, while she knelt there, as oddly symbolic of their own predicament, of their own impending struggle to keep life going, to preserve one point of warmth in an unfriendly wilderness. It was emblematic of some wider issue, she told herself as her tremulous fingers piled the pine needles close about that diminishing small ruby of life. She saw, as she blew on it, one thin thread of smoke ascending from the diminutive pyre in the ash bed. She blew harder, only to see it die out, dolorously. She stirred the needles cautiously and fanned them with a steadier breath. She blew on them until she was tired, but no second thread of smoke went up from them.

"It's out," she gasped with a small and tragic shiver; and this was true, for when she looked for her coal she found only ashes.

She sat down on her bunk bed, listening to the beat of the rain on the roof, staring out at the dripping brushwood and the gray waste of water beyond it.

She sat there until she remembered that she was hungry. That brought back to her mind the package wrapped in birch bark which she had kicked carelessly aside from their wet doorstep. She rescued it from the rain and untied it. What it held was apparently food, but it was unlike any food she had ever seen before. Some of it was smoked moose meat, dry and stringy and incredibly tough, and some of it was roughly shaped bannock, gray-fibered and hard and scorched about the edges.

Yes, it was apparently food, Paddy decided, as she gnawed at one end of the ash-stained bannock. It was obviously meant to eat, she maintained, as she tried to sink her teeth in the tough and pungent-smelling meat. But she put it aside with a grimace of disgust and looked dejectedly about until her eye fell on an empty and rust-browned marmalade tin. This she took in her hands, and gathering her blanket closer about her, picked her way down to the lake shore. The pebbles and stones hurt her feet and she slipped once, muttering a malodorous word as she gathered herself up again. She wondered, as she dipped up a half measure of the lake water, if it was fit for a human being to drink. It was probably polluted, but she didn't much care. She was thirsty and she intended to drink it.

She found, as she satisfied her thirst, that it tasted much better than she had expected. She was even prompted to carry a tinful of it back to the shack, where Jinny, with her face turned to the wall, gave every evidence of being asleep. So Paddy, left to her own devices, once more directed her attention to the bannock and moose meat. She chewed on it industriously for a minute or two, swallowed a little of it, and sat regarding the unsavory stuff—sat regarding it with a morose and smoldering eye. Then, in a sudden flash of anger, she caught it up and flung it out through the still-open shack door. "I'm no Indian," she said aloud.

But a new meekness must have crept into her spirit, for half an hour later she ventured out in the driving rain and gathered up the scattered bannock and moose meat and carried it frowningly back into the shack. There, feeling chilly under her damp blanket, she stared irresolutely at the empty wall bunk, listened for a moment to the dolorous drip from the roof leak and crawled dispiritedly into the narrow sleeping berth.

"Damn the rain," she said, as she lay watching the gray waste of water through the open shack door.

V

PADDY awakened the second morning with the sunlight from the open shack door falling obliquely across her face and the already familiar smell of pine needles filling the air. It was not an unpleasant smell, on the whole. It was as thinly pleasurable as the sound of rippling water that came ever so faintly to her drowsy ears. And mixed up with it, in some indecipherable way, was a sense of deliverance which she made no conscious effort, at first, to analyze.

It wasn't until she sat up and stared out at a sparkling and vivid-colored world, a world washed clean after rain, an alert and light-mirroring and leaf-rustling world, that she realized exactly where and what she was. She saw a red squirrel look in at the door, pert and companionable, and caught the repeated song of a white-throated sparrow from the birch grove toward the lake. That not unpleasant smell of pine needles, she discovered, came from the camp pillow at the head of her bunk. She could see Jinny, under her gray blankets, with her face still turned toward the wall, and some suggestion of suspended animation about the other awakened a prompt spirit of opposition in Paddy.

"Are you awake, Jinny?" she called out.

"Yes," answered the other, without so much as turning her head.

Paddy subsided on her bunk, feeling more than ever alone in the world. They weren't, she felt, facing this thing in the right spirit. They weren't swallowing their medicine, and it was no time to show a yellow streak.

Janet Saw That Her Scarecrow Was a Young Indian—an Unkempt and Ragged-Looking Indian in a Ridiculously Tattered Felt Hat

(Continued on Page 70)

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 6, 1927

Far Places and Near

IT IS fashionable to talk about the drabness and standardization of American life. We are depicted as dollar chasers, materialists and short-sighted money grubbers. Yet never have any people been more thrilled by adventure, exploration and the lure of far places than present-day Americans.

A charming lecturer entertained the élite of a small, quiet residential city with accounts of his experiences in the Malay Peninsula. But knowledge that the lecturer belonged to these three clubs in New York City—the Explorers, Circumnavigators, and Adventurers clubs—proved almost as exciting as the lecture.

Men, women and children devour a book by a twelve-year-old boy recounting his trip to the Arctic regions in company with his father. An account by a British army officer of his experiences in Arabia is quite the season's rage. An entire magazine is devoted to a distant continent that most readers will never see, and numerous periodicals covering every phase of travel and exploration are eagerly followed by a large circle of readers, especially for every scrap of illustrative and photographic material.

There is not one whit of materialism or money grubbing in this zealous love of far places. The jungles of Africa and of the Amazon, with their unfamiliar flora and fauna, the peoples of remote Asiatic plateaus, the rivers and mountains in distant lands, all these excite a curiosity that is wholesome and tonic. Man refuses to become a mere economic unit. He may go to the office in the morning and to the golf links in the afternoon, but his imagination travels on the wings of the wind, as it always has and always will.

Laws Upon Laws

IN THE summer, after most of the state legislatures have adjourned, it is possible to get a bird's-eye view of the tremendous output of our lawmaking machinery. Considering only a few of the larger states, it may be noted that nearly thirty-five hundred bills were dropped into the New York hopper, more than two thousand each in Pennsylvania and California, and from one to two thousand in numerous other states.

In one state so many bills were passed and sent to the governor that he had to consider on the average forty a day for more than a month to finish the job within the statutory time. Most of these were no doubt routine or trivial, but numerous measures were so important or technical as to require close attention on the chief executive's part. On more than one occasion the governor worked from early morning until after midnight, pausing for an hour or two to make a speech at a dinner or a convention.

But it is not in behalf of overworked governors that these lines are written. The people are genuinely disturbed by the flood of lawmaking which each year engulfs our country. Bills are introduced to regulate the size of butter pats and the length and width of biscuits served in public eating places.

Petty measures are far too common, and yet a senator or an assemblyman always has pride in the measures which he introduces, making it difficult for the leaders, with serious business in hand, to wave aside in too summary fashion these paltry legislative children of the more inferior or subservient portion of the membership.

Yet it is hardly fair to think of our many lawmaking bodies in the light of mere trivialities. History has no precedent for such a legislative experiment as the American. There have never been and are not now in any other country fifty separate lawmaking bodies. A great new, heterogeneous, fast-growing country like this, in the throes of constant change and enormously rapid progress, cannot avoid an extensive and varied laboratory experiment in the continuous adjustment of laws to institutions and to life itself.

There is economy in having the states try out many schemes, perhaps to abandon them later, rather than committing the entire Federal system to sudden rash changes. It was better for North Dakota to try out state banks and elevators, even with questionable success, than for the United States to have done so.

It is natural human vanity for a senator or an assemblyman to favor his own legislative child, but we should not forget that most of these proposals are merely adopted by the lawmaker. Important provisions do not always originate in the brains of our elected representatives, but are brought to them by a great variety of economic and social interests. Such measures do not come to a lawmaking body walking in on their own hind legs.

Prof. William B. Munro has said that legislation merely puts the finishing touches on laws and does not make them, any more than a bookbinder makes our books. Laws are made—often unwisely and imperfectly, it is true—by the complicated needs and pressure of modern life.

An experienced state senator, after the close of the last session of his legislature, said he was impressed by the number of bills introduced providing for the self-regulation of whole industries and occupations. This he referred to as a relatively new feature, and he spoke of how loosely many of the bills were drafted.

A highly respected student of law says that we do not think ahead of legislation sufficiently, or perceive the problems, organize the materials, chart the lines of growth and direct the course of remedies. In a dynamic changing society and under a form of government providing for state rule on the part of fifty separate units, constant lawmaking cannot be stopped. But citizens can interest themselves in the process in order to direct it more fully, intelligently and effectively than is the case at present.

Glory for All

RIGHT-THINKING people have always felt an aversion to the washing of dirty linen in public. Yet no one likes to shoulder failure, loss and disgrace; after a misfortune the participants are expected to run to cover, each blaming the other and refusing to accept responsibility. Squabbles among victors are, if anything, less defensible. The poor devil of a bankrupt may be excused a little squirming, but the successful and fortunate are expected to show a modicum of magnanimity.

The public has a high opinion of the Federal Reserve System and the acts of Congress upon which it is founded, but it will have a small opinion of the framers of the law if these gentlemen continue much longer their tiresome dispute as to who deserves the most credit for its construction and adoption.

Nearly all the men who had anything to do with the framing of this law have written explicitly concerning its authorship and the exact part played by each. These contributions to fiscal, political and personal history vary in length from a short letter up through the regulation newspaper and magazine article, brochures and books of moderate extent, to books that constitute ponderous tomes.

Not in all cases, but in some, there are vigorous adjectives, denials of the statements of others, belittlement of others and glorification of self that make the judicious grieve. The obvious remark is that glory enough exists for all. Several men rendered great services and many others contributed to the final result by their arguments, if in no other way. It takes more than one viewpoint to frame a constructive piece of legislation.

The adoption of the Federal Reserve law is so recent that many thousands of competent witnesses to its construction may be found. Whatever any direct participant may say in disparagement of others, there are unprejudiced outsiders who feel certain of the correctness of certain main outlines.

The chairmen of the two committees on banking of the then Congress, Senator Owen and Representative Glass, Mr. Willis, who was an expert employed by one of these chairmen to handle details, President Wilson and his Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. McAdoo, were mainly responsible for the actual framing and adoption of the measure.

As to the historical truth of these facts there has never been any dispute, although at times irritation or personal feeling may have warped the judgment of those who have discussed the subject.

The controversy, it may be suspected, arises not from these indisputable but very bare facts. Everyone knows who put together and drove through the law. But from the nature of the case there can never be agreement as to the precise authorship and responsibility for the numerous ideas, principles, theories and practices which went into the bill.

Naturally these were adapted, in the first place, from previous suggestions, such as those of Senator Aldrich, and from European precedent. Then there were clashes of ideas, changes and compromises. This banker and legislator and cabinet minister said yes and no. Finally, the President must take responsibility.

The Federal Reserve became law at a fortunate time. Some coördination of banking resources had long been needed, and no small group of men were responsible for the knowledge that such was the case. Every economist and business man knew that a bank for bankers, or a government central bank, or a series of one or the other, must come shortly if the country was to weather the next storm. The storm came from a different direction and was of a nature quite foreign to any that had been expected.

Dispute as to the authorship of this law will no doubt have value for the future historian. It has no present value whatever. We have a strong bulwark in the Federal Reserve. A few active lawmakers and members of Mr. Wilson's administration drove it through; a multitude of students and men of affairs of both political parties had for many years prepared the way. The gradual development of sound financial thinking made it possible.

The Federal Reserve is an achievement as it stands. But the financial and banking system of the country is not a finality. Banks still fail in too great numbers. Banks are still badly managed in too many instances. Financial ingenuity and genius need not expend themselves wholly on quarreling over past accomplishments. The framers of the law deserve credit, and as far as the public is concerned they have received it generously.

We have a greatly improved if not perfect instrument. But no machinery for banking coördination can reduce the necessity for sound policies of business expansion, corporate financing and banking participation. Financial brains and leadership are required at all times to keep the country on an even keel. Just because the Federal Reserve was put into operation more than ten years ago, the men who possess these qualities should not fear lest there be no need for their exercise.

MAKING SECURITIES SECURE

By Boyden Sparkes

SOMETHING about the steel-engraved certificate aroused the suspicion of the clerk in the loan cage of that St. Louis bank. The accompanying papers in his hand showed him that this stock certificate had been offered to the bank as a $13,650 hostage by a man who wished to borrow $8000, and that the loaning officer had approved the transaction.

The stock certificate set forth that the man whose name it bore—the man seeking the loan—was the owner of ninety-one shares of a large rubber company. Quotations of the New York Stock Exchange showed that shares of this concern were being bought and sold at $150 each. Through the wicket in the wire mesh of the rear of his cage the clerk received another bundle of stock certificates and a thick stack of bonds. Other clerks in tens of thousands of other banks all over the nation were being similarly hurried through their routine handling of a huge portion of the $76,000,000,000 of wealth represented by the securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange. But here was a security that bore a suspicious flaw. The clerk reported his suspicion to his chief. Together they composed a telegram which was dispatched to the rubber company's stock-transfer agent, a big New York bank. In that telegram they asked a question about the certificate they had before them, identifying it by the Serial Number 9568, in its upper left-hand quarter as easily, for example, as an automobile may be identified at the factory by its motor number.

"Gosh," complained the customer who had presented the stock certificate as collateral for his projected $8000 loan, "I thought I explained I had to move fast this morning to close a deal! You fellows are slow." He was a man with thick lips, shoe-button eyes and an easy laugh. "I'll have to come back in an hour, I guess."

But he never came back, and there are many detectives today who would like to lay hands on him. He disappeared from St. Louis, abandoning that certificate which purported to establish his ownership of ninety-one shares of a rich corporation. Within the hour in which he had promised to return, there came a telegraphed reply to the bank from the New York transfer agent of the rubber company. Stock Certificate Number 9568 was a one-share certificate.

Raised stock certificates give more cause for concern to those engaged in completing the transactions involving the transfer of the property which those steel engravings represent, than almost any of the other forms of attack made by criminals against the multitude of owners of this fabulous industrial wealth. Yet, so many are the difficulties and hazards placed in the way of counterfeiters, forgers and other outlaws, that they prefer as a rule to bend their efforts against other kinds of wealth.

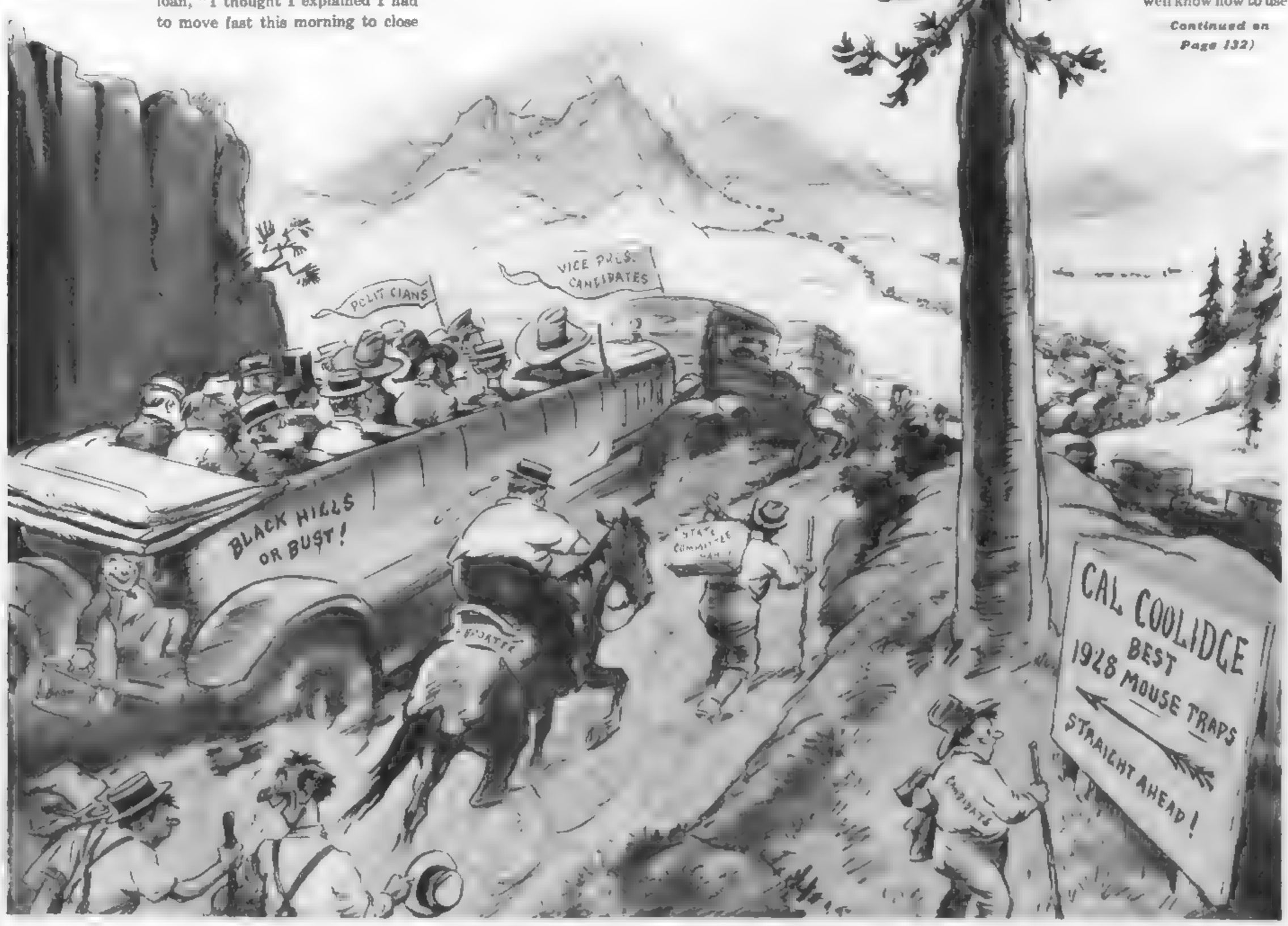
Only in recent times have criminals succeeded in executing this form of attack. Some of them have made it their practice to buy many different stock certificates in pairs of one share each, raise one of each pair to larger amounts, and then sell or hypothecate these fraudulent certificates. On the right-hand side of most certificates for less than 100 shares are two columns of numerals from 1 to 0, one column for tens and the other for units. When the certificate is filled out for the proper amount, one numeral is punched from either column, to indicate the number of shares. In altering a certificate, these punched holes are plugged with numerals cut from another certificate; the plugs being held in place by means of the mucilage of the sales-tax stamps attached to the reverse side of the certificate.

The rascals who have been swindling small banks throughout the country by offering such raised certificates as collateral for loans which they never repay have a monumental cheek that is revealed best in one phase of the execution of their trick.

There was, for example, the one who approached a Florida banker some months ago in order to tell him of a big real-estate deal in which he was about to engage. Here, the banker thought, was a shrewd business man from the North. Then one day, after several weeks of pleasantries, the pseudo real-estate speculator entered the bank where he had rented a safe-deposit box and broached the subject of a loan.

"Yes?" said the banker in that noncommittal tone which bankers so well know how to use.

(Continued on Page 132)



"The World Will Make a Beaten Path to His Door"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Victim: "I Hope I'm Tough"

The Movies' Version of a Scene in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

Lines on the Proposal of a Ninety-Hole Golf Course

OH, HUSBAND, dear husband, come home to me now.
By radio time it is one.
I've sent out a horse to that ninety-hole course;
It's time that your golfing was done.
Last Friday you kissed me and went to the links.
You said you'd shoot only a round.
Perhaps it is damp in your gay golfing camp,
And cold when you sleep on the ground.

The ice box is full and four dinners I've saved
Since that one you told me to wait,
When you picked up your cleek and informed me last week
You might be a little bit late.
The neighbors are talking, the children forget
Their dad who so long has been off,
And I can foresee I may turn out to be
A Mrs. E. Arden of golf.

—*Fairfax Downey.*

The One-Armed Driver Takes His Sweetie to Her Cottage Across the Lake

In Line of Duty

SPECTATORS stood aghast on the sidewalks and in the streets. They could hardly believe their eyes. A traffic officer actually was bawling out a pretty woman driver.

"You careless she devil," they heard him say, "who do you think you are? Just because you're a woman you think you can get by with anything, eh? Well, your little smiles won't get you nowhere with me. They may have once, but never again. Now back up there! Snap into it! And listen, sister: The next time you don't see that stop sign I'll throw you right in the can."

A wizen-faced little man with a much-married look, who had found the scene entirely to his liking, rushed over to the officer and extended his hand.

"Officer," he said, "I want to congratulate you. That is the first time I ever saw a traffic cop bawl out a woman driver. I did more than enjoy it: I envied you your place. You see, officer, around home I'm considerably henpecked."

"Sh-h-h," said the officer, "so am I. That was my wife."

—*Russell Wilks.*

The Milkman's Horse

DOWN the street the milkman's horse
Follows his peculiar course,
Stopping now at 87,
Then proceeding to 11,
For his cunning ears obey
The clink of bottles far away.
No man on the driver's seat
Sits to guide his errant feet;
No one holds the abandoned reins,
For he is a horse of brains.

The milkman's horse is old and wise,
And with philosophic eyes
Gazes on the passing shows—
What a lot that old horse knows!
Thus, he knows that Mrs. Saby
Feeds Grade B milk to the baby;
And he knows that Mrs. Bream
Sometimes steals her neighbor's cream;
And he knows that Mrs. Wattles
Does not wash her empty bottles;
And that lovely Mrs. Tapper
Is not lovely in a wrapper.
And he knows that Mrs. Stutt
Sleeps with all her windows shut;

(Continued on Page 102)

McNab and His Neighbors

"I Tell You, Beans, I Saw That Bone First and Finders are Keepers"

"Nothing of the Sort! I Laid That Bone Down Fifteen Minutes Ago, and You'll Lick Me if You Get It"

"Here Comes Sandy McNab. He's Honest. Let's Leave the Decision to Him"

"I'll Take it Hame Wi' Me Ower the Night—an' I'll Let Ye Know in the Mornin' if it's Worth a Quarrel"

Slow-cooked Beans

Why are these the most popular beans in the United States?

Housewives consider Campbell's Beans in a class by themselves. They think of them—and buy them—as the slow-cooked beans.

This shows that people want and seek the delicious flavor and the wholesomeness of beans which have received the long, slow, thorough Campbell's cooking.

No wonder! For the heat goes to the very heart of each bean and makes it tender, yielding, delightful to the taste. And so digestible, too.

The flavor is all the more tempting and appetizing because of the famous Campbell's tomato sauce. You enjoy every bean on the plate—and get the full benefit of its rich nourishment.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

SERVE HOT

SERVE COLD

Campbell's BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

MY LIFE—By HERMINE

A MODEST apartment in the city of Berlin, an expectant mother, torn by the twin agony of childbirth and of grief for her country. I am that mother. Red replaces the imperial colors in the streets of Berlin. Stabbed in the back, an empire totters. An age gives up the ghost. While the old Germany was thus dying, my daughter Henrietta was born.

In the Imperial Chancellery, Prince Max the last Imperial Chancellor, announced: "His Majesty the Emperor and King abdicates."

The statement was flagrantly at variance with the facts. The Emperor had not abdicated. He was still debating the question with himself. He was determined not to surrender the throne of Prussia, even if he should find himself compelled to forgo the imperial crown.

"The Crown Prince likewise consents to forfeit the right of succession," Prince Max continued.

Again Prince Max anticipated events with seven-league boots. The Crown Prince had indicated no such intention.

Knowing Prince Max, my daily companion at the court of the Grand Duke of Baden, I have never doubted the honesty of his motives. He was an idealist, unable to grasp the realities of the hour. Germany's descent into the pit of Bolshevism was paved with his good intentions. By sacrificing the Emperor, he hoped to rescue Germany. The Kaiser's abdication complied at once with the conditions of President Wilson and with the demands of the extremists at home.

The Last Imperial Maneuvers in Silesia

The German Republic Promulgated

POOR Max of Baden! When he was forced upon the Kaiser as Chancellor, the head of the house of Baden gave his consent, but added confidentially in his telegram, "Must it be Max?"

A Mussolini, a Bismarck, could have mastered the situation. No one can blame Max von Baden, amiable, scholarly and well-meaning, because there was no iron in his blood.

His premature announcement came too late to save Germany from Bolshevism. It came too soon to enable the Emperor to define his plans. It robbed William II of the power of decision, for immediately the message was flashed to every regiment in the army, to every capital in the world. It did not save monarchy.

On the heels of the alleged abdication, Scheidemann promulgated, from the steps of the Reichstag, the German Socialist Republic. Pandemonium began. Pillars that had stood a thousand years crumbled overnight. Shots were fired. Soap-box orators proclaimed the millennium at street corners. Drunken soldiers and sailors tore the straps from the shoulders of any officer daring to show his face in Berlin.

Far away, at the Dutch border, an automobile carried William II, with a small retinue of faithful, to his exile. Mad days and madder nights followed. The crimson flood from the East swept over Germany. Like an evil witch, Bolshevism seemed to cast a spell over the peaceful population.

The processes of Nature go on unaffected by the tragedy of man. While all this happened I was quietly nursing my baby, little dreaming that some day the exiled monarch would be her foster father. My husband, Prince Schönaich-Carolath, was still doing his bit in Rumania. When my little girl was old enough to recognize her father he was no longer able to clasp her in his arms. His days, like the days of the world he had known, were ebbing fast.

My thoughts stole back to the day when I had heard the Emperor's proclamation to his people, when all Berlin, all Germany, all Central Europe, had rung with plaudits.

What is more fickle than the love of the masses? William II, like Napoleon I, scorned to seek death by his own hand. After their fall both Emperors were vilified by those who had formerly fawned upon them. They were caricatured and lampooned at home and abroad.

Moles were at work to undermine the empire for months before the revolution. Weeks before the ninth of November, 1918, the abdication of the Emperor was discussed on the streets, in the offices, in the clubs, even in the gazettes. A blind people ignored the Emperor's tireless efforts to promote his country's welfare and the fact that under his rule Germany achieved prestige and power beyond its fondest dreams.

Two days before the Kaiser knew of his abdication, the story was already circulated in London. Some time before he consented to cross the border Holland seems to have been selected for his sojourn. His abdication was a put-up job. Treason was rife in high quarters. Prince Schönaich-Carolath and I had dimly suspected disloyal tendencies in the environment of the monarch. The events confirmed our suspicions. At least there were weakness of character and lack of judgment among those who should have been the pillars of his throne.

Ida, Princess Stolberg-Rossla

At the Top

THE revolution began at the top. It did not begin at the bottom. Those at the top and those at the bottom—some, no doubt, actuated by laudable if mistaken motives—joined hands to encompass the liberation of Germany. They merely succeeded in bringing about her destruction. The German people, doubly misled, from the top and from the bottom, finally believed that the Kaiser was an obstacle to peace. Once this conviction gained ground, sedition was able to conceal its shifty countenance under the mask of patriotism.

With the Emperor's fall Germany's star began to wane. He was the keystone of the arch. His departure made the entire structure crumble. Every German ruler lost his throne. My family suffered with the rest. The regent of Reuss-Greiz, ruling in place of my mentally enfeebled brother, Prince Henry XXIV, surrendered the crown.

Monarchy is bred in the German bone. It is necessary to counteract the centrifugal tendencies which prevented complete unity of all German tribes, even in 1871. Can anyone doubt that the reigning families of Germany, attached to its soil and its history and tradition, would have furnished a powerful nucleus for the laborious process of reconstruction?

What happened in Spa? What events led up to the ninth of November? My conversations with the Kaiser and with other eyewitnesses enable me to reconstruct the drama. The Fourteen Points of President Wilson were fourteen stars of hope in our firmament. They seemed to light the way to an honorable peace, with justice to all. Under those circumstances, the German Government, especially Prince Max, determined to meet the wishes of President Wilson, which coincided with their own idealistic inclinations.

President Wilson's messages imputed to the German Government the character of a ruthless and sinister despotism. To destroy this belief, the government considered it necessary to limit

(Continued on Page 32)

Libby's 100 Foods

They stand in favored garden lands from Delaware to Hawaii—Libby's sun-lit kitchens where the world's choice foods are cooked, fresh and full-flavored

Ask for LIBBY'S *when you buy these foods*

Milk
Evaporated Milk
Condensed Milk

Canned Meats
Cooked Corned Beef
Roast Beef
Vienna Sausage
Beef Steak and Onions
Ragon
Hamburger Steak
Veal Loaf
Meat-wich Spread
Chili Con Carne
Corned Beef Hash
Lunch Tongue
Ox Tongue
Genuine Deviled Ham
Potted Meat
Boneless Chicken
Potted Chicken
Sliced Dried Beef
Sliced Bacon
Mince Meat
Plum Pudding
Mexican Tamales
Bouillon Cubes
Beef Extract

Fruits, Vegetables
Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Peaches, Pears
Apricots
Cherries, Royal Anne
Cherries, Maraschino
Fruits for Salad
Plums, Apples
Apple Butter
Jellies, Jams
Strawberries
Raspberries
Loganberries
Blackberries
Prunes, Figs
Asparagus
Spinach
Pork and Beans
Tomatoes
Sweet Potatoes
Kraut
Tomato Soup

Pickles, Condiments
Catchup
Chili Sauce
Mustard
Queen Olives (Spanish)
Stuffed Olives (Spanish)
Olive Oil (Spanish)
Ripe Olives (California)
Sweet Pickles
Sour Pickles
Sweet Mixed Pickles
Sweet Mustard Pickles
Dill Pickles
Sweet Relish
Sweet Cauliflower Pickles
Sweet Onions
Chow Chow

Salmon
Red Alaska Salmon

(Partial List)

A whole cup of cream is needed to give you this much butterfat—7½ teaspoons of it in every 16 oz. can of Libby's Evaporated Milk. It's simply full cream cow's milk with half the natural moisture removed.

Chocolate Cream Sauce—makes a tempting dessert of any kind of cake—even cake that's a little stale. Serve sauce hot or cold. To prepare, melt one square chocolate in double boiler. Blend in 1 tablespoon cornstarch, 1-16 teaspoon salt. Very carefully stir in ½ cup hot water, ½ cup Libby's Evaporated Milk, and ½ cup sugar. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Flavor with ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Full of new recipes—free! The leaflet called, "Hot Weather Treats." Write for it. Also for personal help on menus, recipes, entertaining. Mary Hale Martin, Cooking Correspondent,

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Dept. C-8
Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Canadian Kitchens
Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd.,
Chatham, Ontario

(Continued from Page 30)

the prerogatives of the monarch. The Kaiser was persuaded to yield powers which every American President exercises without question in times of war. The government decided to make Germany even safer for democracy than the United States, by creating a cabinet, responsible not to the executive but to the Reichstag. The tenure of American cabinets does not, I believe, depend on the approval of Congress.

The Kaiser, though doubting the wisdom of lightning-quick constitutional changes, consented nevertheless, and in a proclamation to his people he expressed his desire to cooperate fully in the new policies enunciated by his decree. "The imperial office," he added with characteristic simplicity, "is the servant of the nation." Like his ancestor, Frederick the Great, William II always considered himself the first servant of the state, not its master.

Prince Max, the Imperial Chancellor, with an eye to Washington, did not sanction the publication of this imperial announcement. The German Government did not desire to enhance the popularity of the Kaiser.

When, as Hermann Stegemann points out in a remarkable analysis of the causes of the German debacle, President Wilson declared war against Germany in April, 1917, he upset the scales upon which rested the equilibrium between real power and ideal strength, because he distinguished between the "autocratic might" of the German Government and the German people, in order to weaken the internal resistance of the enemy. Borrowing his argument from the ancient historical manifesto with which America announced her independence from Great Britain, Wilson emphasized the "right of a people to revolt."

The war now became a World War. Inasmuch as Russia at that very moment threw Czarism overboard and announced herself a convert to democracy, this transformation assumed in Germany the potency of a political verdict. It decided the battle of ideas and convictions that had been going on under the surface. The interdict of the President, Stegemann insists, was more powerful and more confusing to German minds than any papal bull could have been in this century. The antiquated character of the Prussian constitution, coupled with the rigid social divisions and the political immaturity of the state that had grown out of Bismarck's federation of princes, seemed to justify the presidential anathema. Thus it happened that the forces of decomposition were hurled into Germany from two directions. From the East the fires of social revolution were carried across the border, from the West political confusion was thrown into our midst.

Prince Max had compelled the resignation of General Ludendorff by threatening to resign himself if the monarch retained the master strategist. The prince objected to Ludendorff because the latter considered further resistance feasible, in spite of his previous demand for an armistice. Hindenburg assured the Kaiser that the German troops could hold their own until the spring if withdrawn behind the valley of the Meuse, which the Emperor ordered. This order was not executed. It would be necessary to retreat slowly. Everything could happen in the meantime.

The Government Between Two Fires

WE KNOW how war weary the masses were in the countries of the Entente. An appeal to the German people for a war of national resistance would have demonstrated that we were unwilling to surrender the ship. Faced with the probable cost of a renewed attack, the Allies would have acquiesced in a peace without victory, perhaps, but without humiliation. Prince Max preferred to trust to his diplomatic skill and to enemy pledges rather than to the sword of General Ludendorff.

On November 1, 1918, Prince Max, himself heir presumptive to the throne of Baden, still hoping to save monarchy as an institution, sent Minister Drews to the headquarters of His Majesty in Spa with the demand for his abdication. The Kaiser refused. The Kaiser was the symbol of national honor. The question of his abdication, General Gröner, Ludendorff's successor, declared on the first of November, did not exist for the army.

After the emissary of abdication returned to Berlin the Kaiser inspected the battlefields. He was constantly in danger from Allied fire, especially from Allied airmen. The Kaiser does not fear death. He often said to me: "We rulers are always in danger of death. If we were to worry about our lives, we should not have time for anything else."

Bulgaria, Austria and Turkey had thrown down their arms. The German Government floundered. Everywhere, restlessness and confusion. On November fifth a note from President Wilson announced that General Foch was ready to discuss the terms of the Armistice. The Emperor had designated General von Guendell as the German plenipotentiary. Prince Max, afraid of the effect of a Prussian uniform, preferred to send Erzberger, without consulting Field Marshal von Hindenburg or the Emperor. Erzberger smilingly surrendered everything. No soldier familiar with the situation would have signed such a document. The government yielded. It yielded to the foe at the front and to the foe at home. It made no serious attempt to suppress the mutiny of the sailors at Kiel.

Intimidated by the radical wing of the party, the Socialists now presented an ultimatum to Prince Max through

Princess Henriette, the General, With Arno, a Favorite Dog

Secretary of State Scheidemann, demanding the abdication of the Kaiser and of the Crown Prince. That was November eighth. At the request of Prince Max, Scheidemann extended the time limit of his ultimatum twenty-four hours. The twenty-four hours elapsed without abdication.

News now reached army headquarters of mutinies in Cologne, in Coblenz and in Mainz. Munich reported the proclamation of a Socialist republic. The bridgeheads of the Rhine were said to be in the hands of the revolutionists. This constituted a grave problem. It was, if true, a catastrophe. For without those bridges it was impossible to supply the armies with reenforcements or with food.

The Emperor is convinced today that the news was exaggerated. The government, he thinks, deliberately refrained from interfering with the activities of the Bolshevists in order to exert pressure upon him and upon Hindenburg. Like the magician's apprentice in Goethe's poem, our governors were unable to banish the evil spirits their spell had summoned.

After a visit to Berlin, General Gröner returned oozing pessimism from every pore. He forgot his assurance that the abdication of the Kaiser was not even debatable for the army. In fact, he discovered, somewhat suddenly, revolutionary tendencies in the army itself. Army leaders were summoned. Their report was to be presented to the Emperor.

The Emperor realized the necessity of instant peace to save all Europe, Germany included, from Bolshevism. It was not too late to restore order. All that was necessary was the energetic suppression of the mutiny at the bridgeheads and the dispatch of loyal troops to Berlin. But the government in Berlin did not want to restore order just then. Their object was to convince the Kaiser and the army command of the reality of a revolution.

Faced with this situation, both Hindenburg and Gröner reported to the Kaiser that no resistance to the revolutionary forces was possible. The Rhine bridgeheads, over which all supply trains must pass, were in the hands of the revolutionists. Gröner insisted that the army itself was infected. Any attempt to employ the troops to restore order, General Gröner declared, would lead to bloodshed within the army itself. The Emperor did not wish to shed German blood. He resolved to await the conclusion of the Armistice, then to lead his troops in orderly formation back home.

General Gröner replied, "The army will return home peacefully and in orderly formation under its generals, but not under the command of Your Majesty."

"Your Excellency," the Kaiser retorted, "I demand this declaration in writing. I demand a declaration in black and white from every general that the army no longer stands behind its commander in chief. Have the troops not taken an oath of allegiance to me?"

"An oath of allegiance," General Gröner rejoined, "is a legal fiction under the circumstances."

The Coup d'État of Prince Max

HINDENBURG added that in view of the news from home and from the various army commands he could no longer assume responsibility for the loyalty of the army. At that crushing announcement from the most trusted of all his chiefs, the Kaiser grew pale. His universe seemed to crumble.

Count Schulenberg warned: "Shall we sacrifice the glorious achievements of centuries to an hour's confusion?"

Prince Max was announced at the telephone. "The situation in Berlin," he reported, "admits of no delay. The workers are in rebellion. The soldiers are fraternizing with the rebels. Bloody riots are sure to ensue. Only immediate abdication can prevent civil war and preserve monarchical institutions."

The mouth of the telephone sputtered forth one calamity after the other. The pavements run with blood, reported the office of the chancellor from Berlin. The army will protect with their lives the person of the monarch, but they will not march against their kinsmen, the Emperor was told. Even if the army were willing, should he attempt to march against Berlin, against the government headed by Prince Max, whom he himself had appointed? Could Germany wage war simultaneously at the front and at home?

President Wilson had declared that the Allies would make peace only with a popular government. Any move on the part of the Kaiser to oust the government would serve as an excuse to prolong the war.

With a heavy heart, the Kaiser decided to abdicate as German Emperor. A regent could conduct the affairs of the empire until the situation was clarified. Never would he abdicate as King of Prussia.

Meanwhile, in Berlin, demonstrations of workers overawed Prince Max. Forbidden to resist the revolutionists, the troops made common cause with them. Max waited for the abdication. Finally, in a panic, he proclaimed the abdication of William II as German Emperor and as King of Prussia. He made a similar statement on behalf of the Crown Prince. Both statements were false. The determining cause of the action of Prince Max was undoubtedly an official telephone message from army headquarters at 9:15 in the morning of November ninth stating that the army was no longer loyal to the Emperor and could not be used to quell a rebellion at home. From this telephone communication, which he believed to be true, Prince Max drew the not unwarranted conclusion that His Majesty would abdicate as a matter of fact.

Leaderless, headless, Germany entered the Armistice negotiations. The Kaiser was still wrestling with himself. He had not yet signed the decree of his abdication. Suddenly he was stunned by the news of the coup d'état of Prince Max of Baden, followed by the proclamation of the German Republic.

The Emperor grasped for a telegraph blank to deny the falsehood of his abdication. He was still Emperor and King. However, denials were futile. The revolutionary government controlled the wires. It would not promulgate the denial. Chaos reigned. Mutinies were reported among the troops. Field Marshal von Hindenburg, with other army leaders, asked the Emperor to cross the border.

(Continued on Page 142)

CAR INTERIORS THAT CAPTURE
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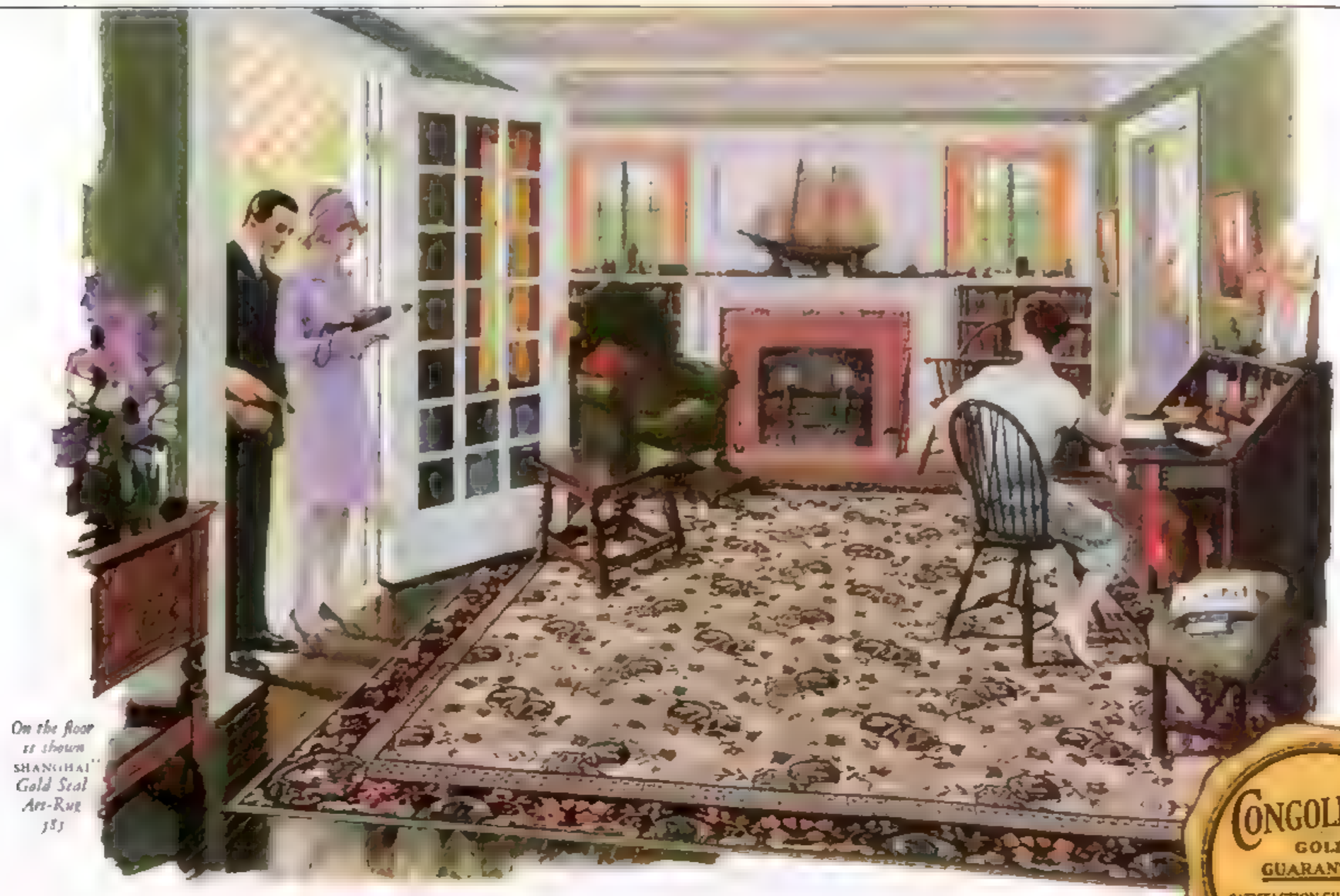

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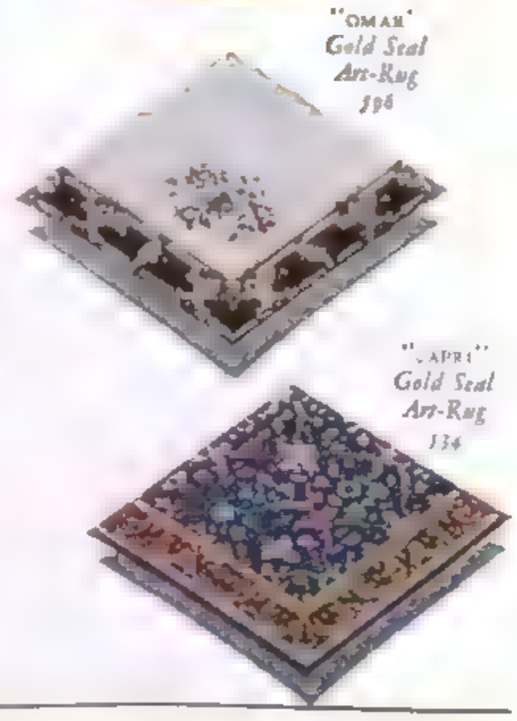

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THE COEDUCATION OF PETER WHITE

(Continued from Page 5)

"All sorts of females flock in from all over the state—husband-hunting."

And the last thing his father had said, when Pete started West, was: "You're an impulsive kid. I hope you will avoid youthful entanglements. It would be so distressing to your mother, boy."

They were both thinking of that now as they passed along the crowded street opposite the main portion of the campus. Perhaps that was why they were silent so long.

"Well, it might be worse," his father said, smiling. "You're not mixed up with any of these coeds anyway." Pete smiled, too, and said nothing. "Or are you?"

His father never pried into matters that were not his business. For that very reason Pete wanted to tell the truth. He found he couldn't. Well, he wouldn't lie, anyway—not this time. "No, I'm not," he said, and that was more truthful than he wished it were. Because, if his father only knew, there was one he wanted to be mixed up with. By some strange fate, she was approaching father and son at this very moment. Pete had spied her a block away.

In fact, he had been looking out for her. It was not due to any strange fate at all. It was merely due to her schedule. He knew that she had a three o'clock at Haskins Hall, and she was coming nearer every second, looking demure and interested, with her long lashes cast down, perhaps to hide the twinkle that made her face an interesting study to those who did not believe in coeducation as well as to those who did. A piquant and puzzling countenance, with the veiled softness of expression of the girls of the period Pete's father remembered best—until, as now, she lifted the lashes to glance at him. And then, to his surprise, she seemed not in the least afraid, either of him or—what was more unusual in the 90's—even of herself. There was honesty without impudence. And there was kindness too. Indeed, she came shamelessly near being sweet for a modern girl, and she said "Hello, Pete," in a voice that was soft and rich and low.

Pete restored his hat to its accustomed position on his head with elaborate casualness. And his father, doing likewise, said, "Friend of yours, eh?"

"Classmate," said Pete. He wanted to ask, "What do you think of coeds now?" But he did not dare trust his voice. He felt sure that his keen-eyed father was onto him anyway.

"Well," said Mr. White, "she's a peach."

A peach! If it had been any other girl in the world, he would have liked his father for it. But that was hardly the way to refer to the most brilliant and beautiful girl in the university, if not in the whole world. No, he could never discuss the girl question with the old man. His father was far too frivolous. A peach!

"Who is she?" asked the elder White.

"Professor Martin's daughter. You've heard of him, of course."

"The celebrated historian? Martin, as it happens, was a classmate of mine." As if Pete did not know that! "But where did she acquire this new fashion?"

"What new fashion?"

"Why, most of your coeds out here don't seem to realize that it's no longer smart to paint. Apparently your classmate does."

Pete's father turned around, as he spoke, to take another look at the attractive retreating figure. She stepped into a beauty shoppe.

II

FROM the station, Pete hurried back to the offices of the undergraduate daily with a new feeling. He had become acquainted with his own father. He found him a darn nice fellow, too, and for the old man's sake he made up his mind to pass that examination tomorrow if he had to cram all night. But he could not dwell on such matters now. He had to live up to his responsibilities as a molder of campus opinion by writing a long editorial, quite impressive with big words and participles in it, advocating the adoption of the honor system in examinations.

Joan was already seated at her desk, typewriting with ease and speed. She was merely writing a news story about the women's gymnasium, because she was only a coed and therefore not permitted to mold public opinion. To be sure, she had molded this editorial writer. She had put him up to making the drive for civilizing the examination system and having the students at this state university treated with as much trust and respect as is accorded thieves and murderers in some of our state penitentiaries, where the honor system has been working successfully for years. But the campus world did not know that she put Pete up to this. Neither did Pete. For it is still what women call a man's world, even at our coeducational institutions.

The widespreading room was full of other editors and candidates for editorships, so Pete had no chance to talk to her for fear of being observed. They were always being observed, these two, for they were much-admired members of the aristocracy of Activities, the ruling class, next in importance and prestige to members of the athletic teams. The latter were the royal family.

He could not even take full advantage of his opportunities to look at her from across the room. She was small and quick and an eminently efficient young person. Pete wondered what his father would think of her now, as she sat there working away so earnestly and yet so easily, as if it were all good fun and really didn't matter so much as some of her more serious coworkers seemed to think.

It was this little coed who had caused Pete to come to a coeducational plant. He had put it to the family on the grounds of broadmindedness. "It does an Easterner even more good to go to a Western university," he had told them, "than it does a Westerner to go to an Eastern one. They are provincial and know it. We are provincial and don't know it."

He and Joan had met on the Maine coast during the summer after his last year at prep school. His decision to go West had scandalized his schoolmates almost as much as his family. They told him that he would find it very crude out there.

"Fine!" said Pete. "I'm fed up on the other stuff."

There was nothing crude about Joan. Even the St. Paul's and Groton boys who had played around with her that summer would have admitted that she was an exception to prove the rule. She seemed to consider them, in fact, too crude and young for her, and was inclined to prefer mellowed old gentlemen who were already freshmen, or even upper-classmen at college.

Apparently she still considered Pete rather crude. Because, having saved his soul from the provincialism of an Eastern university, she had seen fit, ever since, to ignore him more than seemed necessary or just to Pete. Perhaps she felt, now that his mind was broadened, that he would better fill it. But it had not worked out that way. The shirking of her responsibility had a great deal to do with Pete's crude and unsuccessful efforts to drink himself to death as an under-classman. Possibly she came to regard the disastrous effect in that light herself, for, having saved his soul from provincialism, she subsequently found that it was up to her to save it from perdition.

"I'm not interested in you or your morals," she had told him with cheerful frankness, "but if you can't come around to the house without reeking of bad gin, you needn't come at all."

That was the way she began, but that only made him careful when he came. So she tried ridicule. "They tell me you went to the city again last night. It must be wonderful to be able to drink so much. It's quite impressive to the freshmen." And then later: "It really isn't your sort of thing, Pete. You're not the type."

But she had learned in psychology that repression alone is no good unless a substitute is supplied, so she urged ambition instead of inhibition. Early in his course he had tried for the teams, and failing such heights, he had gone in for official life. She herself was trying for things—the things open to competition for girls—and as some of these were open to both boys and girls, it was probably the prospect of working with her that turned the trick.

So, despite the fact that she was a bold and brazen member of the so-called new generation and knew Freud by heart, and patronized beauty shoppes, she made Pete one of the big men of their world, and finally induced him to cut out alcohol entirely. "You're too important now," she said; "you can't do both things well. There isn't time enough."

That was all very fine. But after she had made a man of him, she did not seem particularly interested in claiming this creation as her own. It was a great disappointment to Pete—almost, in fact, a great sorrow. He had borne up very well, however, until Doctor Sinclair, the brilliant young assistant professor in psychology, began taking more than a professional interest in this promising coed. Being a psychologist, he said that Joan had a rare mind, and he frequently came around to the Martins' house on Sunday evenings to cultivate it. He was urging her to try for a fellowship in his subject and take advance courses under him next year.

Young Professor Sinclair was one of those teachers who are too proud to teach. He preferred to lecture and write books about other men's ideas. This he called his original work. He was a true scholar—a Western scholar with an Eastern veneer. He had gone to Harvard for his Ph.D. and not only broadened his mind but his accent. He had come back to teach at his alma mater with an excellent imitation of the Harvard indifference. His Eastern accent, however, as Pete was fond of pointing out to the gang at the frat house, frequently came off when he became absent-minded and forgot. But, on the whole, he did pretty well with it, for professors are never the dear, quaint old absent-minded characters seen on the stage. And this alert-minded young professor was too conscious of his pose to forget it long at a time.

Many of the ladies of the faculty adored him. So did some of the coeds. He made such witty, caustic comments on woman. He knew a great deal about woman, having read nearly all the books on the subject. He was a handsome, well-built bachelor with private means, and he said that modern wives ought to be ashamed of themselves for having such small families. They were selfish. The wives of other assistant professors, living on salaries that wouldn't quite pay for the original cost of Mr. Sinclair's car, said, "How interesting!"

III

PETE had finished his editorial and put on his overcoat. He started for the opening in the railing which divided the common herd from the important people of the press, and then, in the manner of one who had absent-mindedly forgotten something of no great importance, turned back and called out, "Time to go over to rehearsal, Joan. Run you over in my flivver?"

Well, at any rate, it was better than coming close to the rare mind and issuing the invitation in a low tone. He had no right to get her talked about.

"Thanks, Pete, ever so much," Joan replied without looking up from her typewriter, "but I don't come on till the end of the act, and I have a date at the dean's office as soon as I finish my copy."

(Continued on Page 37)

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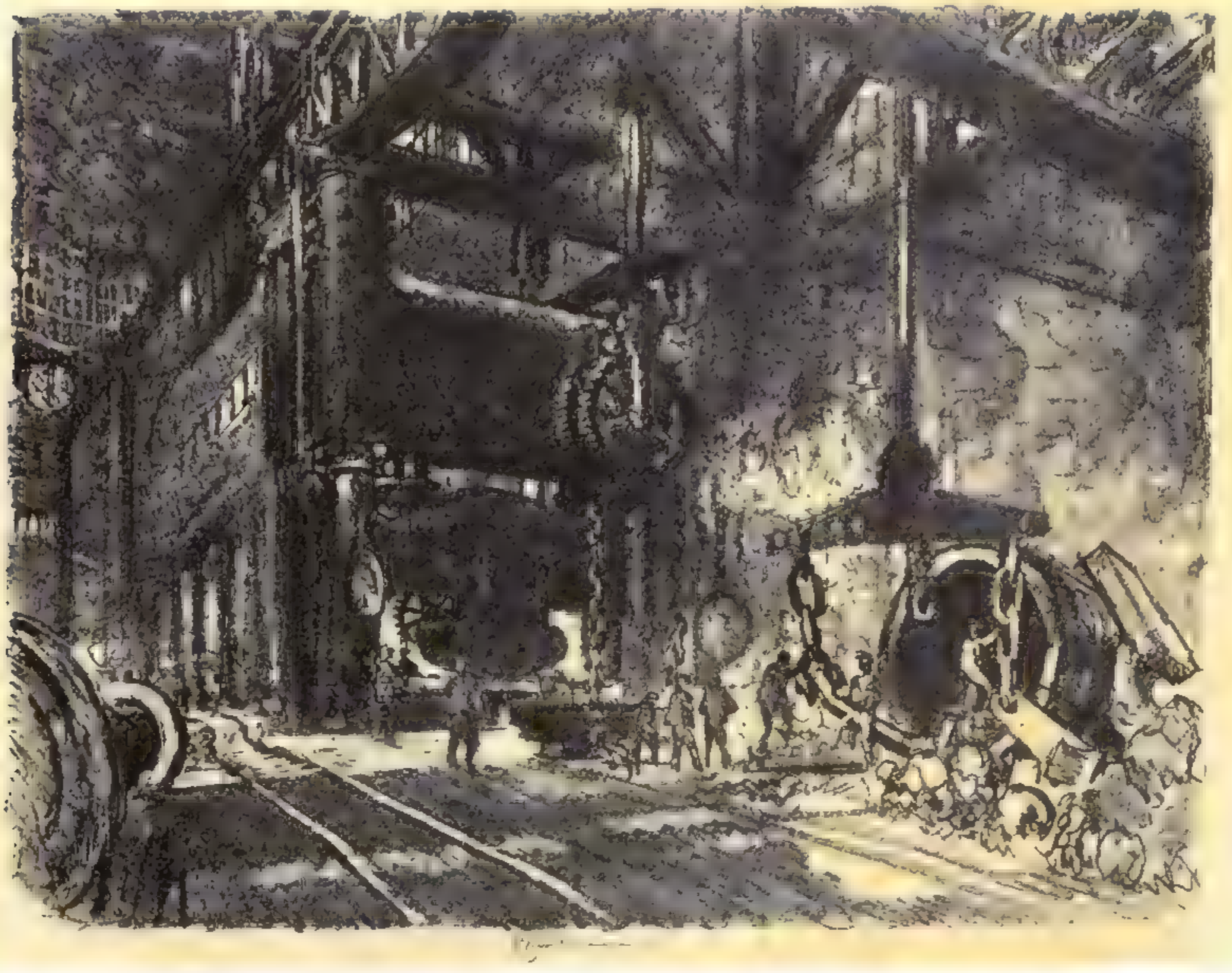

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(Continued from Page 35)

She could not explain now that the date at the dean's office concerned him. She was president of the Mummers and Pete was cast for the lead. There was some question about his quota of credits, and if the faculty committee in charge of such matters declared him ineligible at this late date in rehearsals, it would be terribly difficult to break in another actor in time to score a success with the play.

Pete had no chance to see her alone until late that evening, after he had helped the make-up man put the paper to bed. Then he called at the house on the pretext of returning a book he had borrowed from her mother.

Well, that was one advantage of knowing a girl whose father was a member of the faculty. Coeds who lived at the sorority houses were closely guarded. They could be seen only at certain hours, and seldom after ten o'clock at night, and then only on special occasions. Life at a coeducational university was not nearly so free and easy as people like his father assumed. At least, not at this one.

Joan received him kindly. She was always kind, but said, "You can stay just ten minutes. I'm sorry, but I've got a Blue Book tomorrow. So have you. You ought to be at work yourself. You know you ought." She shook her head reprovingly and refused to answer his smile.

"Yes, I know," said Pete, "but I want to tell you something."

Again she shook her head. "Look here, this thing is serious, my dear. At the dean's office they told me today that they cannot make an exception in your case. If you don't pass Johnny Sinclair's examination tomorrow, you're out of the cast. And then where will we be? We have only a week left before we ring up the curtain. You owe it to me to go straight back to your room and study all night."

"I agree with you," said Pete. "I agree with you. That's just what I'm going to do." So he sat down. "It may mean a great deal more than that to me, Joan," he added. "I had a long talk with my father today. He stopped off on his way to a directors' meeting, or something, in Chicago."

"I saw you with him," Joan remarked. "I didn't think he could be your father. He's so good-looking."

Pete laughed and loved her for it. He loved her for telling him that he ought to get to work too. It reminded him of the old days back in freshman year, when she still felt responsible for him and used to call up the house where he was rooming. That was before he had joined the fraternity and moved into the chapter house. "Don't forget you have an eight o'clock this morning." And once when he had a rotten cold, she brought her mother around to see him and they gave him medicine. The Martins were awfully nice people. It was great to have somebody take a personal interest in you, especially when you were a lonely freshman. But those happy days were now a thing of the past, and he wondered if he'd ever get them back.

"Yes, he was rather decent about it," Pete said, in concluding his report of the parental interview. "But he handed me an ultimatum. If I don't land my diploma, I don't land my job. And if I don't land my job, then where am I?" He gazed adoringly at the girl and felt as tragic and hopeless as only youth can. Then he grinned and added, "But I don't suppose it would matter anyway."

She knew exactly what he meant and therefore pretended that she did not. "Of course it matters. It's a wonderful opportunity for you, and it would be an awfully unfair disappointment to your father."

"Oh, I want the job all right; and, besides, I have an idea he needs me."

"Exactly. He couldn't possibly run the business without your oversight. I wonder how he's managed without you so long."

"Please don't razz me, Joan. I'm feeling like the devil. You know why I want to go in with my father, but you don't care."

"You'd be making the greatest mistake in the world to go into a kind of work that doesn't interest you. You'd regret it all your life."

"But it does interest me."

"All the same, if you wouldn't enjoy being bossed by your father ——"

"But I would. He's not a bad sort, as fathers go. Of course, he makes me tired at times. But parents are bound to do that, I suppose."

"I think you're a darn poor sport to talk that way about your father—especially when it isn't true."

The boy looked up. "You're right, Joan. I'm rotten. It isn't true. It may be a queer thing to say, but I'm sort of crazy about the old man."

She gave him one of her twinkling smiles, and as she watched him, it changed into a rippling laugh. "What a shameful confession! You actually like your own father! Oh, Pete, I didn't think it of you! Don't let Johnny Sinclair know. He'd say it was abnormal psychology."

He joined in her laugh and his pose peeled off. "Say, Joan, do you like your people too?"

"Well, such things have been known to happen, despite Johnny Sinclair's line. Yes, I do. Of course, we get on one another's nerves at times. But all the same, even in these days, lots of people like their families. Only they're afraid to say so. It isn't done. Now go home and get to work." She rose, to give him his exit cue.

"All right," said Pete, retaining his place on the lounge, after the mannerless custom of the age, which shocked some of the older generation, but only amused the Martins. "But what's in it for me if I do get my degree and do land my job?"

"Get it first and find out afterwards."

"Is that a promise, Joan?"

"No, it's a threat. You've got to pass that examination tomorrow or throw up your part, and if that happens, we'll probably have a flop. And then think what that will mean to me, if not to yourself. I will be held responsible. I've tried to help you with a lot of things, Pete. Come, please try to help me a little in this."

He arose at last, but instead of saying good night, he turned at the door leading to the hall and said, "Oh, Joan, Joan, I love you so! I love you so! You don't know how it feels. Nobody ever felt this way before. It's terrible, and every day it gets worse and worse."

She didn't believe in his being so abject. But all the same, something said to her, "He's just sweet." He was so big and strong and nice-looking. And he had so much more all-around ability than anyone except herself realized. Even he did not. But to him she said softly, "I'm sorry about it, Pete. You know that. Go home and get to work now."

"All right, I'm going—can't you see I'm going?" He had not moved, and she smiled. "Please don't laugh at me, Joan. I used to think that this sort of thing was nothing but sex with a smear of sentimentality over it. I told you so. But I didn't know—I didn't know."

She crossed the room with the admirable purpose of putting him out of it. And yet, as she did so, the rare mind of this young psychologist was appalled to discover that she did not want to be obeyed. But she had to be, she would be. So, perhaps from a sense of duty, she put her hand upon one of his broad shoulders to help her resolution. "Oh, be a sport," she said, laughing and pushing him toward the hall, "and get out of here quick."

Pete swung around, grasped the hand, pulled her violently toward him and both his arms went around her with the impact. And then, knowing he had no right to, he kissed her on the mouth.

She gasped. "Don't!" she said. "You mustn't!" She tried to free herself.

"I know it. But I will." He did it again. Such sweet, feeble, feminine struggles.

"Oh, Pete, please!"

He laughed and let her go. She retreated across the room. "I told you you were not to do that." She turned her face from him. The worst of it was, she liked it.

"I know you did. I told myself the same thing. We agree in everything."

It was all her own fault. She had made him do it. She had wanted him to do it. She was a hypocrite. But not entirely. "I don't go in for petting. I'm not that sort."

"Neither do I—since I met you. Don't call this petting, Joan. I love you. How can you?"

"But I don't love you, and that's the difference."

"Oh, Joan, don't you—can't you—ever?"

"I'm afraid not." For a moment there she had thought she could. "You are not to come around here any more."

"No more at all?"

"No more at all. Your father's right. Coeducation is a failure."

"Not for me, it isn't. I think it's great." He did not believe she meant it when she said he was not to come around any more. She couldn't have meant it. He had seen a happy light in her gorgeous eyes even while she was struggling with him and forbidding what she too wanted to happen.

"You will find it a failure tomorrow, unless you work like the devil tonight." Her face was averted and her eyes were downcast, as if afraid to trust herself to look at him again. Pete saw this and rejoiced. He felt exalted, dominant, the triumphant male.

"Oh, I'll work all right! Nothing can stop me now. Good night, Joan." And walking on clouds, he rushed off to his room, put a wet towel around his head and studied all night, with the aid of many cups of coffee alternated with tea, made on the alcohol stove formerly used for brewing hot Scotches.

"I'll show her!" he said. "I'll show father too! I'll make that man Sinclair pass me. I'll get everything in the world for her." And in spite or because of this delectably different form of intoxication, he found that the mechanism called the mind was as clear and keen and eager to function as a well-tuned, high-powered motor engine after it has been warmed up. There were no misses and he was conscious of no fatigue. The harder he worked, the easier it became. He had tapped those inner strata of energy which Doctor Sinclair had recently expounded to the class with big words. The technical terms had failed to interest Pete at the time, until, quoting William James, the professor had likened this psychological process to the physical phenomenon of getting your second wind. Then Pete, like any other healthy youth who had gone in for athletics, had understood and had perked up. Yes, it is possible to educate even college students when you know how. Professor James knew how. The boy was not thinking of that psychological process now, but he was illustrating it. He was performing a remarkable feat in concentration.

Having filled his mind all night, he emptied it the next morning in the examination room. That was the way he did most of his college work—last-moment memory tests. Only this time, the information he dumped out with speed and clarity was mostly correct. He turned in the best paper he had ever written.

"There, damn you!" he said under his breath as he tossed his Blue Book on the pile of other examination papers on the professor's desk. Then, without sleep or feeling the need of it, he attended three committee meetings, wrote an editorial, went back to his room and studied his part until late in the afternoon, when he was summoned by a businesslike telephone call from Joan to come to rehearsal. He had forgotten to watch the time. He always did when working hard. "I wrote a darn good paper, Joan. Johnny won't dare flunk me now."

But at rehearsal he forgot his lines and was called down by the director. "Oh, get your part and read it. Don't you realize that we open in a week?"

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

RAYMOND KEANE
"The Lone Eagle"

This picture is an epic of the American flying forces in the World War and naturally, therefore, shows some rather amazing incidents which are thrilling in the extreme. RAYMOND KEANE and BARBARA KENT are starred, though the entire cast is composed of people of established fame. Lieut. Howard Blanchard wrote the story. It is an Emory Johnson Production.

I have always thought that people whose patronage sustains moving-picture theatres have a right to say what pictures they would like to see. The best thing they can do is to speak or write to the Manager of their nearest theatre and mention the pictures in which they are interested.

Cooperation between patron and theatre-owner can hardly fail to profit both. Naturally the Manager is eager to please those who support his theatre but unless he knows what they want he has to "go it blind."

For example, "Painting the Town," which many have proclaimed the funniest comedy since "The Cohens and Kellys," is a laugh delight that you should particularly mention to him now. I can promise you that GLENN TRYON and PATSY RUTH MILLER will give you one continuous laugh in this William James Craft Production.

One of the first of our pictures to be shown generally throughout the country this Fall will be *"Les Miserables,"* the long-awaited Victor Hugo classic. I know you will also be glad to hear that our magnificent spectacle, *"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"* which has taken a year and a half to produce, will soon receive its brilliant New York premiere.

Meantime, I am going abroad to see what Europe has produced in the way of pictures which Americans ought to see. Your letters will be forwarded to me, so be sure to write.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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"I'm sorry," said Pete, "but I'll be letter-perfect tomorrow." The engine was missing at last. Perhaps the battery was running down. But he did not care now. He had written a darn good paper. He had saved the day for Joan and a diploma for himself. No wonder he couldn't remember his lines. By this time he could not have answered half those examination questions, either—often the way with the education one acquires at college.

Joan was aware of the stupendous task he had accomplished. She was amazed at his power, was touched at the sight of his tired eyes, and she admired him for cheerfully declining to make excuses.

"Pete's all in," she explained to the director, as they were leaving the stage. "I'll see that he's up in his part long before the dress rehearsal."

Joan was already letter-perfect in her part. Actresses are usually quicker studies than actors. On the way out, the director told Pete to go home with her and run through their second scene together.

"No," said Joan, "he's got to have some sleep."

"Oh, I'll go to bed early tonight."

"Suit yourselves," said the director, leaving them at the door, "but the whole play depends on that scene."

Well, they had a scene, but it was not the one they had rehearsed. It began there on the street, on the very spot where Pete and his father had passed this coed. They were alone together, these two, for the first time in ages—meaning since the night before—and they felt shy and self-conscious, and avoided each other's eyes. While with the others they could concentrate on the work in hand. They had been glib, rather noisy. But they were silent now and could think of only one thing. No wonder. It seemed to them the most wonderful thing in the world. Well, maybe it is.

Joan stopped at the corner. "You can't come home with me, Pete." She looked across the street. She was adorable in her furs, and the rich low voice made him tingle and feel glad.

"Oh, yes I can. This is business."

"I've got a date."

"Where?"

She did not want to tell him, but this coed had not learned much at college about deception. "Professor Sinclair's office."

Jealousy boiled up. He had nothing left to hold it down with after the terrific strain through which he had forced himself during the past twenty-four hours. "Ah, so that's it! That's why you wanted me to go home and take a nap!"

"Why, Pete, think what you're saying to me!"

"Well, why are you always seeing that sap?" he demanded petulantly.

Joan was incensed at his tone. But she knew that he was overwrought; she saw the dark shadows under his eyes. She bit her lip and said quietly, "I'll tell you all about it later." She left him abruptly and crossed the street to the campus.

But he came after her. "Tell me now. I want the truth. Are you going to work for that fellowship with him or not?"

"No, Pete, I'm not interested. It would bore me to death." She smiled up at him.

He scowled down at her. "Then why are you going to see him?" There was no answer. She went on up the walk in the gathering dusk, Pete still at her side. "Why don't you tell me?"

"Why should I? I have to see him on business."

"What business?"

"My business."

"You mean it's none of mine?"

"Precisely."

"Then I'll make it my business."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Look here, you've got to cut out that damn professor now—entirely."

"Who gave you the right to tell me what I'm to do?" She said it the more angrily because conscious of how near she had come to yielding certain rights in their scene the evening before. Since then Joan, too, had been under a strain. She did not belong to him. She belonged to herself.

"Well, anyway," Pete returned boyishly, without the dignity that their world might have expected of one of the biggest and most important men on the campus, "I've got a right to say what I'll do."

"And what will you do?"

"I don't like that fellow. He knows I like you, and he hates me. He'd flunk me—if he could."

"You! To him you're nothing but a boy. He's not aware of your existence."

"Well, he's aware of your existence. I don't like his seeing so much of you."

"You don't have to like it."

"I don't have to hang around you either. If you don't give him up you'll have to give me up."

"Just think of that! How will I ever stand it?" She ran up the broad steps.

So did Pete. He stopped her at the door. "Oh, well, if you don't care ——"

"Why should I care?"

"Then you mean—you don't?"

"Of course I don't. I told you that last night." They glared at each other in the dim light. A kiss would have come in handy for the cause, but they thought they hated each other now.

"All right! Then that settles it! I'm through! That's final!"

"Good! I'm glad of it. You're always butting in and bothering me." She darted into the vestibule.

Pete dashed in after her. Fortunately it was late and there were no witnesses. "What do you mean by bothering you? I want an explanation."

"You're always interfering with my work." There was some truth in that.

"Your work, eh? I believe you are going in for the fellowship. You want to work with that affected fool next year."

"Haven't I just told you that I have no intention of doing anything of the sort?"

"Then why are you going up to see him?"

"Haven't I just told you that it was none of your business?" She turned toward the inner doors leading into the wide entrance hall.

Pete stepped in front of her and blocked the way. That other man up in his office was waiting for her. The boy could not let her go. He loved her and wanted to hurt her.

"Oh, let me alone." She threw back her head and looked up at him.

She seemed so small and defenseless. He had hurt her enough.

"Huh! After this I'll let you alone all right. You can't play your tricks on me. I won't stand for it."

"Don't come near me! Don't speak to me! I don't want to see you ever again!"

"You needn't worry about that. You'll not be bothered by me any more, I assure you." There, that was dignified enough. "Good-by." And opening the inner door for her, he took off his hat, bowed her in with even more dignity and stalked off to his fraternity house, feeling deeply wronged and done with women forever.

The climax of their scene had been an anticlimax, perhaps; but then, you see, it was a new one to them. They weren't up in these parts.

Joan also felt deeply wronged—more justly so. It was on Pete's behalf that she was going to see Professor Sinclair. Pride had prevented her saying so. She would have gone home and had a good cry if she'd been that sort. But she could not shirk her responsibilities merely because a silly boy made them difficult.

So she powdered her nose, took a few deep breaths and knocked at the door of Professor Sinclair's office.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

TRAVEL IS SO BROADENING

(Continued from Page 21)

Americans ten dollars for a visa to get into France and charge them another fifteen dollars for the privilege of living when they get in.

MR. FRENNY: What's that got to do with anything? You talk so mixed that you get me all twisted.

MR. PRITH: Well, England doesn't charge Frenchmen for a visa, so the French don't charge the English anything. But America charges Frenchmen ten dollars for a visa, so France charges every American ten dollars for a French visa, and quite rightly.

MR. CUTTS: Sit down, boys. Say, I want to ask you ——

MR. FRENNY: What do you mean—"quite rightly"? America doesn't need foreigners, but France does. If it wasn't for American tourists, France would have to give up her army and navy and everything.

MR. PRITH: My dear sir, your ignorance is appalling. Only a representative of such a commercialized, money-worshiping nation as our own would dare to intimate that any portion of the intellectual or material greatness of La Belle France depends on the hordes of common Americans that overrun her each year.

MR. CUTTS: Now, boys! Now, boys! Say, I want to ask you ——

MR. FRENNY: All I got to say is La Belle Hell! You try to get J. P. Morgan or Kuhn, Loeb or any of those birds to dump their good American money into La Belle France if every one of these common American tourists that you're talking about was staying at home instead of coming over here to leave his good dollars and collect bad coffee and sixty-cent cocktails! Just try it and see what J. P. Morgan and Kuhn, Loeb would do; that's all I got to say. Just try it once and see where La Belle France would borrow money. La Belle France would be holding the sack; that's what La Belle France would be doing!

MR. PRITH: Lower your voice. Many of these waiters understand English.

MR. FRENNY: That's all right with me. Maybe you think Germany would loan money to France! Maybe you think England would. The only thing they'll ever loan her will be a swift kick! And maybe you think Italy would be glad to help her out! Oh, yes! Help her out with a good poke in the eye!

MR. PRITH: It is your attitude that makes Americans of a certain sort so unwelcome in La Belle France.

MR. CUTTS: Now, boys

MR. FRENNY: Oh, my gosh! What do you mean—my attitude! My attitude is that sixty cents is too high for a cocktail. What's wrong with that attitude?

MR. CUTTS: What I wanted to ask you was ——

MR. PRITH: You aren't able to see any of the crudities and gaucheries of America when you are in America, but over here you condemn an entire nation because its cocktails cost sixty cents. I have no sympathy with the attitude of those in America.

MR. FRENNY: Believe me, I wish I was there now!

MISS CUTTS *(with feeling)*: And how!

MRS. CUTTS: Lily, I don't want you to use that awful slang phrase.

MR. PRITH *(to* MR. FRENNY*)*: Well, if you want to go home so much, why don't you go? Nobody's making you stay over here.

MR. FRENNY: Why don't I go? Well, say, I've got a good mind to go. Certainly there isn't anybody making me —— *(He glares at* MR. PRITH *suspiciously.)* Say, how did this get started anyway? I've got a ticket bought back on the twenty-ninth of August, and nobody can make me move a step before then. But believe me, boy, I certainly will be glad when the twenty-ninth of August comes around.

MRS. CUTTS *(brightening noticeably)*: We're going on the twenty-eighth.

MISS CUTTS: If I have to stay here that long, I'll die.

MRS. CUTTS: Now, Lily, we've got to stay here until the twenty-eighth, and I don't want to hear any further argument about it. We've got to go down to Italy to see the Blue Grotto, and I want to get some of those glass candlesticks and vases in Venice, right at the factory.

MR. FRENNY: That Blue Grotto is a false alarm. I hung around Capri for three days waiting for the weather to get right so that I could go into it, and it never did get right. They make some wine out there that's worth looking at though. Capri wine, they call it. After you have four bottles of it, you wouldn't know whether the Grotto was blue or pink.

[*The* MYSTERIOUS STRANGER *emerges from the Bar Américain and directs an inquiry to the pale man in the compartment marked Portier. The pale man attaches a stamp to a document with a blow of his fist and raises his shoulders to show that he is unable to answer the question. The* MYSTERIOUS STRANGER *dejectedly enters the elevator and pushes the button. The elevator refuses to move, and the* MYSTERIOUS STRANGER *stalks out of it and exits, L.*

[*Another pair of Britishers enter, L., and walk across the back of the stage, staring superciliously at the Americans.*

MALE BRITISHER: Yawgll Shawlaw haw plantwah dushwahwah.

FEMALE BRITISHER: Pufflaw fawfle baw. *(They go out.)*

MR. CUTTS *(to* MR. FRENNY *and* MR. PRITH*)*: Say, boys, what I wanted to ask you is whether anybody understands those English people except horses and the people that they're brought up with.

MR. FRENNY *(seriously)*: Very seldom, Mr. Cutts. That's why the Englishman has worked up a great reputation for being silent and unapproachable. He has found out that if he talks to strangers, the strangers won't know what he's talking about.

MR. PRITH *(indignantly)*: On the contrary, my dear Cutts, the refined modulations of Britishers' voices, developed by centuries of university life and all that sort of thing, are baffling only to Americans, whose ears are accustomed to the harsh and unrefined diction that prevails throughout the United States.

MR. CUTTS *(registering amazement)*: You don't tell me! What were those two people saying that just went by us?

MR. PRITH: Well, if you insist, my dear Cutts, the gentleman was referring to Americans, and said, "Uncle Shylock has plenty of descendants," and the lady agreed that it was a perfectly fearful bore.

MR. CUTTS *(meditatively)*: Well, well, well! *(To* MR. FRENNY: How about a little drink, Uncle Shylock?

MR. FRENNY *(with enthusiasm)*: Right you are, Uncle Shylock! *(To* MR. PRITH*)*: Won't you join us, Uncle Shylock?

MR. PRITH *(indignantly)*: You may consider this a laughing matter, but I assure you that I do not. It is this spirit of cynical levity that causes Europeans to regard traveling Americans with so much distaste. Now if you ask me about the debts ——

MR. FRENNY: Yes, sir! You've certainly got to hand it to the way the British have developed the refined modulations of their voices, just as Mr. Prith says. I met an Englishman that spelled his name Poole-Carew, and what do you think he had modulated it into?

MR. CUTTS *(helpfully)*: Uncle Shylock?

MR. FRENNY *(disgustedly)*: Not at all! He pronounced it Polly-carey, which was

(Continued on Page 42)

Same Old S. O. S. Story

IT HAPPENS OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN

DISCOURAGED voice at telephone: "Hello!—Repair Shop? I'm busted-down at the hot-dog stand a couple of miles up the road. Can you send somebody up here and tow me in?"

A mechanic climbs into the "trouble-wagon," drives to the scene of the breakdown, looks over the motor, pronounces judgment—"Bearing's burnt out. Your oil didn't stand up."

* * *

SOMEWHERE, that same scene is being played time after time—every day in the year. And three times out of four, repairmen will tell you the breakdown that sends a car limping to the shop can be traced directly to careless lubrication, to the failure of some oil.

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BECAUSE motor lubrication is a matter of oil films, Tide Water technologists spent years in studying and testing not only oils but oil *films*. Finally, they perfected, in Veedol, an oil which gives the "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.* A fighting film which masters deadly friction. A film tested to withstand heat 100 degrees hotter than the hottest friction spot in your motor.

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HAVE your crankcase drained and refilled with the correct Veedol oil today. Or, better still, let the dealer give you Complete Veedol Lubrication—the "film of protection" for every part of your car.

Always ask for Veedol by name—or, if you drive a Ford, ask for Veedol Forzol.

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(Continued from Page 38)

certainly more refined than anything we can produce in America.

MISS CUTTS: If we could only be a little more distasteful, maybe they would send Americans out of Europe, or forbid them to come over here. What could be sweeter than that?

[MISS EMMELINE SOUNDER *and her chaperon,* MRS. ROLLO CLINK, *enter, L.* MISS SOUNDER *rushes over to* MISS CUTTS *and kisses her effusively.*

MISS SOUNDER *(pawing* MISS CUTTS *vivaciously):* My dear, you missed it! You'll never know what you missed! When we got off that boat we went straight down to Italy. It's the most adorable country you ever saw in your life! It's considered perfectly good form for men to come right up to you in the hotels and ask you to dance.

MISS CUTTS: When are you going home? We're sailing on the twenty-eighth. I think Europe is all wet.

MRS. CUTTS: Lily, don't say ——

MISS SOUNDER: My dear, it's too wet for words, but I wish you could see Italy. Everybody wears a uniform, and the sweetest uniforms you can imagine, with a belt way up between the shoulder blades somewhere, perfectly silly. Everybody in Italy wants to fight some other nation, and in the meantime they're just crazy about dancing.

MISS CUTTS: Don't they all wear greasy stuff on their hair?

MISS SOUNDER: Well, my dear, I don't know, but it certainly looks that way—all shiny and stiff, like their boots; and when one of them dances with you, even if he only met you five minutes ago, he looks down into your eyes and squeezes your hand and says, "I adore you!" They all do it. It's perfectly thrilling.

[*The elevator descends jerkily and* MISS ZODDERBECK *emerges from it with a handful of post cards. She approaches the compartment marked Portier in search of stamps and is impolitely directed to the compartment marked Réception. The occupant of the Réception compartment indignantly shoos her to the compartment marked Caisse. The occupant of the Caisse compartment superciliously waves her away, whereupon* MISS ZODDERBECK *bursts into tears.*

MR. FRENNY *(approaching her diffidently and patting her on the back):* What seems to be the trouble, madam?

MISS ZODDERBECK *(blowing her nose violently and sniffing):* I get so mad at everybody in these hotels! Nobody has any postage stamps! Nobody! Oh, my gracious! I'll be glad to get back where you can buy postage stamps from anybody! (MR. FRENNY, MR. CUTTS *and* MR. PRITH *hurriedly draw wallets from their pockets, produce postage stamps and offer them to* MISS ZODDERBECK.)

MR. PRITH: After all, madam, it's a very sensible arrangement over here. Postage stamps are government products, so they're sold in shops that specialize in the other government products, which are tobacco and salt.

MISS ZODDERBECK *(tightening her lips and sniffing):* Perfectly ridiculous, that's what it is! The government owns the railroads, doesn't it?

MR. PRITH *(in some bewilderment):* Certainly, but what of it?

MISS ZODDERBECK *(sniffing):* Well, why don't they sell railroad tickets in tobacco stores, then, instead of at railroad stations? That's what I'd like to know, young man. It's all perfectly ridiculous!

MR. PRITH: Well, really ——

MISS ZODDERBECK *(sniffing):* It's ridiculous, and that's all there is to it! It's just as ridiculous as the way they start their trains with fish horns. If you destroyed all the fish horns in Europe tomorrow, the entire railway system of the Continent would be ruined. Not a train could start. I certainly will be glad to get back where you can ride in a train without being squeezed into a little cubbyhole with a lot of men who smoke cigarettes that smell as if they were made of horsehair.

MRS. CLINK *(politely):* Are you going back soon?

MISS ZODDERBECK *(sniffing):* I've got my passage for the twenty-fifth. I'd like to go two weeks earlier, but I've got to see Germany and Scotland and the cathedral towns. I just couldn't face the folks at home unless I saw the Rhine and the cathedral towns. Goodness knows, I don't care if I never see another cathedral. Seeing a cathedral makes me feel as exhausted as if I'd been scrubbing floors all day. My back hurts, and my legs and my neck and my arms and my eyes and my knees. It's a great privilege to see them though.

MRS. CLINK: We were in St. Peter's in Rome last week. My, that's beautiful!

MISS SOUNDER *(defiantly):* I thought it was terrible. It looked brand-new, as if it had been built last week.

MR. CUTTS: Well, I agree with you there. If you travel three or four thousand miles to see a cathedral, you want a kind of moldy one with the gloss worn off, sort of.

MRS. CLINK *(with an apologetic air):* Of course, it did look pretty new; but there's one nice thing about St. Peter's—everybody says it's good, so you know it's good no matter how it looks, if you know what I mean. I thought it looked too new myself. I love going to St. Peter's because there's a perfectly lovely restaurant outside of it—the Trentuna—where you can sit in the sun and eat perfectly lovely spaghetti and warm yourself with a little wine.

MR. CUTTS: Now my idea of something worth seeing in Rome is the catacombs up near the Ambassador Hotel, that has the sweet still-life pictures made out of monks' bones—beautiful floral designs made out of knucklebones and ear bones, and tasty little formal patterns and rosettes and what not made out of pieces of backbone and so on. If you want to talk about things that are perfectly lovely, those come under the head of perfectly lovely, all right. Some of 'em would look swell made into linoleum patterns. There isn't any question that those are old.

MR. FRENNY: Rome is certainly a tough place to get anything to eat except spaghetti and macaroni and that sort of stuff. They talk about what a wonderful man this man Mussolini is, and how he has reformed everything, but you can't make me believe it until he makes the hotels cut down the price of cocktails. Why, say, they're almost as bad as France. Eight lire for a cocktail: that's forty-eight cents. And talk about restaurants, good night!

MR. CUTTS: This man Mussolini must be quite a fellow, from what I hear.

MR. FRENNY: Well, he certainly sticks his finger into everything. I'd hate to have him running the country I live in. There's one thing about Rome, though: They have the swellest Neapolitan pie there that you ever tasted. Say, did any of you ever have any Neapolitan pie?

MR. PRITH: I don't see how you can say that about Mussolini. Why, he's done wonders for the country. Why, all the trains run on time and you never see any beggars on the street.

MRS. CLINK: That's perfectly true. You never see a beggar any more and all the trains are certainly on time.

MR. PRITH: And you should have seen the country eight years ago. The trains were never on time, and there were beggars everywhere you went.

MR. FRENNY: This Neapolitan pie is only about a sixteenth of an inch thick, and you eat it before lunch or dinner as a sort of appetizer. It's made out of ——

MRS. CUTTS: I'm astonished to hear you say that about Mussolini. I know a lot of people who have been in Italy, and they all say the trains are always on time and you never see beggars any more.

MISS SOUNDER: Why, everyone's perfectly mad about Mussolini. He has the loveliest popeyes you ever saw and he's as mysterious as anything, and all the women are just crazy about him.

MR. FRENNY *(with some signs of exasperation):* Well, my goodness! I don't care one way or another about Mussolini. He's crazy as a coot, and he wants war with

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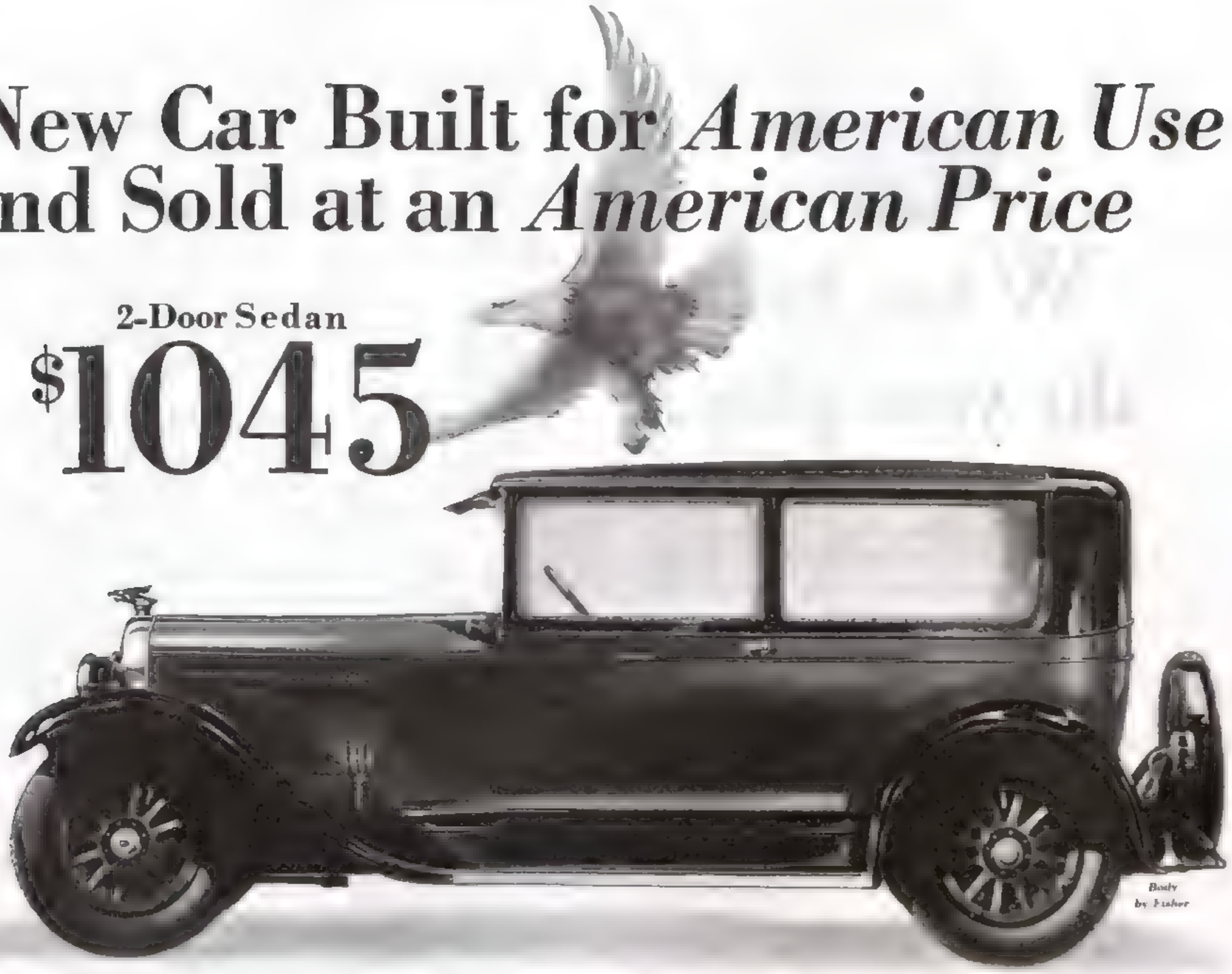

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(Continued from Page 42)

everyone, and he says there's no such thing as democracy, and he won't let the people vote any more, and he won't allow any newspaper or individual to find fault with anything he does, and the workingmen are sore at him, and the capitalists and manufacturers are scared of him, and he has the biggest standing army in Europe ready to jump through a hoop whenever he snaps his fingers; but the trains are certainly on time and there certainly aren't as many beggars as there used to be. But the price of cocktails is something fierce; and every time you pay your hotel bill, you think somebody has gone through your clothes with a vacuum cleaner.

MRS. CUTTS: How does he get along with the Pope?

MR. PRITH: Fine! The Pope loves him.

MR. FRENNY *(in bewilderment):* Who?

MRS. CUTTS: Mussolini. Which is it: Mussoloni or Mussolini?

MR. FRENNY *(fretfully):* Say, where do you get that stuff? The Pope hates him!

MR. PRITH *(haughtily):* I wish you wouldn't be so positive and arbitrary in your statements. That's one of the reasons why Europeans dislike Americans so heartily.

MR. FRENNY: My goodness! I'm not any more positive and arbitrary than anyone else. Didn't that Englishman call us Uncle Shylocks? Seems to me that's pretty positive. And didn't you say right flat out that the Pope loved Mussolini? Well, piffle is all I got to say. Speaking of this Neapolitan pie, though, they make it out of egg and tomato sauce and anchovies and ——

MISS ZODDERBECK: I wonder how the king likes to have him grab the spotlight all the time.

MR. PRITH: He loves it.

MR. FRENNY: Oh, my goodness! Anybody'd think you'd been talking to Mussolini himself, the way you get everything wrong. Why, he hates it!

MRS. CUTTS *(placidly):* Well, I don't know that hotel prices in Italy are any higher than they are anywhere else in Europe. When Melancthon and Lily and I went down to Monte Carlo, we went to a swell hotel there, and they gave us two nice rooms, and Melancthon went up and took a look at them and said, "How much are these rooms?" and the manager said, "Seven hundred francs." "Well," Melancthon said, "Seven hundred francs by the week or by the month?" and the manager laughed a disagreeable laugh and said, "Seven hundred francs a day."

Well, Melancthon almost had a fit. He talked real sharp to the hotel manager and then said, "Now, you march out of here and show us two nice rooms for two hundred francs a night," and the manager kind of threw up his hands in an exasperated way and said: "Under the circumstances you can have these rooms for two hundred francs."

MR. CUTTS *(ruminatively):* And then he prob'ly went down and got a good laugh out of the head porter by calling me Uncle Shylock.

(The MYSTERIOUS STRANGER *enters, L., looks carefully at the assemblage of Americans and then goes to the pale man in the compartment marked Réception and whispers earnestly in his ear. The pale man shrugs his shoulders violently and petulantly, and the* MYSTERIOUS STRANGER *drags himself wearily into the Bar Américain.*

MISS CUTTS *(mournfully):* It's just twelve o'clock at home, mother, and they're going in swimming down on the beach. Come on, mother, let's go home right away, instead of waiting until the twenty-eighth. *(*MR. CUTTS *looks hopefully at* MRS. CUTTS.*)* Aw, say, mother, listen; gee, father wants to go too. Come on, mother!

MRS. CUTTS *(with a stertorous sigh):* I told you, Lily, we had to go to the glass factory, and please don't say gee. It's vulgar. I want to go home just as much as you do, Lily, but we have got to get those glass candlesticks. Mrs. Leddix has never stopped talking about her visit to that glass factory in Venice, and I'm going there this time or bust.

MR. CUTTS *(carelessly):* If we went home now, we'd be ahead of the rush and could save enough money on our passages to buy all the glass you want, mamma, and maybe a little necklace or a platinum watch on the side, or something.

MRS. CUTTS *(settling herself firmly in her chair):* I'm going to that glass factory if it's the last thing I do, ever, anywhere. Now there's no use talking, Melancthon. I'm going to Venice and then I'm going back to Paris and get some of those cross-stitch—or petty pwang or whatever they are—seat covers for our dining-room chairs; the kind that Mrs. Dizzard did herself.

MISS CUTTS: But gee, mother, you can get those seat covers at Binkman's in New York.

MRS. CUTTS *(developing an ugly look around her mouth):* Those petty pwang seat covers cost thirty dollars apiece in New York without any work done on 'em, and at that place that Mrs. Dizzard gave me the address of, you can get 'em for twenty-one dollars apiece.

MR. CUTTS *(snapping his fingers at a waiter):* Hey, garsong. *(The waiter approaches with an imperturbable air and waits* MR. CUTTS' *pleasure with obvious reluctance.)* Hey, garsong, cigarettes, see voo play. American cigarettes. Un package de American cigarettes, comprenny?

MRS. CLINK: You mentioned Mrs. Dizzard, Mrs. Cutts. Is that by any chance Mrs. Oswald Dizzard, of Cleveland?

MRS. CUTTS: Why, yes! Are you acquainted with Mrs. Dizzard, Mrs. Clink?

MRS. CLINK: Well, I should say I am. Mrs. Dizzard married my second cousin's wife's uncle from Gloversville, New York.

MRS. CUTTS: Well, isn't it a small world after all! Melancthon, did you hear that? Mrs. Clink is related to Mrs. Dizzard.

MISS ZODDERBECK *(eagerly):* Did you come from Gloversville, Mrs. Clink?

MRS. CLINK: No, I came from Elmira.

MR. FRENNY: Do you know Elbert Dewblack in Elmira?

MRS. CLINK: Elbert Dewblack? Dewblack? Where did he live?

MR. FRENNY: He lived up near the library somewhere.

MRS. CLINK: Dewblack? Dewblack? No, I can't seem to recall the name. Where did you come from, Mr. Frenny?

MR. FRENNY: I came from Denver.

MRS. CLINK: I had some dear friends in Denver named Hummick.

MR. FRENNY: Oh, yes; Adelbert Hummick! I knew Addie well.

MRS. CLINK: The one I mean was Omar Hummick.

MR. FRENNY: Yes, indeed! Omar Hummick! Well, I should say so!

MRS. CLINK: No, his name wasn't Omar; it was Oscar.

MR. FRENNY: That's right; Oscar. Yes, indeed, I knew Oscar well.

MRS. CLINK: Well, well, well, isn't it a small world! I'd like to be in Denver now.

MR. FRENNY: I'll tell the world. Say, you can have a better time in Denver in five minutes than you can in Europe in five days.

MISS ZODDERBECK: Were you ever in Lewiston, Maine?

MR. PRITH: Do you come from Lewiston?

MISS ZODDERBECK: I was born and brought up there. My great-great-great-grandfather, who was a Hackle—Zenas Hackle—moved from Berwick to Lewiston in 1683. Lewiston is a lovely place in the summer. I was a fool to leave it, and if I don't get back before the green-corn season is over I'll go crazy.

MR. PRITH: It's a small world, isn't it? I had a great-great-great-uncle who lived in Berwick, and a great-great-great-grandfather who lived in Lewiston. He was a Pinson.

MR. CUTTS *(scratching his head with the middle finger of his left hand):* What is a Pinson?

(Continued on Page 46)

has a Wolverine in Every Part
Deep in the wilderness the wolverine hunts his lonely way across mountain and valley—taking what he wants, master of all in the forest.

Where Prowls the Wolverine—there Is He Master

Pit Reo's new Wolverine of the roads against the trials of the trails and you'll find new thrills of motoring, new mastery of all that the highway offers, new standards of performance for a car of its price class.

Here is nimble-footedness to whisk you effortlessly out of the tedious slowness of traffic. Here is hearty, deep-chested power that whirls you up long miles of hills easily, quietly, swiftly. Here is sureness of control possible only with such brakes as are the Wolverine's.

It has a flair for the outbound trail, has this Wolverine—an eagerness to be up and going that is as American as its sure ability to get what it goes out for. For the Wolverine is thoroughly American—planned and engineered for America's roads and America's miles. Try one—you'll find it the kind of car you'll like to own.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Lansing, Michigan

WOLVERINE

THE NEWEST AMERICAN CAR BY ONE OF THE OLDEST AMERICAN BUILDERS

(Continued from Page 44)

MR. PRITH: No, no; his name was Pinson. He was an officer in the Revolution and fought at Ticonderoga and was at Burgoyne's surrender. That makes mê a member of the Cincinnati, you know.

MISS SOUNDER: I knew a lovely boy from Cincinnati named Oat. Do you know him?

MR. PRITH *(glaring at* MISS SOUNDER): I said the Cincinnati. THE Cincinnati. Not Cincinnati.

MISS SOUNDER *(indifferently):* What's the diff?

MR. PRITH *(despairingly):* Oh, what's the use! *(To* MISS ZODDERBECK): Well, anyway, I know Lewiston like a book. Do you know anybody at Northeast Harbor? Lovely people at Northeast!

MISS ZODDERBECK *(hopefully):* I have a great many friends at Peak's Island.

MR. FRENNY: I know a man named Collbank that goes to Bar Harbor.

MR. PRITH: I wouldn't mind being in Maine right now. I like that smell of seaweed that comes out of the ocean. I don't know but what I'd go right now if I hadn't promised a friend in Taormina that I'd go down and visit him.

MISS CUTTS *(in desperation):* Mother, let's go home. There's a boat day after tomorrow.

MRS. CUTTS *(with an obvious attempt to change the subject):* I've been trying to think who that manager reminds me of, and I just remembered. He looks just like Hobart Urdle, who sings in our choir at home.

MRS. CLINK: Isn't it perfectly remarkable how people over here remind you of people you know? Now you take that waiter; he looks exactly like George Skittenbaugh, who sweeps out the trust company's building at home.

MRS. CUTTS: I saw a man yesterday that looked exactly like Henry De Mixup.

MRS. CLINK: There was a man in the Naples Museum that looked enough like Alanson Grilse of Elmira to be his blood brother.

MISS ZODDERBECK: Oh, were you in the Naples Museum? Did you see —— *(She thrusts her face close to* MRS. CLINK'S *ear and whispers industriously.* MRS. CLINK *nods energetically, and* MRS. CUTTS *eagerly hitches her chair close enough to hear the conversation. The faces of all three take on an expression half shocked and half pleased. When* MISS ZODDERBECK *has finished whispering to* MRS. CLINK, MRS. CLINK *whispers vigorously to* MISS ZODDERBECK. *The eyes of all three ladies glisten brilliantly.)*

MRS. CLINK: Well, my land! Were you in Pompeii? Why, when we were there —— *(She bursts into another whispering spasm, and her words are avidly absorbed by* MISS ZODDERBECK *and* MRS. CUTTS.)

MRS. CUTTS *(in amazement):* For goodness' sakes!

MRS. CLINK *(virtuously):* Oh, yes, indeed!

MRS. CUTTS: Well, I never!

MISS ZODDERBECK: Then there's some things in Athens if you know where to hunt. Have you been in Athens? (MRS. CUTTS *and* MRS. CLINK *show that they have not, and that they don't like to admit it.)*

MRS. CLINK *(making an attempt to regain her loss of prestige):* Have you ever been in Ragusa?

MISS ZODDERBECK *(triumphantly):* Certainly. Our boat stopped for twenty minutes in Ragusa. We have been everywhere—just everywhere! Not like tourists, just sticking in the beaten track. We got away from everybody and into the strangest places. Places like Constantinople, you know. Have you ever been in Constantinople? (MRS. CUTTS and MRS. CLINK *have not, and show signs of turning sulky.)*

MRS. CLINK *(to* MISS ZODDERBECK): Have you been across often? I've been across sixteen times.

MISS ZODDERBECK *(dodging the question):* I think I've been in more places than most people. Now we stopped in Athens for six hours and simply saw everything—simply everything. I could find my way around Athens in the dark. Then we stopped in Corfu for nearly an hour. That's where the Italians had the incident two or three years ago or something. It's places like Corfu that I mean. Have you ever been in Corfu?

MRS. CUTTS: I have been in Gothenborg.

MR. FRENNY *(to* MISS ZODDERBECK): What's going on in Greece now? They have a dictator or something, haven't they? What became of this man Venizelos that you used to hear so much about?

MISS ZODDERBECK *(blankly):* I don't know. We just had time to go up to the Acropolis and back again. The men on the ship complained a good deal about the drinks they got in Greece. Somebody said most of them were distilled from spruce gum or something.

MRS. CLINK: Were you ever in Budapest?

MISS ZODDERBECK *(reluctantly):* No, but I have been in Zara, where they make maraschino cherries.

MRS. CLINK: Well, you missed the most interesting city in Europe. The Hungarians print their names backward. That is, instead of saying John Smith, they say Smith John.

MISS ZODDERBECK *(controlling herself easily):* You don't say so.

[*The waiter enters with a package of American cigarettes on a tray and offers them to* MR. CUTTS *with ill-concealed disdain.*

MR. CUTTS: Hello, I thought you were dead. What's the tax? Comby en, mussoor?

THE WAITER: Twelve francs.

MR. CUTTS: Holy jumping mackerel! Forty-eight cents for a package of these dog-gone things! Gosh, that's highway robbery! *(He pays for them and the waiter departs contemptuously.)*

MISS CUTTS: Mother, I'll do anything if you'll only start home now instead of waiting until the twenty-eighth.

MRS. CUTTS *(severely):* Lily, we owe it to ourselves to go to Naples and Pompeii and see those relics of bygone ages. We'd never forgive ourselves if we didn't see them.

MR. FRENNY: What makes me really sore is when you've bought a railroad ticket over here and then try to change it or get your money back. Anybody would think you were trying to lift a million dollars out of the Federal Reserve Bank. It'll seem pretty good to travel on a real train again.

MISS SOUNDER: What gets my nanny is the noise in these towns. They blow their automobile horns at the rate of seventy-two blows a minute. All of the horns have got laryngitis or something, and they certainly damage the ear drums. I want to get back to a nice quiet place like New York, where I can get some sleep.

MRS. CLINK: The stockings and the gloves and the silk over here are terrible. The stockings don't last two seconds, and I guess they sew their gloves with corn silk or something. If I don't get back home pretty quick I'll be half naked.

MISS CUTTS: Why can't we go home day after tomorrow, mother? Gee, mother, this whole damned trip is a flop.

MRS. CUTTS: Lily, I want you to stop saying "flop." What will people think?

[*The* MYSTERIOUS STRANGER *wabbles in from the Bar Américain and engages the waiter in conversation. The waiter shrugs his shoulders and shakes his head.* MR. CUTTS *beckons to the waiter, who approaches him haughtily.*

MR. CUTTS: Say, George, what does that feller want? What is it he keeps asking everyone around here? Why doesn't somebody tell him what he wants to know?

THE WAITER: Sir, he asks continually why it is that Americans come to Europe in such great numbers.

MR. CUTTS *(fretfully):* Well, why doesn't someone tell him?

THE WAITER: Sir, nobody knows. That's the mystery.

CURTAIN

EVERYBODY GOES TO COLLEGE

(Continued from Page 9)

Yet practically all the existing institutions of higher learning are pressed for funds. Here and there, owing to special circumstances, the endowment or support from tax levies may be sufficient. Not many state universities, like that of Texas, own extensive lands which were once valueless but now flow with oil. In a dozen states the struggle is on between citizens who want taxes reduced or at least kept within what they consider reason, and the ever-expanding programs of the universities.

As for the endowed universities of the East, three of them alone are seeking at the present moment, through the means of drives, added funds of nearly $200,000,000. In 1900 it cost one of the New England colleges $382 a year to support a student, and the tuition paid was $110. In 1925 the tuition had been increased $200, but the cost to the college was $918. But these details of development, these growing pains of expansion, are not what concern us now. To grasp the meaning of the rush to the colleges we must understand its causes. What are the reasons for the rising tide of higher education?

In an otherwise thoughtful book on colleges the author makes the curious statement that "no one quite knows the reasons for this flocking." Many people, I imagine, think there is something mysterious about it all, something as yet unexplained. People shake their heads when they discuss the question, as if it were too much for them, or else they give reasons which are merely superficial and incidental.

There is no mystery whatever in the freshman flood, although there are numerous contributory causes the exact importance of each of which is not easy to estimate. But the basic cause is simple. Most people never think of it, although they might be rather dismayed if they did. It is a mistake almost always made to treat the rush to the colleges as something by itself. It is in reality nothing more nor less than the inevitable by-product or culmination of the long and steady growth of the American system of free public schools. The strain upon the colleges is due to the pushing-up process from beneath; enormous numbers of young people are prepared by the high schools to go on. The demand upon the colleges and universities is really automatic in nature.

If the Mississippi River is flooded at its mouth, it is the result of being swollen by tributaries, each of which in turn is swollen by freshets. The colleges merely reflect the onward sweep of secondary and especially of high-school education since the Civil War.

Public high schools multiplied rapidly in the late 80's and early 90's and fitted well into the new social and industrial order which was created after the Civil War.

As soon as the economic resources of different sections made free tuition possible, the old academy went out and the free public high school came in. The growth of the high school has followed closely the devotion of the financial resources of the community to it.

At first the high school was called the "people's college," and was intended for the masses that could not go on. But gradually it has assumed the tasks—widely different as they are—of preparing adolescents for life and for college as well. In any case, there are now some 19,442 free public high schools in the United States, and American society is only beginning to realize what a huge, significant and costly experiment it has entered upon.

In the cities and rural union districts the high school has become in many places the central, pivotal social institution. In one Western city of less than 100,000 population the high school began, in 1921, to hold its commencement outdoors in a stadium known as the Rose Bowl. Seven thousand people attended the first commencement, and the number has increased until, in 1926, 40,000 were present. A photograph of the ceremonies looks like the last and deciding game in the World's Series.

As far as elementary schools are concerned, this country and Europe do not differ much. But only an insignificant fraction of those who attend the elementary schools in Europe go on into any form of secondary school, unless to learn a trade. Here more than three-quarters of the children who complete the highest elementary grade enter the high school, and probably one-fifth of the youth of the United States of the proper ages actually complete the high-school course. In a few states more than half the persons of high-school age are in high school, and in some favored communities every child of proper age is in such a school. Perhaps one out of every three children is actually in high school, taking the country as a whole.

New York City has more of these students than all of France; Los Angeles more than Austria; Detroit more than London. We have from five to ten times as high a proportion of our boys and girls in the age group of fifteen to eighteen in school as countries like England and Germany. Census figures show a steady decline in the percentage of our population gainfully employed, for the obvious reason that so many are in school.

The high school has been made possible in part by a mere administrative device—the union district. In one rural section nineteen elementary districts combine to make a single union high school. One boy rides sixty miles a day to attend, partly in his own automobile and partly by school bus. By combining small elementary districts a sufficiently large tax unit is obtained to afford spacious buildings and good teachers even in the rural areas.

But back of any mere fiscal scheme is the fact that this is an extraordinarily rich country. No other nation can possibly afford to maintain millions of adolescents in semi-idleness in high school and college. One could plot a curve showing the growth of high-school registration along with the growth of economic resources. It is not merely that we are more democratic; we have a larger purse. Through sheer necessity European countries must confine any lengthy period of education to either the few upper-class youths or to the extremely intellectual select, or to both, but in any case to a small total group.

But it is necessary to delve even further for an explanation of the rush to school and college. It lies apparently in the fact of an increasing period of social infancy. Child welfare has become one of the main activities and thoughts of our time. More and more, child labor is opposed not only by organized union labor but by public opinion. It is felt that the adolescent as well as the child can be protected by a process known as school, from waste, misery and baseness, as well as from disease and ignorance.

Then, too, as industry becomes mechanized there is no place for the fifteen-year-old boy. A $10,000 machine cannot be placed in the hands of an irresponsible lad. Formerly he went to work as an apprentice in a hand industry, but the apprentice system has departed, especially in this country. When goods were made by hand boys and girls could be used, but not today.

(Continued on Page 51)

My crowd all smoke P. A.

THAT doesn't mean I smoke it because the rest of the fellows do. I've got ideas of my own. If you pinned me down to reasons, I'd say I smoke Prince Albert *because I like it!* That's reason enough for me. But if you want details, I'll give them to you.

First of all, P. A. is delightfully fragrant. When you open the tidy red tin and that aroma bursts upon the air, you can hardly wait to taste such tobacco in your pipe. The smoke itself makes good on the advance notices broadcast by the fragrance.

Cool as an alarm-clock doing its stuff. Sweet as the recollection that you have the day off. Mild as the congratulations of the defeated candidate. So mild, in fact, that it never bites the tongue or parches the throat. Yet with plenty of rich, satisfying tobacco-body.

I don't know what brand you're smoking now, but I *do* know what you'll be smoking "from now on" when you try this cool, long-burning tobacco I've been telling you about. If you want to get the most out of your pipe, pack it with P. A. That's *my* advice.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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Extra
A NEW CAR

With the New High Compression that turns waste heat

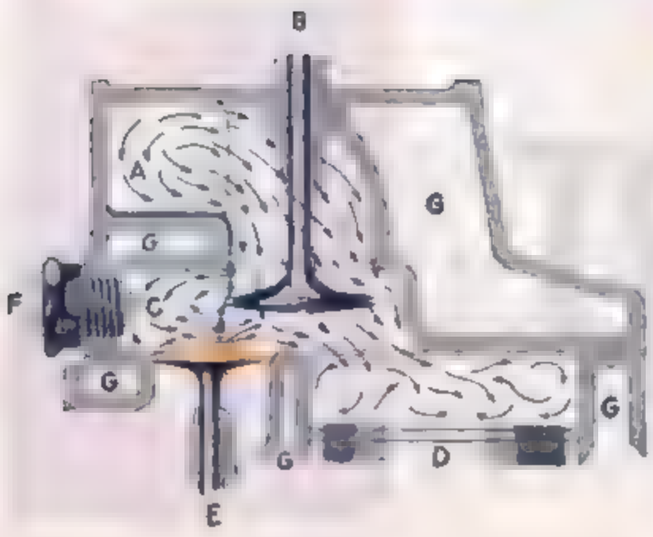


Diagram Legend

(A) Intake Manifold
(B) Intake Valve
(C) Combustion Chamber
(D) Piston
(E) Exhaust Valve
(F) Spark Plug
(G) Water Jacket

No method of carburetion completely prevents raw gasoline entering the motor combustion chamber.

In the diagram at left note how the raw gas enters through the intake valve (B) and falls directly on the exhaust valve (E). The hot exhaust valve is thus a hot spot which thoroughly vaporizes the gasoline, while the liquid tends to keep the valve cool. This makes a cold motor operate on regular gasoline with the snap which other types seek through special fuels. And there is more power, greater gasoline economy and longer motor life.

HUDSON builds 118 inch Super-Six

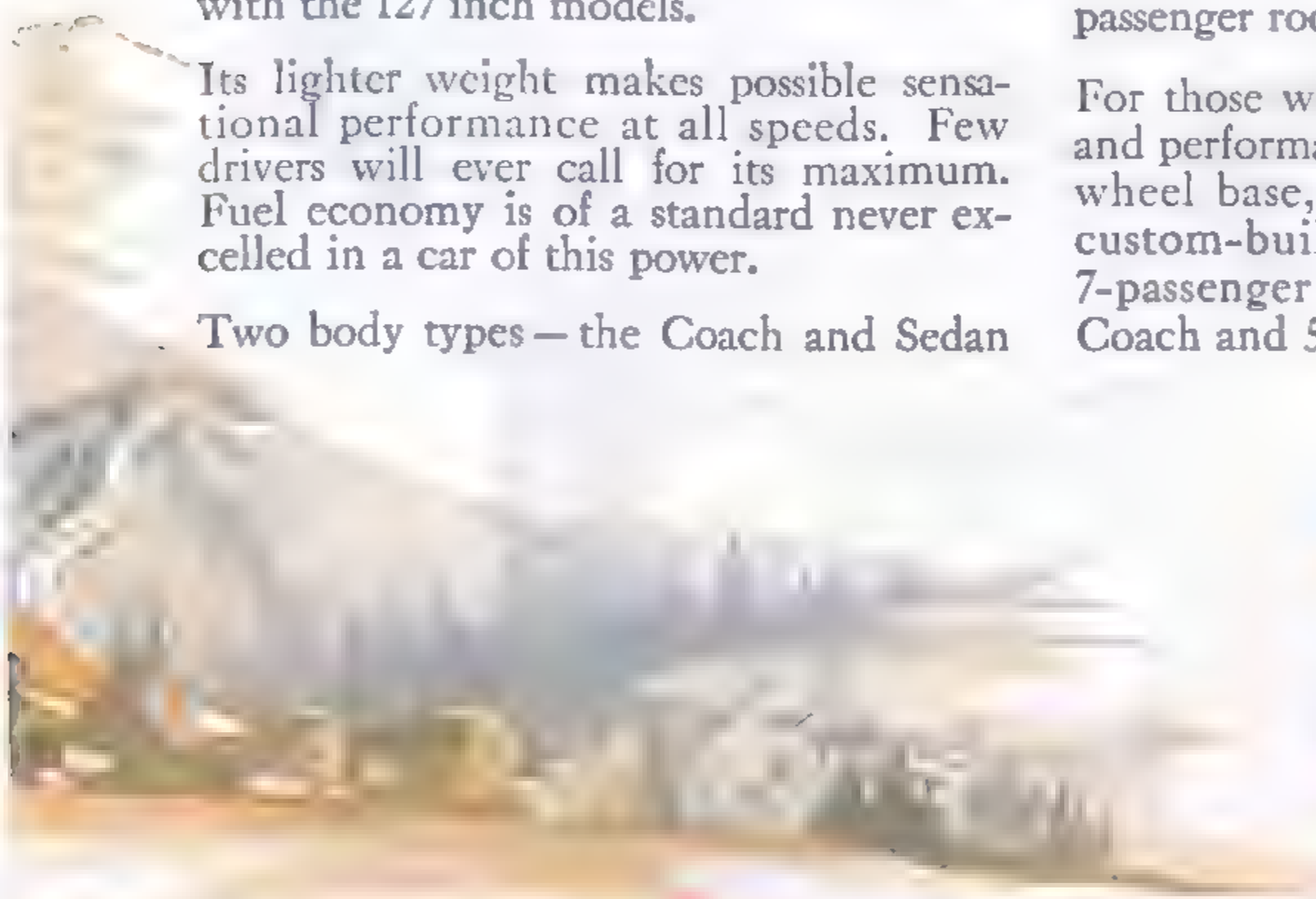
Thousands have asked us to build a shorter Hudson Super-Six. They wanted in such a type the performance, sturdiness, reliability and luxury of the famous 127 inch Super-Six. So the 118 inch Hudson is built for them; and the 127 inch Super-Six is continued for those who prefer the longer car.

In every detail of motor, clutch, transmission, axles and four-wheel brakes this new compact Hudson Super-Six is identical with the 127 inch models.

Its lighter weight makes possible sensational performance at all speeds. Few drivers will ever call for its maximum. Fuel economy is of a standard never excelled in a car of this power.

Two body types—the Coach and Sedan—are available on this chassis. They are richly upholstered and finished, and designed to give generous, even lounging passenger room.

For those who wish Hudson mechanical and performance leadership on the longer wheel base, there are five models: the custom-built Brougham, Phaeton and 7-passenger Sedan, and the standard Coach and 5-passenger Sedan.



On the 118 inch wheelbase

Coach $1175
Sedan $1285

Prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax

Other models on the 127 inch wheelbase

Coach, Standard Sedan, Brougham, 7-Pass. Sedan, 7-Pass. Phaeton

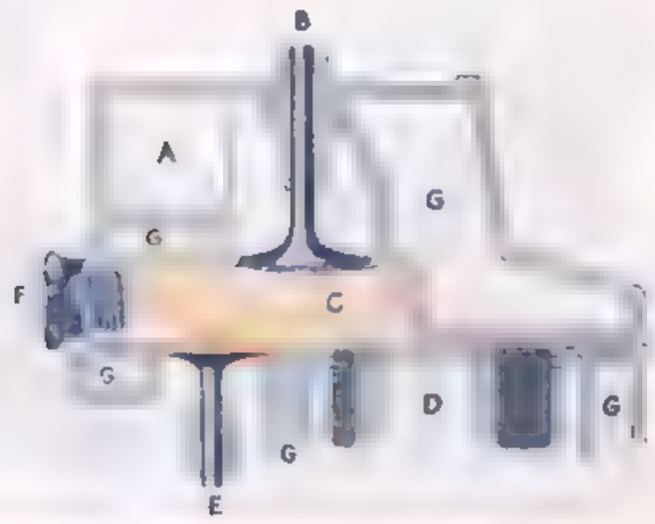
Anti-Knock Motor to power

Without special fuels the new Hudson invention gives the full and virile power of the high compression motor without spark knock or harshness. Note in the diagram at the right the special combustion chamber (C) and the location of the spark plug (F) with relation to the cylinder and piston (D).

The violent initial explosion occurs at the remotest part of the special chamber, which cushions its severity and increases its power. By the time the pressure reaches the piston, its harshness and roughness are entirely absent and the Hudson gets away with the dash and smoothness of a steam engine.

Diagram Legend

(A) *Intake Manifold*
(B) *Intake Valve*
(C) *Combustion Chamber*
(D) *Piston*
(E) *Exhaust Valve*
(F) *Spark Plug*
(G) *Water Jacket*



Ready to keep you cool!

Stir up sluggish air—whip it into a breeze with a G-E oscillating fan. Find yourself working briskly—unmindful of heat. Just as you put all your pep and interest into a round of golf—even on the hottest day. The outdoor breeze takes the sting out of the sun. And a G-E oscillator takes the sting out of summer. It brings a big breeze indoors.

Buy your fan where you see this sign

9-inch Oscillator
(East of the Rockies)
$12.50
Built with either A. C. or D. C. motor

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 46)

Now industry wants boys somewhere from sixteen to nineteen. Either the adolescent must remain idle after he has finished his elementary schooling or else go on in school until industry takes him. In steps the law and says he shall not remain idle, and so we have a rising compulsory school age, varying by states, but reaching a maximum of eighteen years.

Will C. Wood, head of the California school system for a number of years, witnessed, during his incumbency, an increase in high-school students from about 65,000 to nearly 400,000, a multiplication not to be explained by increase in population or even by the numbers of adults in evening and continuation classes.

In addition to other explanations, Mr. Wood has brought forth the interesting theory that with the increase in the average length of human life, a boy or a girl can afford to spend more time and the state can afford to spend more money in preparation. Fifty years ago boys left school far younger than now, but they did not live so long. They now have more years in which to make use of a lengthy preparation. It may be a mere coincidence, but about one-third of the average life was spent in school preparation fifty years ago, and the same now.

Then, too, the school and college are taking over the functions of other social institutions, especially of the family, and to some extent of the church. More and more the family is shoving the responsibility for the child's moral training upon the school.

Especially in cities there are fewer chores to do round the house than on the old-fashioned farm. There is no room to play in a city apartment. Therefore the school must provide not only playgrounds and athletics but machine shops. It is also expected to supply courtesy, respect, obedience, proper demeanor, honesty, fidelity, virtue and many other traits. The school, meaning both high school and college, is no longer merely a place for teaching subjects, but a social institution expected to fill the gap of other institutions which have lost much of their old authority.

In a European country such as Germany before the war, the existence of a state church, the authority and prestige of a great officialdom, consisting of a well-educated, carefully selected personnel, and the general acceptance of highly coördinated, carefully thought out national policies, all served as a molding force upon youth. We have no such definite and unifying force; here the training of the next generation is thrown back largely upon the school, the press and the movies. Then, too, a longer period of preparation becomes necessary as life itself grows more complex. There are more different kinds of occupations and professions than formerly, and as a result each generation seems to need more education than its predecessor.

Victims of Their Own Publicity

With these basic facts in mind, the mystery of everybody going to college, figuratively at least, begins to lessen. Each year the emphasis is shifting a little. Once it was all upon the common school—the little red schoolhouse—and then upon the high school. It is not quite accurate to say that the center of gravity has moved to the college, but it seems to be tending that way.

Roughly speaking, as large a percentage of the population is getting a college education today as received a high-school training fifty years ago. If the high school is good, so reason the average youngster and his parents, the college must be better. It is now the thing to go to college, as it was once the thing to go to high school. The reasons, as we have seen, lie deep in social and economic evolution.

But the war accentuated these changes or brought them more sharply into focus. Social upheavals usually follow wars, and educational innovations flourish in their wake. Then, too, by the time the last war came there was a sufficiently large body of college men to make it a simple matter to choose them as officers. It was an easy and for the most part an effective system of finding officer material. College men took it for granted that they would be wanted for these positions, and youths who perhaps otherwise would never have thought of going to college took the lesson to heart. From this large-scale demonstration of the value of a college degree, it is an easy step up to the present, when young men and women are told exactly how much it is worth to them in dollars and cents to go to college.

In a sense the colleges have become the victims of their own propaganda. For years they have boasted—in a polite and refined way, to be sure, but persistently—of the virtues of education. It was not long ago that college presidents were going up and down the land trying to interest young men and women in higher education. Institutions such as these, just as in the case of a commercial enterprise, flourish on public demand for their wares. Only thus can they secure funds to work with. When drives for funds were on, skilled publicity men painted glamorous pictures of the joy and benefits of attending old alma mater.

The Worth of a College Degree

All this came at a time when changing social and economic conditions, and especially the democratic pushing up from below of the public-school system, made it almost necessary for boys and girls to go to college, for the simple reason that there was nothing else for them to do. Naturally the glamorous appeals to enjoy college life have been successful; far too successful in fact. Propaganda to attend the dear old college has gone over with a vengeance.

The individual boy is not much interested in anything as dry as the basic social and economic changes which I have been discussing. But he is intensely interested if, as Dr. Jeremiah W. Jenks says, a college-trained man has 800 times the chance of success in life of one with only an elementary-school education.

Even the Bureau of Education of the Department of the Interior has issued reports on the money value of education, showing that every additional day spent in school is worth nine dollars on the average. A widely quoted magazine article by a college dean shows that on the average a college education is worth $660 a year for life. There is nothing abstract about such figures; they are within the comprehension of the dullest. They mean everything to thousands to whom the phrase which I have used—the increasing period of social infancy—means nothing. Their appeal is direct and personal.

Dean Lord of Boston University recently made a survey showing that the average earnings of graduates of colleges in excess of those of high school, between ages fourteen and sixty, are about $72,000, and exceed those of elementary-school graduates even more.

It may be that these compilations do not wholly jibe one with another, but that would not change the general effect or even the main thesis. Objection has been raised that they leave out cultural and spiritual values, but such a point is not well taken. Cultural and spiritual values cannot be measured in dollars and cents, but yearly incomes can be measured. Those who talk about the money value of an education are merely dealing with the only values that can be reduced to such terms.

There is, of course, a much more serious objection to these tabulations, with their undoubtedly powerful influence upon youth and the parents of youth. They are, logically speaking, an absolute *non sequitur;* or rather the major premise is assumed instead of being proved.

We have no way of knowing whether it is education which makes the college graduate earn more or whether he is a selected person to begin with who would earn more in any case. Probabilities strongly favor the latter assumption. For one reason and another, such a large proportion of all the country's flower of youth go to college that success is inevitable. If they did not succeed, colleges would be deadly institutions indeed. What the figures really show is the existence of natural endowment and no little family assistance. Of course, Johnny Smith, who goes to college, earns more than Johnny Brown, who does not go. Smith's father owns a hardware store and his son goes into the hardware business or at least inherits the property. Johnny Brown's father is a day laborer, and Johnny goes to school only until the legal age is reached. He has nothing to inherit and no business to go into.

When universities and colleges like Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Williams and Amherst put on drives for funds, we read statements to the effect that the average income of members of the ten or fifteen or twenty year class is $18,000, or thereabouts. Which means nothing, because one $200,000 income of a rich man's son brings up the average. Even the median would mean little because of the relatively large proportion of rich men's sons.

"What good is a college degree?" asks one of the comic papers.

"Why, with a degree and a million dollars a man is a success."

But this whole line of reasoning, especially the statement that the college man succeeds because he is a selected person to begin with, is far too abstruse for the public at large. What if cause and effect are confused? The result is the same, the sum comes out correct in the end. All the people see is that college men do succeed, and therefore, rather pathetically, they are determined that their sons and daughters shall go, with or without brains.

Even if the money-value argument does not register, then what might be called the distinction argument does. If we go back to the country's beginnings we find that nearly half the signers of the Declaration of Independence were college bred. This is true also of a large proportion of our presidents, of nearly all members of Congress and of most of the persons listed in Who's Who. All of which is the more remarkable because in the past college men constituted a very small percentage of the entire male population, and even now are but a small group relatively.

Compulsory Education in Business

Discussion still rages as to whether college men are any good in business, and statements of elderly business men in the negative find a welcome in magazines and newspapers. It is true that the college man has his faults. Without being especially elderly, I have pointed out several of these defects in previous articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The detailed question of the best training for business is, however, quite apart from the subject of this present article.

To talk about corporations not wanting college men or of there being no opportunity for college men in business is simply fanciful. Business may not want college men, but it has to take them because, speaking broadly, such a large proportion of all the flower of youth goes to college that it can't get anything else.

The big corporations have recognized this situation for a number of years, and now regularly and directly recruit their junior-officer material from graduating classes, just as the Army did during the war. An unusually fine type of senior in one of the better-known universities may have as many as fifty offers; a most uneconomic arrangement, but proving at least that business is reconciled to accepting college men.

We are dealing here not with likes and dislikes or with prejudices and opinions but with deep economic currents. Originally in this country nearly all college graduates became ministers, lawyers, doctors or teachers. Now there are many professions which did not formerly exist, and in addition, a great general group known roughly as "business" into which college men

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graduate in increasing numbers. A steadily rising proportion of each year's class enters business. This means, of course, that each year finds more of the leaders of business who are themselves college bred, and it means that they will pick their junior material more than in earlier days from the same type.

Industry and commerce have become too broad and have too many divisions and specialties for potential leaders to be secured in any other way. It is not a perfect system, but it is absolutely the only simple method of training leaders in sufficient volume for the present complex and extensive requirements. Not only have new professions arisen, but the old professions have advanced their academic requirements. It is valid to criticize the college method and resulting product, but to say that business will have none of college men is something like inveighing against the wind and tide, or telling the sun to stand still. It is wiser to work with great currents than foolishly to defy them.

Yet we cannot afford to miss the dark side of this whole picture. Going to college has become a fetish, a form of social tyranny. To those who cannot afford to go, who do not quite meet the entrance requirements or who cannot find a vacant place, the whole subject looms up as a form of terror, an educational and social Cheka.

College graduates form a relatively small percentage of the population, but they completely dominate what might be called the higher social standards of the nation. Men who have not attended such an institution suffer from a particularly aggravated form of inferiority complex. No matter how well read or studious, they ascribe a magic to college which, of course, does not exist in any strict intellectual sense.

The president of a state university, a young, vigorous and businesslike man, spent several days in a city where he was not as well known as in that in which the university is situated. At his hotel he fell into friendly conversation with another man, meeting him frequently at meals in the dining room, but neither learned the other's name or occupation. The man of the second part was a successful business figure. One morning the two were chatting pleasantly over their breakfast, and a mutual friend who joined them, finding that they were not acquainted by name, promptly made the introductions. At once the business man turned red and then lapsed into an embarrassed silence.

"What is the matter?" inquired the mutual friend.

"I don't know how to talk to a college president," he stammered.

To College for a Label

We have large numbers of boys and girls going to college merely to belong. The social life, fraternities, athletics, good times, activities—all these have become terribly real. It is a serious question whether a boy or girl can afford to go without them. The young person wants to be able to say he has been to college, has belonged to something there, and is now able to join a university club. At one Western state university I was told that girls leave at the end of a year or two, both because they are elected to and because they are not elected to a sorority. This statement may seem contradictory, but it is not. If the girl is elected she has no more worlds to conquer; if she fails to receive a bid there is no use in remaining.

It is true that colleges always have stood for social prestige, but there is now a mighty gathering momentum about it all. In earlier days very few regarded these advantages, real or supposed, as being open to them. As the instinct to follow what has become a mass movement gathers force, the tragedy of missing out is the more poignant.

We can be cynical about it if we wish. The late President Burton of the University of Michigan once remarked that some people's idea of a college is a place where a boy "has a fine opportunity to belong to a good club and await the real opportunities which will be provided for him by his ancestors." Or we may say that parents value the results of education not for the effect of the studies themselves upon their children, nor for higher civic usefulness, but for selfish and ulterior ends. Yet mere derision will get us nowhere. Looked at realistically, we find that what the colleges have actually become are prestige conferring institutions.

Youth goes to college, partly as it would go abroad, for a label. Everyone knows it is not wholly the zeal for learning as such which is back of this rush, but a thirst for conferred prestige. Prestige is our god—prestige acquired from without rather than from within. The American tradition is that the son shall carve out a different career from the father, and in our peculiar scheme of social organization an institution is needed which comes between the home and the job. We need a clearing house between the circumstances of one's origin, as William E. Wickenden, in charge of an exhaustive investigation of engineering education, has expressed it, and the career which follows.

The Bridge to Matrimony

Mr. Wickenden, who was formerly personnel officer of the Western Electric Company, and before that a professor of engineering, also describes the colleges as sorting yards for social and geographical redistribution. He says: "But you must distinguish between the college as a recruiting office for real leadership and as a stepping-stone from humble origins to moderate and substantial but by no means distinguished careers."

There are those who say that many boys and girls go to college to avoid work, and that there are parents who send them there precisely for that purpose. It is a place where the young person may be free from worry, responsibility and economic pressure. It is a place where the nearly grown-up may delay the serious business of life, which at best is no picnic. Many parents openly admit this motive, dreading the day when twenty-two-year-old John or Mary must actually face life's realities. I once heard a man lament that his daughter did not want to go to his own alma mater.

"But the standards there are too high now," he said in her presence. "She only wants to go for a good time. She will have to go where it is easier."

"That's all right," said the mother. "That's what I'd go for if I went," and no one of the three, least of all the daughter, seemed at all abashed by these confessions. It was mere coincidence that the father took one view and the mother another. Often it is the other way about.

Many girls are sent to college these days because it affords them an opportunity to spend four very awkward years in a fairly safe, cloistered sequestration. In other words, many boys as well as girls go to college merely because the parents do not know what else to do with them. When they become too much for the parent, when they get beyond the discipline of the home and are merely a source of endless perplexity to the sorely harassed parent, then any financial sacrifice is better than keeping them at home.

It is hoped against hope that the fairy wand, the panacea called "college," will salvage naturally inferior or merely spoiled material. The extremely recent rush of girls to college forms a special subject all by itself, with which we are not concerned at present. But it should be said that the real feminine mass movement is not to the comparatively few restricted women's colleges along the Atlantic seaboard, but to the numerous great coeducational state and municipal institutions so typical of the Middle West.

The plain fact of the matter is that much of this movement is for matrimonial purposes, although perhaps not consciously so. What the college is really doing for girls is to carry them over the gap between the home and high school on the one hand and matrimony on the other. Often, if the family can afford to send only one child to college, it will send the girl, rather than the boy, for strictly social purposes—to enable her to marry better. This situation is an exact reversal of the European, and is a social phenomenon absolutely unique in the world's history, as yet far too little studied and analyzed.

Then, too, we must recognize, with the bitterness that belongs to widespread failure and ineffectiveness, that great numbers of both boys and girls go to college solely to get away from home. They feel bored, cramped and stifled at home, especially if it is in a small town or even a small city.

Youth feels an irresistible impulse to reach the larger social centers; a fact which is far too little recognized in accounting for the college rush. Distinguished scholars on the faculties of universities like Chicago and California attribute the vast numbers in residence more to the intellectual advantages than the facts warrant. It is the great city or city region that really so strongly appeals to the youth from agricultural sections.

An observant young woman of my acquaintance, in a small rural California inland city, told me that she knew several girls in that one place alone who attended summer as well as fall, winter and spring sessions of the great state university, merely to get away from home.

"It is not intellectual zeal, then, which so animates them?" I inquired.

"No," she replied; "it is the desire for association with young people."

It is not my intention to overlook the fact that many boys and girls do go to college for strictly intellectual purposes. Even if to many the four years are a challenge to personal worth and ambition rather than an absorbing intellectual adventure, much is gained.

Progress and Decline

With all its faults, college is probably the best entrance, on the average—although by no means in all cases—to life itself. Nowhere has this idea, with its inevitable implications, been better expressed than by a committee of the Association of University Professors:

"The pressure upon the colleges is so constant and comes from so many aspects of American life. It is not merely a matter of the idle boy who wants to have a good time. Perhaps in the majority of cases the motive, individual or parental, is largely social, but there is a view to later life as well as to college life. Even the lad of seventeen may feel that throughout his career, in his office, in his club, in his home, a college background would give him a sense of fitness, and that if he should miss it he would always be conscious of a certain handicap.

"These personal ambitions are in every way laudable, and it is the duty and desire of the college to meet them as fully and as wisely as it can. But in justice to itself and its mission, the college must not attempt to do more than it can do well.

"There are few colleges in which the classes are not already too large for the most effective teaching. If the average college wishes to avoid being overcrowded, lowering its standards, leaving much of its teaching to inexperienced instructors, abandoning individual training, turning its professors into machines of the office and automatons of the classroom, it must finally restrict its numbers. Indefinite expansion in campus, buildings, equipment, endowment and faculty is not everywhere possible."

In brief, simple terms, then, the question we have yet to attack is whether too many of American youth are going to college. The answer is difficult but worth seeking, for it deals with an intensely important and intensely absorbing subject directly affecting several millions of people.

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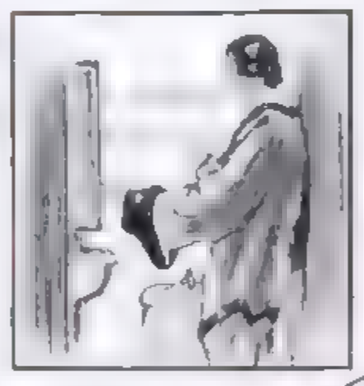

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IDLES OF THE KING

(Continued from Page 19)

the front of Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house Just as he would have stepped into the night, he glimpsed a tableau which caused him to pause. An extremely attractive young colored woman stood by the veranda railing, and over her bent a tall, slim, angular, masculine figure. King Fredrick heard the man's voice, softly pleading.

"Magnesia, honey, don't you know Ise crazy 'bout you?"

"Yeh, Jasper, I know you is crazy all r ght."

"Ise wile 'bout you an' I craves to make ma'iage. Co'se Ise nuthin' but a po' country boy, an' you is a swell actress." Mr. De Void heaved a deep sigh. "Sposin, sweetness, that I could make you a dookess?"

She turned toward him, and even in the dim light King Fredrick could see her eyes sparkling. The thought came to him that she had very entrancing eyes.

"You mean ——"

"Uh-huh. Us investigated this king feller an' ev'ybody says he's on the level. Couple of days he's gwine make Lawyer Chew a earl."

She clasped her hands. "If he's a earl, why has you got to be just a dook?"

"We-e-ell, ev'ybody cain't be earls. But if you craves to be a earless, why, Ise willin'."

Visions of impregnable social position flashed before her eyes. "What's the most title that feller has got, Jasper?"

"Prince—prince an' hair apparent."

"What does that mean?"

"Means does he die, the feller which has that title gits to be king."

"O-o-o-e-e! An' if you was him, I'd be queen? An' nobody coul'n't high-hat me, never no mo'?"

"Tha's it. But he wants a thousan' dollars fo' that title, Magnesia."

She tossed her head. "An' you don't love me a thousan' dollars' wuth?"

"I do. I swear I do. If you insis's ——"

"I ain't promisin' nuthin'. But perhaps ——" She turned away. "It would be gran' to be a queen."

"Shuh! Magnesia, I woul'n't count on that too much. King Fredrick looks awful healthy, an' ontil he died, no prince woul'n't git to be no king. Now it seems to me that folks oughtn't to crave titles so much. Seems like if I an' you would just be honorable ——"

"Humph! Who wants to be honorable?"

"Well, then I could git him to make you a lady."

"Don't crave to be no lady. I desires to be either a earless or a princess. Then I reckon I'll show somethin' to these uppity Bumminham cullud folks. An' futhermo' ——" Her eyes peered into the gloom and she started forward eagerly, hands outstretched. "Well, if it ain't King Fredrick his own se'f! How you is this evenin', king?"

The monarch met Magnesia more than halfway. In the yellow light of the hallway he observed that she was exceedingly easy on the eyes. But obviously he was puzzled and she hastened to explain: "Don't you remember, Mistuh Highness, that Sis Callie 'traduced us las' night?"

"Oh, yeh. But I kind of forgot ——"

"My name is Miss Magnesia Jones. I acks in Midnight Pitchers, an' ——"

"I has sawn you on the screen, Miss Jones, an' I think you is as wonderful an actress as you is a beautiful woman."

"Oh, king, how loose you talks!"

"I speechifies truth." His gaze quested over her shoulder toward the forlorn figure draped against the veranda rail. "Ain't that somebody yonder?"

"Tha's Mistuh Jasper De Void. I thought you-all had met."

"We has," mourned Jasper. "I was on the committee what just called on him."

Magnesia, completely dazzled by the royal presence, appeared to forget Mr. De Void. She turned her back squarely upon him and in a few seconds she and the king were deep in conversation of a highly personal nature. From his post on the veranda, Jasper De Void stared at the scene and a damp mantle of melancholy settled across his narrow shoulders and afflicted his soul with a numbing chill. He was being completely and scientifically ignored and was consequently victim to profound melancholia.

Jasper's ambitions regarding Magnesia were thoroughly matrimonial. He reveled in their friendship and had always wondered what she saw in so inconsequential a person as himself. Therefore he did not censure her for succumbing to the lure of a genuine king, but he did marvel that her interest had been awakened so suddenly and completely. For perhaps ten minutes he stood alone, in moody silence, then turned and moved into the night, his thoughts busy with a multitude of unhappiness.

King Fredrick saw him go. "Who is that feller De Void?"

"Countryman," responded Miss Jones. "Come up heah fum Dothan, Alabama. Ain't got nuthin' but money."

"Oh!" Magnesia missed the interested light which flashed in the kingly eye. "Nuthin' but money?"

"Cash! 'Tween four an' five thousan' dollars, fum the way folks talk. An' he craved to make me honorable."

"Make you ——"

"Well," she explained modestly, "he ambitions to perform ma'iage with me. But less'n I can git to be at least an earless, I don't see why ——"

"Nor neither me. A swell-lookin' gal like you deserves to be a queen."

"Oh, king, you ain't talkin' se'ious!"

"I is. Co'se, I don't say you could git to be one. But I ain't never seen no gal which could wear queen regalia no better'n what you could." He stepped back and surveyed her approvingly. "Queen Magnesia! Golla, wouldn't that knock 'em dead!"

Before the end of the evening King Fredrick IX of Boldavia had decided several things. The first was that he was some great shakes with the ladies. The second, that Miss Magnesia Jones had fallen for him like a ton of bricks. The third, that Mr. Jasper De Void possessed entirely too much money. The fourth, that Miss Jones was to be permitted to become enamored of His Royal Highness to the end that Jasper might be victimized.

No precise plan had yet presented itself, but King Fredrick was a sufficiently close student of human nature to understand that every element in the game was in his favor. Jasper had money. He loved Magnesia and would give her anything she wanted, provided she wanted it enthusiastically enough. At the moment she coveted a title and its attached social prestige. Therefore he, Fredrick, held the key to the situation in as much as Jasper could not acquire a title except through him.

One immediate plan came to King Fredrick. Until the situation clarified somewhat, he determined that Jasper De Void should not have a title at any price. Besides —— The king retired to his bed and lay staring into the darkness. Besides, this Magnesia Jones was preëminently the most alluring bit of dusky femininity he had ever met. She had poise and beauty and was engaged in a lucrative profession.

Up to this moment King Fredrick had never seriously entertained the idea of marriage. Even now he was not impressed with the thing, but he confessed to himself that there were many conditions more unpleasant to think about than becoming Magnesia's husband and of being supported by her in the style to which he was accustomed.

A stranger to Birmingham, he already felt his heart warming toward the city. The visit of the committee tonight, and his conversion of the members, indicated clearly that as King of Boldavia he was about to step into a position of social importance second to none. There was much cash in the offing. If, then, he crowned his personal triumphs by falling in love with and marrying the fair Magnesia Jones, it seemed that his entire future would be lined with eider down and sweetened with honey. He closed his eyes rapturously and sleep came, freighted with pleasant dreams.

From various members of the committee Birmingham heard the intimate details of King Fredrick's reasons for visiting the Alabama metropolis. Ordinarily there would have been a great deal of scoffing, but along with an explanation of his presence came the story of the formal call upon him and of the allaying of the committee members' doubts. The very fact that Lawyer Evans Chew was to become the first title holder was sufficient to lay the last lingering suspicion of the most skeptical.

On Thursday night the Champion Theater was crowded to the doors. At nine o'clock the king appeared on the stage, glorious in his robes of state, superb in his poise. At a signal the organ pealed forth a spirited tune, which happened to be the Parade of the Wooden Soldiers, and Lawyer Evans Chew and his wife, Lithia, both bedecked in the ultimate of evening dress, moved slowly up the aisle. There were many loud cheers.

The accolade was an impressive thing. There were two long speeches, one from the king and one from Lawyer Chew. Then the ponderous attorney and his wife knelt on a pillow and the king touched their shoulders with the blade of his sword.

"Arise, Earl Chew," he said sonorously; "an' also you, Earless Chew. Fum now hencefor'rd you is Earl an' Earless of Boldavia, an' so is yo' children, if any."

The new nobility arose and faced a burst of wild applause. Eventually the theater emptied so that the regular movie show could proceed, and the king, with his new earl and earless, walked down to the Gold Crown Ice Cream Parlor for creamy, fizzy sodas.

That was the spark which set the fuse to spluttering and eventually caused a bombshell of enthusiasm to burst. Within three weeks King Fredrick of Boldavia had sold seventeen titles, ranging from a dookship down to three honorables. Holders of the titles refused to respond to the salutation of any person who did not address them properly and there appeared in social circles a new caste which called itself the nobility. To be titleless put one without the pale.

Only Magnesia Jones was accepted into the charmed circle, and she merely because it was becoming more and more apparent that some day soon Birmingham might be forced to call her queen.

As Florian Slappey expressed it, "If that king ain't aimin' to ma'y Magnesia, he sho has got lots of folks fooled, includin' hisse'f!"

The awakening of a kingly matrimonial interest in the fair Magnesia was proving disastrous to Jasper De Void's peace of mind. He mooned about the streets of Birmingham, looking sadly the worse for wear and responding to the salutations of his friends with moody abstraction. Things were not going well with him. Financially he was in fine condition, but mentally he was at distinctly low ebb. It was all that confounded title business, he told himself. Just because a dog gone king happened to come into Birmingham, it didn't seem right that he should be the unfortunate person whose girl was to be singled out by the potentate.

Florian Slappey, who professed a friendship for the lanky person from Dothan, refused to be saddened. "Jasper," said he, "you don't know how lucky you is."

Mr. De Void shook his egg-shaped head. "Ise crazy 'bout that gal, Florian."

"I always knowed somethin' was wrong about you."

"I don't blame her neither. I ain't nuthin'. Ise just a po' hunk of tripe."

"An' what's he?" railed Sir Florian, recently accoladed knight by King Fredrick. "What's he, I ask you?"

"He's a king."

"Fumadiddles! Was he any good of a king, he'd of made me anyhow an earl. 'Stead of that, he thinks he's done a heap by sellin' me a knight at half price. Humph! Seems like to me he ain't so many hisse'f."

"But if Magnesia ma'ies him, she gits to be a queen."

"Yeh; an' if I git run over by a truck, I gits to be a angel."

Jasper was staring into a bleak, drab future. "I reckon I might just as well step to one side."

Florian's combative spirit was aroused. "Jasper De Void," he sizzled, "Ise 'shamed of you. How come you should let this po' hunk of side meat swipe yo' gal? Is you fool enough to crave Magnesia, there's ways of gittin' her."

"How?"

"Buy a title. Git yo'se'f a principle!"

Jasper groaned. "Cain't do such, Sir Florian."

"How come not?"

"King Fredrick won't sell me none. He won't even lemme be honorable."

A low, expressive whistle emerged from Florian's lips. He nodded slowly. "I commences to see," he remarked. "This king feller figgers that with ev'ybody in Bumminham crazy 'bout bein' noble, you ain't got ary chance with Magnesia so long as you ain't nuthin' but mistuh. Is that it?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, I'll be durned! He's a slick one, that feller is. Has you offered him cash?"

"Plenty. I even tol' him I'd buy his hair apparent fo' a thousan' dollars. I figgered that maybe Magnesia might like me enough to be the hairess apparent, even though she'd more rather be queen. But he won't make me nuthin'." His voice trailed off. "Wh-what you think of it, Florian?"

"I think," returned Mr. Slappey unencouragingly, "that you is in one hell of a fix."

And in that opinion Mr. Slappey was not alone. King Fredrick knew that he had Jasper just where he wanted him. As a matter of fact, the king didn't quite understand himself. The very idea that he would spurn a cool thousand dollars because he was enamored of a woman struck him as absurd, yet with the passing of each day, Magnesia Jones loomed more desirable in his royal eyes. Furthermore, King Fredrick IX of Boldavia understood several things about Magnesia, the chief of which was that his influence over her was attributable to his exalted position. His status as king was so vividly contrasted with that of Jasper as commoner that Magnesia was unable to see beyond the royal robes. It was because of this that Fredrick had refused Jasper even the humblest title. Make him a count and Magnesia's natural hankering to become Mrs. De Void would in all likelihood vanquish her ambition to be a queen.

Despite the fact that he was in love, King Fredrick could not sleep for thinking of the money which Jasper was begging him to take. The man actually had come to him with twenty crisp new fifty-dollar bills which he wished to exchange for a princedom. King Fredrick knew that once he made Jasper a prince, his last hope of attaining Magnesia was gone, and for days he had tried to think of a scheme whereby he might obtain Jasper's thousand dollars and yet not run the risk of losing Miss Jones. It was a puzzling problem. Fredrick's mouth watered with every thought of Jasper's money. He felt that he must have

(Continued on Page 56)

The Graybar Tag—symbol of distribution

More power to you!

More power is what this man and his fellow workers are bringing to you—the power of a thousand Samsons, ready to spring into instant action at the snap of a switch.

The tools and material used—wire, poles, pole derrick, earth borer and safety equipment—are of reliable Graybar quality. They are part of some 60,000 supplies which this company makes available for every electrical need everywhere.

There is a Graybar office near you—one of 61 located at the crossroads of industry. These offices constitute a system of distribution which is the most far-reaching of its kind in the world.

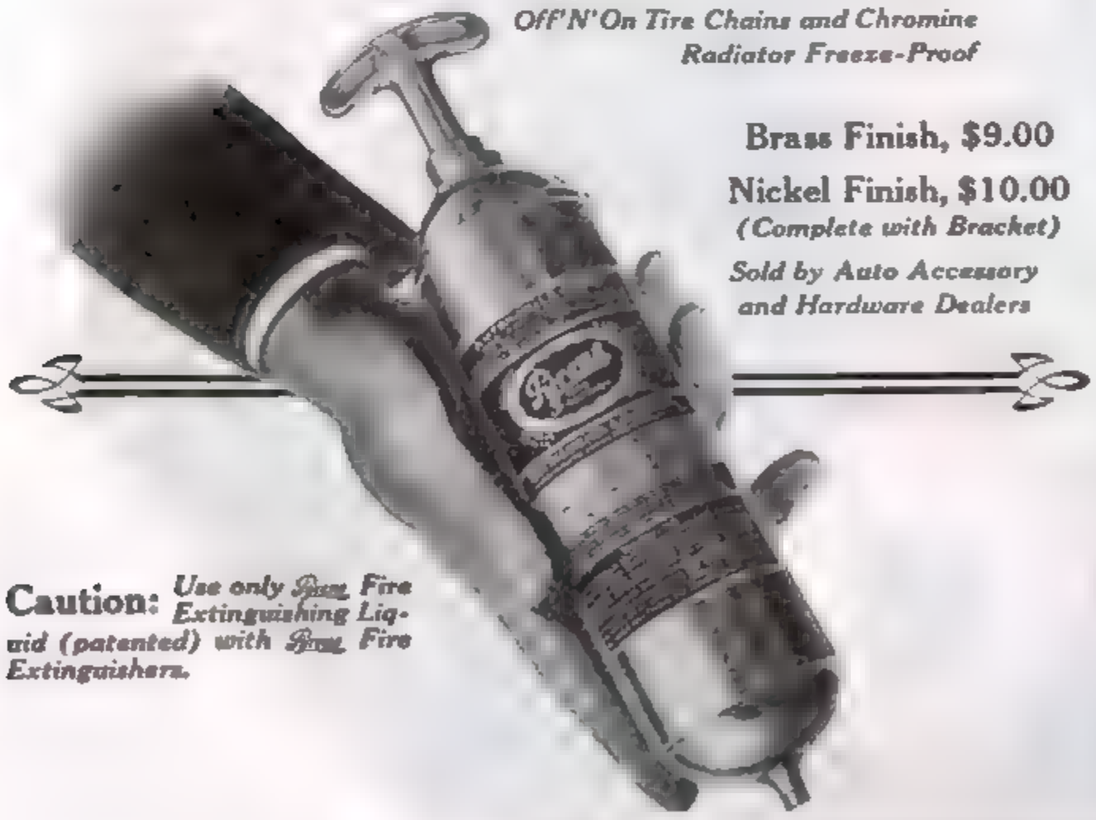
Graybar Electric Co., Executive Offices: Graybar Building, Lexington Avenue and 43rd Street, New York City

"Take my advice"—says the car dealer "be protected against FIRE"

"FIRE may destroy this fine car of yours. Here is what you need. The Pyrene engineers have been working years to produce it—The AUTOMOBILE Pyrene Fire Extinguisher. As mechanically perfect as the standard size Pyrene Fire Extinguisher, but small enough to fit in with modern compact design. It will stop any incipient automobile fire. It requires no attention—no refilling until used. Don't be without this protection."

PYRENE MANUFACTURING CO., NEWARK, N. J.

Makers of all types of hand Fire Extinguishers, Off'N'On Tire Chains and Chromine Radiator Freeze-Proof



Brass Finish, $9.00

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Caution: *Use only Pyrene Fire Extinguishing Liquid (patented) with Pyrene Fire Extinguishers.*

A NEW Pyrene TRADE MARK FIRE EXTINGUISHER

Specially designed for Automobiles

(Continued from Page 54)

it at whatever sacrifice. There was only one thing at which he drew the line. He wanted Miss Jones for himself, therefore ——

On a certain Wednesday morning the great scheme came to King Fredrick. He was engaged in digging through his trunk in search of a particularly dazzling medal. His hand fell upon an old envelope on which was the inscription, Oil Stock—rotten. The king experienced a sudden qualm of remembrance. He recalled the suave colored salesman who had sold him that stock many years since—the Golden Harvest Oil Company—and shares were valued at ten cents each. Fredrick had been at that time possessed of two thousand dollars, the purchase price of twenty thousand shares of Golden Harvest. He listened raptly to the glib speeches of the salesman; he saw unmistakably that two thousand dollars invested then would make him a multi-millionaire in five years.

Whereupon Fredrick had purchased his twenty thousand shares of Golden Harvest. The only satisfaction he ever derived from the investment was news received, some months later, that the promoters of the fraudulent scheme were making cotton shirts in the factory of a state prison. Golden Harvest was hopelessly tarnished. But now, as King Fredrick gazed at the stock certificates, he was impressed all over again with their artistic scrollwork.

It was thus that the idea came to the monarch. He would not have engaged in the profession of selling worthless oil stock, but since he himself had been the innocent victim of a conscienceless promoter, and since he was so hungry for Jasper's money, and since Mr. De Void seemed so eager to trade with him at any price ——

The king waited with commendable patience; and while he waited, he squired Magnesia Jones about the city. She accompanied him to all public places; she was favored by him at social functions; it was generally understood that some day Birmingham's dusky society would experience a royal wedding with Magnesia Jones as the lucky girl.

The strain proved too much for the miserable Mr. De Void. Dragging one large foot wearily after the other, he came to the chambers of King Fredrick at Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house. The king greeted him in his most lavish manner: "Well, sirrah, what can I do you fo'?"

Jasper bowed. "Mistuh King," he announced, "Ise mis'able."

"How come?"

"I—I just got to git me a title."

Fredrick shook his head. "Sorry, peasant, but I ain't got no titles to sell to you."

"Wh-wh-why?"

"I just ain't, tha's all."

"Gosh! If there was on'y some way us could do business—anythin' you ast me, I'd do. Ain't there no favor you craves to have happen to you?"

The king eyed his caller speculatively. "You craves a title pow'ful bad, don't you, Jasper?"

"Man, you don't know nuthin'!" Mr. De Void rocked back and forth. "Even a county would he'p."

The king was a master of drama. "Mistuh De Void, how would you like to be prince an' hair apparent?"

Jasper's jaw dropped. "Y-y-y-you don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do, too."

There floated across the brain of Mr. De Void a picture of himself as a princeling. He could then go to Magnesia and say to her, "Honey, I craves to make you a princess." He eyed Fredrick eagerly. "Wh-what I got to do, Mistuh King?"

The monarch produced a gorgeous stock certificate bearing the caption Golden Harvest Oil Company. This he spread before the dazzled eyes of Jasper De Void. "Heah's yo' chance to git rich an' also be a prince, Brother De Void. Fo' twelve hund'ed dollars cash money I gives you that title an' also I 'dorses over to you this heah twenty thousan' shares of my oil comp'ny."

Jasper looked doubtful. "Is—is it any good?" he inquired.

"Great wigglin' tripe, cullud man, don't you know that oil is wuth money? Has you ever heard of the Standard Oil Company? How much you reckon twenty thousan' shares in that would be wuth?"

"L-l-l-lots of money, I guess."

"Right you is. Now I ain't sayin' Golden Harvest is as good as Standard, but I does say that oil is oil. An' there ain't no law sayin' you cain't do what John D. Rockyfeller done." Mr. De Void was quivering. As though from a distance, he heard the persuasive voice of the king: "'Tain't as if you was gittin' nuthin' for somethin', Jasper. You is willin' to pay a thousan' dollars fo' that title, an' this just means that fo' two hund'ed dollars mo' you gits twenty thousand beautiful shares of oil stock."

"C-c-c-can I take till tomorrow mawnin' to give you my answer, king?"

"Better make it t'night."

"A' right."

"An' bring the cash with you. I don't take no checks."

Jasper departed, treading on air. His loose-jointed frame lurched down Eighteenth Street toward the center of the city and he performed some careful calculations Frankly, Jasper was not oversanguine regarding the shares of the Golden Harvest. But after all, there was no answer to Fredrick's logic that he was really only paying a two-hundred-dollar bonus in any event. And twelve hundred dollars was little enough to expend for a fine, glorious wife like Magnesia.

It was the thought of Magnesia that overbalanced the scales in favor of Golden Harvest. She had pretty well given Jasper to understand that she would consent to marry him only provided he possessed a mighty title. He chuckled at the thought of himself and Magnesia attending a social function: "Announcin' the Prince an' Princess De Void!" Hot ziggity dam!

That night at eight o'clock Jasper presented himself before King Fredrick. Quite calmly he counted out twelve hundred dollars in cash. "Sign them stocks over to me, king, an' gimme a receipt fo' this money, please, suh."

Fredrick was eager enough. The deal was consummated and the men shook hands. Then Jasper introduced the subject closest to his heart.

"When does I git to be a prince?"

Fredrick considered. "I dunno, Jasper. Makin' a feller a prince is an awful big undertakin'. Spose you meet me tomorrow so us can 'scuss the matter."

That night Jasper fought back the impulse to rush to Magnesia with the news of his rise in the world. He was overjoyed with his bargain, regardless of the worth of his oil stock. He decided to bide his time. He planned to let the news of his princeship reach Magnesia's ears through other channels. He knew it would be more impressive. And of course she'd be at the theater to view the actual awarding of the title.

Mr. De Void was experiencing an hour of superlative bliss. It seemed now that he was being given the ultimate gift which life had to offer. He, Jasper De Void, recently a poor farmer of South Alabama, and now a leading figure in the social and business world of Birmingham's Darktown! Suppose the boys in Dothan could see him now—Prince De Void! That would be in the colored newspaper. What matter if the oil stock was not all King Fredrick professed it to be? Jasper was no fool: the oil transaction didn't bother him a bit. What he had paid twelve hundred dollars for was the title.

He was at King Fredrick's rooms promptly at nine the following morning. His long, lean face was wreathed in smiles; his head bobbed around on the skinny neck like a large cork in a small stream. "Marnin', king."

"Howdy, Jasper."

"Well, Ise heah."

"I see. What you want?"

(Continued on Page 59)

Move the plunger out and in. New blade slides in place. Old blade drops out.

Quick as thought.. a new blade ready to shave

When you need a new blade, the Schick puts it in the razor head—instantly.

A pull and push of the plunger—new blade slides out of the handle—takes the place of the old blade, which drops from the razor head. A split second and you are ready to shave. No searching for blades—no lost time—no trouble.

Twenty Schick blades come in a clip. The paper wrappings which often dull blade edges before you use them, are done away with. To reload razor, simply drop a new clip in the handle. You cannot cut your fingers because you never touch a blade.

Made by precise, perfected methods from finest steel—all Schick blades are alike—unbelievably sharp.

And what a shave that Schick blade gives you! A new type razor head holds the blade at the correct flat shaving angle. The cutting edge slides parallel to the surface of your skin. No scraping—each hair is cut clean off exactly at its base. The perfect shave at last! A shave *right at the skin line!*

Go into a store and look at a Schick today. If you are like thousands of other men who have bought this razor, you will instinctively know the minute you see it that your search for the right shaving tool has ended.

Ask your dealer to show you the Schick Repeating Razor. If he has not yet received his supply, send us his name and five dollars with the coupon at the right. We will send you a Schick complete with twenty blades. Extra clip of twenty blades, seventy-five cents. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Tilt the razor head and shave—rinse it and you are done.

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I enclose five dollars. Please send me a Schick Razor complete with twenty blades.

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In Canada, Razor with 20 blades, $6.50. Extra clips of 20 blades, $1.00

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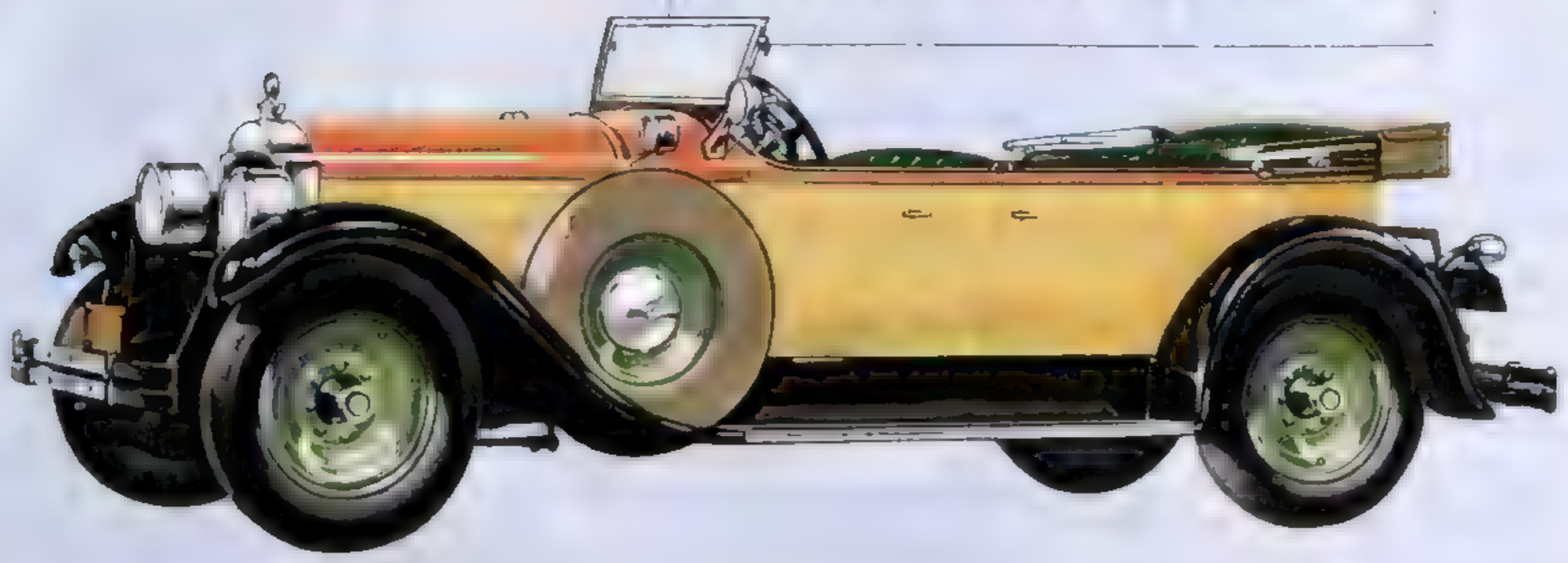

Enduring Style · Only an expert can point out the slight external differences which distinguish Packard cars built during the past six years. A Packard, no matter what its age or mileage, always stands out as a Packard.

The reason is easy to find. Packard has created an enduring style in motor car design. Packard has achieved that difficult combination of luxurious interior roominess and beautiful, slender exterior lines. Packard has no reason to make radical changes annually.

Like the beautiful proportions of Eastern architecture which centuries have been unable to improve upon, Packard lines have set a standard which the whole motor industry has been unable to more than copy.

And this famed stability of Packard appearance means much to every Packard buyer—it means insurance against depreciation. For depreciation is largely a matter of appearance.

The Packard owner knows that he is protected in the economical use of the long life built into every Packard chassis by Packard's policy of stabilized beauty of design.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 56

"I craves to find out when Ise gwine git that title."

King Fredrick frowned. "Which title?"

"The principle what I bought offen you."

The royal person was standing, and if there was a hint of defiance in his manner, Jasper did not notice it just then. "Jasper De Void," he inquired, "what is you talkin' 'bout?"

Still Jasper was unsuspicious. "I mean when does I git to be a prince?"

"Never!" The king leaned forward and his words crackled through the room. "You never boughten no title off me. I always said I wasn't gwine sell you nuthin', not even an honorable."

"B-b-b-b-but ——"

"Don't but me, dumb boy. What I sol' you was twenty thousan' shares of Golden Harvest Oil Company stock, an' tha's what you got. The thing was cheap at half the price." The king assumed an attitude of outraged innocence. "An' now you got the face to come heah an' ask me fo' a principle! My gosh, Jasper, I never heard tell of nobody with such nerve as you got!"

Jasper listened to Fredrick with eyes closed. He knew that something very terrible was in the process of happening to him; something more ghastly than was immediately apparent. He was beginning to piece facts together. He saw things now that had not struck him before. King Fredrick had his twelve hundred dollars and Jasper's only receipt declared that the money had been paid for twenty thousand shares of oil stock. It was his word against the king's, and even if folks believed him, there was no earthly power which could make King Fredrick create him a prince.

For perhaps five minutes Jasper said nothing. He stood swaying gently, his lips forming words which were never uttered. King Fredrick—not at all easy in mind—posed rigidly beside the fireplace, his right hand very near to a large and serviceable poker.

"An' one mo' thing, Jasper," he said somewhat hysterically: "Don't you git the idea that you can start anythin' with me. Ise ready fo' that an' I just craves to warn you that when I gits goin' Ise simply terrible."

Still Jasper did not speak. He raised his lids and focused a stricken glance on the perfidious monarch. Then, with a heavy, lurching stride, he moved through the door, down the stairway and out into the sunshine.

Mr. De Void besought the whispering solitude of Red Mountain, where he could commune with his own misery. He had been raised to the heights only to be sent hurtling into the nethermost depths of despair. Twelve hundred dollars of his money absolutely, utterly and completely gone; himself titleless; Miss Jones teetering dangerously toward the false arms of the Boldavian king. If there was any single terrible thing which had not occurred, Jasper was unable to think of it.

Eventually he walked back to the city and spent a sleepless night in his room at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored. He gazed through his window into the deserted stretches of Eighteenth Street. An occasional taxi went by; otherwise there was no sign of life. But early in the morning Jasper went out. His lean face was set and determined. He was desperately angry.

For two days nothing happened except that Miss Jones gravitated more positively toward King Fredrick. She regretted that Jasper was apparently not for her; but she could not, in justice to herself, contract a matrimonial alliance with any person so hopelessly *déclassé* as to be without title of any sort in a city where prefixes had become a social necessity. Jasper as a lowly count would be preferable to Fredrick as a king. But Jasper as plain mister was a trifle less than the dust under the feet of the hoi polloi.

Late Thursday afternoon King Fredrick IX of Boldavia received an informal caller. This person was absurdly small and wizened. He wore a shiny alpaca coat and had a habit of cocking his head on one side when he talked. The king was duly impressed.

"Sir Semore Mashby," he greeted, "what can I do for you this evenin'?"

Semore was distinctly unfriendly. "You cain't do nuthin' fo' me. I has come to you with a warnin'."

The king stood up very straight. "What you mean—a warnin'?"

Mr. Mashby did not equivocate. "I don't know what has happened 'tween you an' Jasper De Void," he snapped, "but I do know that Mistuh De Void was this afternoon fixin' to swear out a warrant fo' yo' arrest."

The heavens crashed down upon the head of King Fredrick. He uttered a shrill wail: "Why, he cain't arrest me!"

"No-o? Well, I reckon he's gwine do it, an' as a friend Ise simply tellin' you."

Semore departed, and immediately thereafter the king streaked up Avenue F to Eighteenth Street, and thence to the center of the city. He found Jasper De Void in his hotel room; but it was a different Jasper. His long, tall figure was queerly dignified, his face stern and inscrutable, his manner terribly uncompromising. King Fredrick came straight to the point: "What's this thing I heah 'bout you swearin' out a warrant fo' my arrest, Jasper?"

Mr. De Void's cold, fishlike eyes transfixed his visitor. "Just that, king. By this time tomorrow, you is gwine be one monarch which ain't monarchin'."

"B-b-b-but fo' what?"

"Just this: I has stood a heap fum you. I was willin' to stan' mo'. But by golly, there's some things even I gits sore at, an' bein' double-crossed is all of 'em. Now git this: I was willin' to take yo' rotten oil stock 'cause I figgered a principle was wuth twelve hund'ed dollars to me. But when you come along right after an' refuse to gimme that title ——"

King Fredrick read disaster in Jasper's eyes. "I was just jokin', Jasper."

"Yeh? Well, you sho was in a terrible humor."

"I—I makes you a prince."

"Don't make me laugh, royal boy, 'cause when you does, I gits all peeved at myse'f fo' bein' so foolish. Ever since tother day I been 'vestigatin', an' I has found out a heap of things. One of 'em is that the Golden Harvest Oil Company died a long time ago. But that ain't the most impawtant thing; the real thing is that you knowed it! Furthermo', after you knowed it, you sold me twenty thousan' shares of stock in the comp'ny, an' you cain't say you di'n't, 'cause you signed them stocks over to me in yo' own handwriting an' gimme a receipt in same. I seen my lawyer an' he says that is fraud an' a heap of other things which you'll learn all about when you gits tried."

They stared at each other, King Fredrick in a completely wilted condition, Jasper calmly triumphant. The king, driven into a corner, tried fiercely to battle his way out. "I—Ise willin' to buy back that stock, Jasper."

"Humph! I reckon you is. But I woul'n't sell that stock fo' nuthin'."

The king winced. He heard the clang of barred doors. "I—I buys back the stock an' also makes you a prince."

"Foolishment what you talks with yo' mouf! That stock is the fondest thing I is of."

Jasper was unyielding and the king's morale vanished. All the royal dignity disappeared and he pleaded and begged and cajoled. He realized that he stood on the threshold of several uncomfortable years of penal servitude and that this gangling negro before him held in his hands the keys to his salvation. It suddenly occurred to King Fredrick that freedom was cheap at any cost. He heard himself offering anything he possessed—everything he possessed—in exchange for a little clemency.

"Does you git free fum jail, you is gwine gimme ev'ything," grated Jasper. "I was sof' an' willin' when you started, but now Ise as hahd-boiled as six eggs. It would of been all right if you hadn't tried to treat me dirt. But since you did ——"

"Step on me, Jasper. Ise a po', mis'able worm."

"Right you is." Jasper lighted a malodorous cheroot and blew a cloud of smoke reflectively into the other's face. "There's just one deal Ise willin' to make with you which will keep you out of jail—just one."

"I agrees."

"Maybe you does an' maybe you don't, 'cause it ain't gwine leave you nuthin'."

"Tell me, Mistuh De Void, an' I does it. Jails is the most places I don't like."

"Good! Fust off, you gimme back my twelve hund'ed dollars cash money."

"Sholy."

"Then we hol's a big celebration down to the Champeen Theater. Ev'ybody in town gits invited. An' when we gits there, you abducts, in my favor."

A dead silence fell between them. The king gasped. "I—I whiches?"

"You abducts in my favor. You quits fum bein' King of Boldavia an' makes me him. An' after you does that—after, not befo'—I gives you back the Golden Harvest stock!"

The king protested. He railed and wept. He declared that Jasper's heart was of flint and his soul of ice. Mr. De Void agreed readily enough and refused to recede one inch from his dominant position.

Eventually King Fredrick IX of Boldavia agreed, and no later than ten o'clock that night Birmingham rang with news of the revolution which had occurred in the defunct kingdom over which Fredrick claimed to rule. It was a stupendous and amazing thing. Jasper's friends were elated, his enemies were envious. Mr. De Void circulated through Darktown in a quietly superior fashion. He avoided contact with Miss Magnesia Jones.

The abdication ceremony was a thing of splendor. King Fredrick, miserable and cornered, had already paid back to Jasper his twelve hundred dollars. He appeared on the stage in his robes of royal purple, and during the ceremony he placed these robes on the shoulders of Mr. De Void, and into the skinny hand of that person he put his scepter. With a voice that quaked with emotion, King Fredrick made his abdication speech: "An' so I now abduct in favor of Mistuh Jasper De Void. I place this crown on the head of said gemmun an' declare that heahafter he is king. Folks, I traduce you-all to King Jasper the Fust of Boldavia. The king is sick, long live the king!"

The theater rocked with applause as the new monarch handed to the deposed ruler gilt certificates which represented ownership of twenty thousand shares of oil stock. Then the nobility of Boldavia crowded about their new monarch, while the deposed king slunk from the theater.

The following afternoon Jasper presented himself at the home of Miss Magnesia Jones. He was very erect and dignified as he made his royal proposal. "Miss Jones," said he, "I has come to ask would you like to become Queen of Boldavia."

Her arms went out to him. "Oh, Jasper!" she cried softly. "Tha's the most thing I would like—provided you is the king."

And one hour later the new king and his betrothed sauntered downtown to spread the news. Jasper and Magnesia were both in high spirits and they greeted their old-time friends with only slight hauteur. But as they passed the Champion Theater something happened. A shriveled, forlorn, insignificant figure detached itself from a lamp-post and bowed to the king and his lady friend. Magnesia returned the salutation in friendly fashion, but King Jasper I favored Fredrick with nothing more than a stony stare. Miss Jones looked up in surprise.

"Why, Jasper," she breathed, "how come you not to bow to Fredrick?"

"That feller?" Jasper's voice was chilly. "I cain't bow to no trash, Magnesia. Why, that man Fredrick ain't nuthin'! He—he ain't even honorable!"

You'd have the time of your Life MAKING this CANDY

For look what's in it

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup, white of one egg

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1½ cups corn syrup, 3 cups rich, full cream milk, ¼ teaspoon salt

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed)

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

There isn't an ingredient that you'd change for something else—is there? Neither would we. For that's the home-made recipe that resulted in Oh Henry!

And Oh Henry! is still made this home-made way, though magnified many times to supply all the folks who continue to prefer home-made candy.

There is nothing that will take the place of Oh Henry! to folks who really know how good home-made candy can be.

Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

RELIEF!

from Torment of Mosquitoes and Flies

A NEW but proven way to relief from disease-bearing flies and mosquitoes, roaches, ants, bed bugs, moths. Flit is new, only three years old—but already it is bringing home comfort and safety to millions of people all over the world.

Flit is a wonderful new liquid. Close the doors and windows and spray Flit. In a few moments your home is free of *all* flies and mosquitoes.

Flit kills moths and their larvæ which eat holes. It will not stain. It penetrates the cracks and crevices where insects hide and breed, destroying insects and eggs. Flit is the result of exhaustive laboratory research. Fatal to insects but harmless to mankind. Flit has replaced the old-fashioned methods, swatters, poisons and the like.

Join the Health Squad. Get a can of Flit and a Flit sprayer today. For sale throughout the world.

"The yellow can with the black band"

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THE POETS' CORNER

A Maine Farmhouse Framed in Apple Blossoms

The Fisherman

(Provincetown, Cape Cod)

WHERE mackerel run in veering schools
And make the distant ripples shine,
He's hoisted sail in their pursuit,
Wooing the bright horizon line;
Or north, where bulking fogs descend
And night gives birth to unseen dawn,
With only thin boards under him,
After the 'Foundland cod he's gone;
Rowing and taking in the line
Where none can trace his shrouded track.
If squalls descend or ways are lost,
That man knows luck who weathers back;
Or if a liner crashes down
Like thunder, ere an oar be stirred,
He's trodden in a black stampede,
His boat unseen, his cry unheard!
And, meanwhiles, lounging on the street
Before the stores of Provincetown,
He shows the ocean in his face
That wind and sun have weathered brown. —*Harry Kemp.*

Betty by the Sea

The Sea Is a Fat Nurse

THE sea is a fat nurse,
Dressed in blue;
Her apron has a white frill,
Her cap has too.

The sea is a fat nurse;
And when the shadows creep,
She sits close, close beside us,
And sings us off to sleep.

Pockets for Sea Gulls

A sea gull has a pocket,
Though hid, of ample size,
For it puts its orange-colored feet
In its pocket when it flies.

High Tide

The waves come home
From foreign lands,
And lay their heads
Upon our sands.
They sleep in their
Old room, and then
They run away
To sea again!

Oceans

Crabs in the crabholes;
Starfish on the rocks;
Shy little sea pigeons,
Sea gulls in flocks.

Periwinkles, sea shells,
A white ship afar,
Oceans are the nicest
Things there are!

Fairy Parasols

Deep in our woods there's a parasol store
Where the fairies come to buy;
There are parasols curving and white galore,
You can find them if you try.
The grown-ups call them mushrooms—oh,
That shows how little the grown-ups know.

Deep in the woods near the parasols, I
Saw the fairy queen come to buy
A parasol cunning and white and round,
With a handle growing up out of the ground.
"Here is the money. Don't wrap it," she said,
"Don't send it; I'll take it with me, instead,"
And tripped off with the parasol over her head.
—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Your Thoughts

YOUR thoughts are like white flowers blossoming
Along a little path where no one goes
But lovers seeking some exquisite thing;
Or children very softly, on tiptoes.
Your thoughts are open flowers, swift and sweet,
And I have come upon them unaware
As, treading that green path with careless feet,
I breathed a sudden fragrance on the air.
Ah, but flowers fade when they are broken—
And thus I think your thoughts, that angels lend,
Pale in loveliness when they are spoken,
Fade as the flowers fade, and have an end.
Enough that by their fragrance I should know
Your thoughts are near—and that such flowers grow. —*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

Greatness

THE novel that is great is melancholy,
And gloats on squalor, weakness, crime and folly.

The poem that is great and praise-commanding
Successfully eludes the understanding.

The music that is great and noble, neatly
Avoids all taint of melody completely.

The painting that is great, as well as clever,
Escapes resembling anything whatever.

The great biography, with fearless candor,
Presents as truth a well-cooked mess of slander.

And if you would be great and unforgotten,
Convince the world that everything is rotten.
—*Arthur Guiterman.*

The Style Parade Never Stops

STYLES change rapidly 'tis true, but never have women been so fortunate in the matter of clothes as they are today. Dresses are simple and easy to make. Patterns are improved. Sewing has been made the easiest part of all by the modern White Rotary Electric. And the White Course in Sewing and Dress Creation carefully explains every detail from cutting out to final fitting. Your local White representative will be glad to explain the White Course to you and demonstrate the White Rotary Electric.

White Rotary Electric Sewing Machines

Martha Washington Model
A modern White Rotary [illegible] Sewing Machine in a Handsome Enamel Cabinet $165

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B. Altman & Company, New York, one of the world's finest department stores.

"BETTER THAN GOLD *for* TRAVEL" *says* B. ALTMAN & CO.

"WE find A·B·A *Certified* Cheques the ideal form of travel money for our traveling representatives. They are better than gold for travel. They are convertible into cash anywhere; yet they afford complete protection against loss or theft."

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You can cash A·B·A *Certified* Cheques in all civilized parts of the world. They are accepted in payment of U. S. customs duties.

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Travel *Money*

These cheques are certified by BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK, Agent for the issuing banks, and are the only authorized travel cheques of the American Bankers Association

THE INDIRECT METHOD

(Continued from Page 7)

"This man," said Mr. Ripley, "is a contractor by the name of Casey. He's just finished up a dirt-moving job over in the next county at Johnsonville. He's moving out to Oregon for his next job and he has a second-hand Earthworm tractor that he is willing to sell cheap. But I told him I wouldn't take it as a gift, so that's all there is to that."

"And what are you going to do with that old tractor of yours," I asked; "just leave it out there beside the road?"

"Sure," he said, "unless somebody comes along and wants to buy it. But I haven't had any offers for it yet. I paid $6000 for it, and I'll let it go for $1000 just as it stands, including the carburetor and magneto, which I've got up here in the barn."

"Sold!" I said.

"You mean you want to buy it yourself?" he said.

"Exactly so."

"But I don't want to stick you."

"I'll risk that."

"It's absolutely no good," he said. "I have had several mechanics from town come out and look at it, and they tell me it is completely shot to pieces."

"Don't worry about me," I said. "In addition to being an expert on wells, I am also an expert on tractors, and I figure I can fix it up and maybe sell it at a profit. You said you would sell it for $1000. You certainly aren't going to be a cheap sport and back down on your promise, are you?"

"No."

"Fine," I said. "The deal is closed."

I at once got out my check book and wrote him a check for $1000 on the First National Bank of Earthworm City.

"I am dating this check June tenth—a week ahead," I said, "to give me time to transfer that much money into my checking account, but I won't take the tractor away until the check has been cashed. That will be all right with you, won't it?"

"Absolutely," said Mr. Ripley.

Shortly after this I said good night and came up to my room, where I have been spending the rest of the evening writing up this report.

From what I have related you can see that you made no mistake in sending me to handle this very difficult job. Instead of blatting out the news that I was an Earthworm salesman, and thus getting myself thrown off Old Man Ripley's farm, I have proceeded by the indirect method, and—thanks to my energy in taking advantage of the fortunate incident of Cicero in the well—I have already gotten in very strong with this old gentleman, who is the main guy on the board of road commissioners. Furthermore, by purchasing this old tractor I have taken the first step toward carrying out a very deep plan which I have evolved for the purpose of carrying through this matter in my usual brilliant manner.

I will now close and get myself some sleep, but tomorrow I am going to start some real action around this neck of the woods.

Cordially yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS,
Earthworm Salesman.

P. S. In looking over the stubs in my check book, I find that my balance in the First National Bank of Earthworm City is $21.30. As I have no funds of my own to bring up this account, I must ask you to have the cashier of the tractor company place $1000 to my credit in this bank at once. Otherwise the highly important operations which I am conducting in this region are liable to be somewhat hampered.

A. B.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: June 5, 1920.
Written from: Sandy Forks, Kansas.
Written by: Alexander Botts.

I was so busy all day yesterday, last night and today that I haven't had time to write you any report until just now. But when you read what I have been doing, you will realize that I have been right up on my toes all the time. I have got things moving along something swell.

Bright and early yesterday morning I got my car out and told Mr. Ripley I was going to get some tools to repair the tractor, and that I would be back the next day. He gave me the magneto and carburetor, which I placed in the car, and then I started toward town. As soon as I had rounded the first curve I chucked the carburetor and magneto into some thick bramble bushes beside the road. Then, instead of getting any tools, I drove twenty miles over into the next county, and just outside the town of Johnsonville I found the camp of this contractor, Casey. Most of the equipment of the camp seemed to be packed up ready to move. The only man there was a young guy with red hair who told me that Mr. Casey had gone to town and would be back in about half an hour. So I had to wait, but while waiting I did not let any grass grow under my feet. I talked most pleasantly with this young red-headed guy, and I got him to show me the tractor, which turned out to be exactly the same model as the one owned by Mr. Ripley. I was also pleased to see that it had been out in the weather long enough to make it just about as rusty-looking as Mr. Ripley's old wreck. The red-headed guy told me, however, that it was in A1 condition, and he proved it by cranking it up and driving around a bit for me. Then I thanked him and gave him a few cigars and patted him on the back, and talked to him so pleasantly that he finally blurted out the good news that Mr. Casey was so anxious to sell the tractor he would let it go for $2000, although he was asking and hoping for $4000.

Pretty soon after that an automobile came driving up and out stepped a rather nervous-looking guy, who proved to be Mr. Casey himself. I don't know why it is, but pretty near all these contractors are nervous-looking guys—they seem to have a whole lot on their mind.

I at once offered Mr. Casey $600 for his tractor, at which he let out a loud laugh and told me he wouldn't take one cent less than $4000. So we jawed around a while. I came up a little and he went down a little, until finally I told him that if he would include a big chain that was hanging on the tractor, and if he would have his man drive the tractor over to the town of Sandy Forks for me, I would pay him $2000. As he saw that he couldn't make any better bargain, and as he had already—according to the red-headed guy—decided to let her go for that, he accepted. But when I started to write out a check on the First National Bank of Earthworm City he began to look even more nervous than before.

"How do I know," he said, "that your check will be good?"

"Oh, don't worry about that!" I said. "Anybody around Earthworm City could tell you that Alexander Botts is good for a hundred times as much money as this paltry $2000."

"That's all right," he said, "but is there anybody around here that knows you?"

"No," I said, "I am afraid there isn't. But listen," I said. "This check will go through in a few days, and in the meantime I am only taking this tractor as far as Sandy Forks. You are a reasonable man and you ought to know that I couldn't skip out of the country with a great big thing like a ten-ton tractor."

"Well," he said, "I guess maybe that's right."

"Sure it's right," I said; "but, of course, if you want to call off the sale ——"

"No," he said, "I'll take a chance."

So he took the check and made me out a bill of sale.

Note: As Mr. Casey was so suspicious about my check, I did not like to ask his permission to date it ahead. Consequently it is very important that the cashier of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company place an additional $2000 to my credit at the First National Bank of Earthworm City. Be sure and have him do this AT ONCE, as Mr. Casey will probably send in the check right away, and it is possible that if this check came back marked No Funds it might very seriously cramp my style in my present undertakings and result in considerable embarrassment and detriment to myself and to the best interests of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company.

The young red-headed guy filled up the tractor with gas and oil, and we started out for Sandy Forks with me leading the way in my car and him following with the tractor. I had him drive very slow, and we stopped a long time for lunch at a little village, so we didn't get to Sandy Forks until dark. I led the way along a road that went around the town so as not to attract too much attention, and I had him drive the tractor into a field about a mile from Mr. Ripley's farm. Then I drove him back to Casey's camp at Johnsonville in my car, after which I returned to Sandy Forks.

I had supper at a little restaurant, and about midnight I drove out to where I had left Casey's tractor. I cranked it up and then I drove it along the road until I came to Mr. Ripley's old tractor. It didn't take me more than five minutes to remove the big sign, hook onto the tractor with the big chain, and drag it down to the shore of the little lake. Then I unhooked, drove around behind it with the Casey tractor and gave it a good healthy push that sent it over the steep bank and into the deep muddy water beneath. Next, I drove back and stopped Mr. Casey's tractor exactly where the other one had been, and I put Mr. Ripley's sign on top of it. After this I walked back to where I had left my car, drove to town, got myself a room at the hotel and went to bed about two A.M.

Bright and early this morning I drove out to Mr. Ripley's farm and found him inspecting his well, which, after being cleaned out, was now once more full of fine fresh water. "Good morning, Mr. Botts," he said as I drove up. "What is the news with you?"

"Very good news," I said. "I have just been down the country a ways to my brother-in-law's farm, and my brother-in-law has promised me that if this tractor runs as well as I expect to make it, he will buy it from me for $5000."

Note: I will admit that this statement was somewhat exaggerated. As a matter of fact, I have no brother-in-law, and even if I had I doubt very much if he would have $5000 to spend on a tractor. However, I felt that the delicacy of my maneuvers in the matter of all these various tractors justified the use of a certain amount of strategy.

"If you can get $5000 for that bunch of junk," said Mr. Ripley, "you're welcome to it."

"That's fine," I said. "I was sure you'd be a good sport about it. You know that when I bought that tractor I took an awful chance, and I was ready to stand the loss in case it turned out worse than I thought it was. But now that it turns out to be in really swell condition, I figure that I am entitled to whatever profit I can make on it."

"Sounds fair enough to me," said Mr. Ripley. "But I think you are fooling yourself. The best automobile mechanics in town have told me that the machine is a wreck."

"The best automobile mechanics," I answered, "are sometimes none too good on tractors. But I am a tractor expert. I stopped off this morning and put on the carburetor and magneto, and filled the old baby up with gas, oil and water. And I find that lack of oil was really the only thing the matter. Now that I have filled

(Continued on Page 67)

Vincent Lopez and his orchestra play the same new musical numbers for Brunswick Records that make them popular wherever they appear.

Hal Kemp and his Orchestra are University of North Carolina boys whose New York theatre popularity has led to the making of Brunswick Records.

NO STATIC

On Brunswick Records

And *"Light-Ray"* Electrical Recording (*Musical Photography*) Makes the Artist so Lifelike You'll Be Amazed

Jack Denny leads an orchestra whose popularity is country-wide.

BRUNSWICK in collaboration with the General Electric Company has perfected a new recording method that does wonders for even the old phonograph.

Your own instrument with these amazing "Light-Ray" electrical records becomes a new delight.

Every instrument in the orchestra now is heard distinctly. The tone is pure and natural. Melody is clear and colorful in new degree.

For the first time in the history of recorded music, the whole range of musical sound is now reproduced . . . the high notes and the low . . . every tone, every quality.

We call this marvelous method Brunswick's "Light-Ray" electrical recording (musical photography). By this great scientific triumph, sound waves are changed into rays of light . . . then into electrical impulses . . . and registered exactly, naturally on the master record.

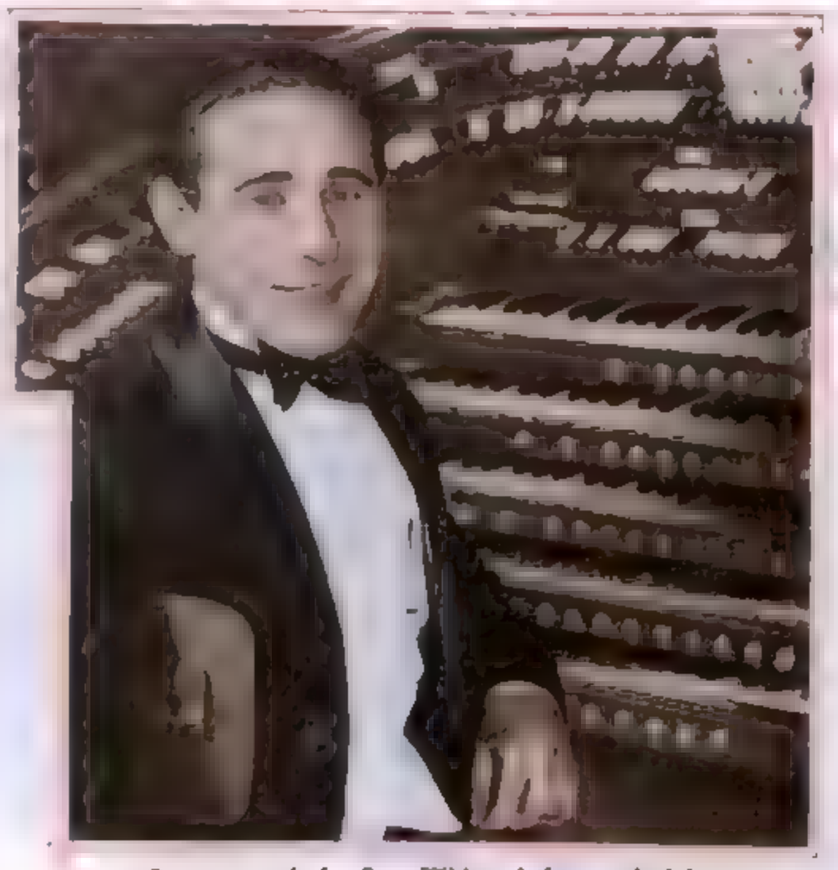
Brunswick Records made this new way are truly "musical photographs." Lifelike, real, delightful to play or dance to.

The year 'round you may hear your favorites on Brunswick Records . . . the better stars that occasionally entertain you on the air.

Musical numbers by the popular artists are obtainable on Brunswick Records the moment they are being sung and played anywhere. Every Thursday at your Brunswick dealer's you'll find the latest on sale.

Allan McQuhae, tenor, has delighted millions over the radio. Hear him on Brunswick Records.

Ask your Brunswick dealer to play the new Brunswick "Light-Ray" Electrical Records on The Brunswick *Panatrope*, the marvelous new *electrical* reproducing instrument. Prices of Brunswick reproducing musical instruments range from $85 to $1250. Sold on convenient terms.



Organ records by Lew White of the wonderful new Roxy Theatre in New York—one of the many popular features on Brunswick Records.

Latest Brunswick Records by the *"Light-Ray"* electrical method (*musical photography*) on sale at all Brunswick dealers' every Thursday

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THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., NEW YORK, CHICAGO · IN CANADA, TORONTO

Gabriel Sales Volume

GABRIEL demand and Gabriel volume this year, with the New Gabriels, is a full third greater than last year.

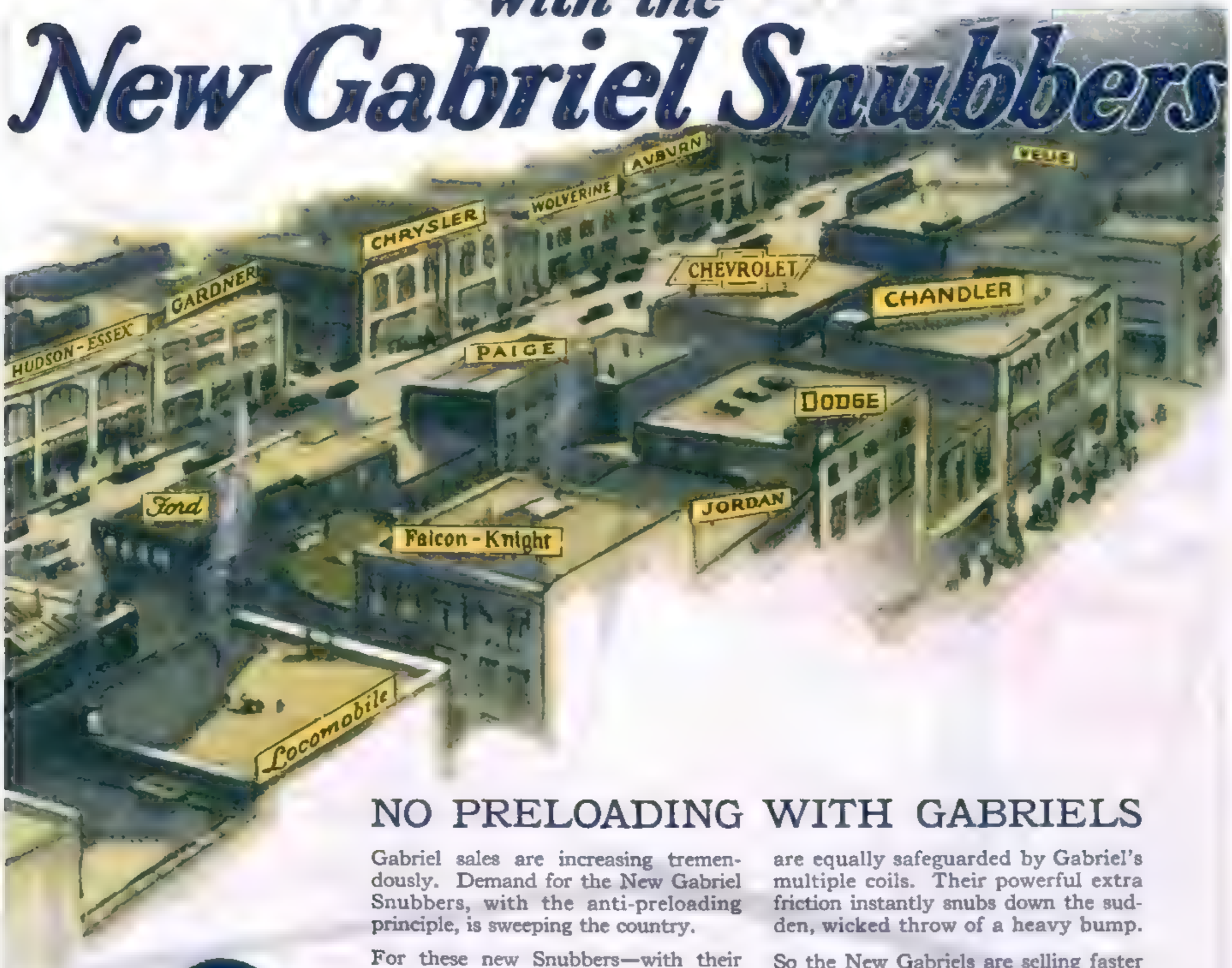
In a nutshell that tells why motor car dealers are flocking to Gabriel by the hundred and making the New Gabriels easy to get anywhere, for any car.

The public itself quickly discovered the overwhelming superiorities of Gabriel's new anti-preloading principle.

Then motor car dealers felt the force of public demand and found in the New Gabriels a shock absorber they could honestly recommend to their customers.

Ask your own motor car dealer about the New Gabriels.

Speeds Up One Third *with the* *New Gabriel Snubbers*



NO PRELOADING WITH GABRIELS

Gabriel sales are increasing tremendously. Demand for the New Gabriel Snubbers, with the anti-preloading principle, is sweeping the country.

For these new Snubbers—with their two big exclusive features—are producing an entirely new kind of motor car riding comfort.

They are putting an end to the constant jiggle on seemingly smooth pavements; because they do not preload or restrict the car springs in the lower ranges of action, but enable them and the tires to absorb the jiggle, as intended.

On rough roads, passengers and car are equally safeguarded by Gabriel's multiple coils. Their powerful extra friction instantly snubs down the sudden, wicked throw of a heavy bump.

So the New Gabriels are selling faster than Gabriels have ever sold before; they are on more cars; they are wanted more eagerly than ever before.

And Gabriel, through its own large organization and hundreds of motor car dealers in addition, places this new and better riding comfort within quick easy reach everywhere.

Any Gabriel Snubber can be quickly changed to the latest anti-preloading type by any Gabriel service station, at moderate cost.

THE GABRIEL SNUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO TORONTO, ONTARIO

NEW AND BETTER
GABRIEL
SNUBBERS

Lindbergh · Chamberlin Acosta · Byrd

One for all and all for one

THERE are no Service Stations along the route of a trans-Atlantic or polar flight.

In such a test, failure of a single spark plug might spell the difference between triumph and disaster.

In that first successful non-stop flight across the Atlantic, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh placed his firm faith in AC Spark Plugs.

For his historic flight from New York to Germany, Clarence D. Chamberlin relied upon AC Spark Plugs.

Acosta and Chamberlin, in 51 hours of continuous flying above Long Island, established a world's endurance record with AC Spark Plugs.

Commander Byrd, in his daring flight to the North Pole and return, marked up still another clean score for AC Spark Plugs.

If you should ask Lindbergh, Chamberlin and these other great flyers what plug they recommend, they would tell you AC—the plug on which they staked their lives.

You, too, can have and use this same plug in your car—same insulation, same quality of electrodes, same basic design used in these record-breaking flights.

Check your engine today—make sure it is equipped with AC Spark Plugs. Your dealer can give you the correct size and type for your car.

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, Michigan

AC-SPHINX Birmingham ENGLAND	*Makers of AC Spark Plugs* *AC Speedometers — AC Air Cleaners* *AC Oil Filters — AC Gasoline Strainers*	AC-TITAN Levallois-Perret FRANCE

Over 200 of the world's most successful manufacturers use one or more, or all of these AC Products

AC SPARK PLUGS AC SPEEDOMETERS AC AIR CLEANERS AC OIL FILTERS

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(Continued from Page 62)

her up with plenty of good fresh oil, she's practically as good as new."

"Important," said the old guy, "if true."

"If you have any plowing or any other work you want done," I suggested, "we'll crank up the tractor and try it out."

"All right," said Mr. Ripley, "I want to plow that forty-acre patch across the road. There is an eight-bottom gang plow in the barn, and if you can get that tractor up here, you can hook on and start in. But I doubt if you can make the tractor run three feet. The only way I could get it to where it is now was by hooking onto it with all the horses on the place."

"Let's go," I said, "and see what we can do."

We walked down to the tractor, and I removed the handsome sign. Then I gave the crank one flip and the motor started with a roar. I climbed in and drove up to the barn as fast as I could, with Mr. Ripley trotting along behind—the most surprised-looking old geezer I have ever seen in my life. By the time he reached the barn I had already hooked up to the plow, taken it across the road, and started a back furrow down the middle of his forty-acre field. At the end of the first round I stopped and cut off the motor, and I was very much pleased to note that I was making quite an impression on old Joe. He came up and stood behind the machine, and for a while he couldn't say a word nor do anything except open and shut his mouth in a foolish sort of way.

"I never seen the like," he said, after a while. "I wouldn't have believed it possible. Those mechanics all told me the machine was a wreck."

"These mechanics must have been trying to fool you," I said. "The idea of telling a smart, intelligent man like you that you were a dumb tractor operator! From the looks of this machine I would say that you were one of the best tractor operators in the country. You have kept it in fine shape."

"Do you really think so?" he asked.

"Sure I do," I said. "Stick around and wait until we make a few more rounds."

Mr. Ripley looked at his watch. "I wish I could," he said, "but I just happened to think I have to get to town to see a tractor demonstration that these other guys are putting on today. There are three different machines down there and they are all going to demonstrate what they can do on road grading and moving dirt."

"Where is this demonstration going to be?" I said.

"Oh, just up and down some of the main roads," he said.

"Listen," I said. "I don't want to butt in on anybody else's business, but I am an expert on all kinds of tractors, and I can give you a tip on how to find out which one of these machines is the best."

"How is that?" he asked.

"Any of these machines," I said, "can pull a grader on a nice dry road, but when you get a tractor for road work, you want one that will go through all the deep mud holes that come in the bad weather in the spring and fall. So if I were you I would pick out a nice wet swamp and make them all go through that."

"Sounds like a good idea," said Mr. Ripley. "There's a nice soft swamp just north of town."

"Make 'em go through that," I said. "And in the meantime I'll see if I can't get a little plowing done for you."

I cranked up the machine and started across the field again, and looking over my shoulder I saw Mr. Ripley climb into his car and drive off toward town.

All the rest of the morning I kept that tractor running wide open, and I certainly have got to hand it to Casey and his red-headed operator for keeping the old baby in fine shape. She went sailing back and forth across that field as smooth and steady as a ferryboat. The ground was loose and sandy and turned over just as easy as could be. I took a half an hour off at noon to eat some lunch that Mrs. Ripley gave me, and then went back and plowed all the afternoon. And at half-past five I finished up the last headland and dragged the plow back to the barn.

At six o'clock, when Mr. Ripley got back from town, I was all washed up and sitting comfortably in a rocking-chair on the porch. When he saw how I had plowed forty acres in one day with a machine that he supposed was nothing but a bunch of junk, I thought the poor old gentleman was going to faint. It also seemed to me that he looked just a little bit sore, so I started in to talk right away. And I will admit that I am a good talker.

"It certainly is lucky, Mr. Ripley," I said, "that you are such an intelligent, fair-minded man. Some people would be low-down enough to be mad because I am going to make such a nice profit on this tractor deal. But I know that you are a gentleman and a real good sport."

"Yes," he said, "of course I want to be a gentleman and a good sport. But at the same time I almost wish I hadn't sold you that machine. I'd almost be willing to buy it back from you for twice as much as you paid for it."

"I wish I could let you have it, Mr. Ripley," I said, "but I really don't see how I can without going back on my promise to my brother-in-law. You see I told him he could have it for $5000, and, of course, you are too fine a man, Mr. Ripley, to want me to break my word to my brother-in-law."

"I suppose you're right," said Mr. Ripley, shaking his head very sad, "but this business has gotten me all confused. I don't know whether I am going in or coming out."

"There is one thing to be thankful for anyway," I said. "You know now that you were a good judge of machinery when you bought this machine, and you also know that you are a perfectly competent tractor operator. And by the way, how did the big tractor demonstration come off down in town?"

"The tractor demonstration in town," said Mr. Ripley, "was a joke."

"Did they go through the swamp?"

"They went into the swamp," said Mr. Ripley. "At first none of them would try it, but I told them that we wouldn't buy any tractor that couldn't go through soft ground. So they all started, and all three of them are mired down so deep in the swamp that it looks like it will take a week to get them out."

"But which one of them are you going to buy?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Mr. Ripley. "We have a meeting of the board of county commissioners tomorrow afternoon to decide what to do, but I don't know as I want to buy any of those machines."

"I'll tell you how you could have a lot of fun," I said, "and show up a lot of those town people for the boobs that they are. You know that they have been saying around town that you are a bum tractor operator. Now is your chance to show them all that you are the best there is."

"How can I do that?"

"In the morning," I said, "we will both get in that old Earthworm tractor and you will drive. We will go down there and drive right through that old swamp and pull these three machines out of the mud. I guess that will show them what a real operator like you will do when you are driving a real machine like this Earthworm."

"Do you honestly think we could do it?"

"Sure we can," I said. "These three machines are nothing but ordinary tractors, and of course they sink right down in the mud just the same as an automobile would. But this Earthworm has tracks on it like a wartime tank, and it can stay right up on top of the mud as nice as you please. And I would be glad to let you use the tractor, because I promised you I wouldn't take it away until that check came through."

"It sounds like a good idea," said old Mr. Ripley. "I believe we will do it."

"Fine," I said.

Soon after that we had supper, and as Mr. Ripley had invited me to spend the night, I came up to my room and I have been writing this report ever since.

From what I have told you, you can see that everything is going swell, and that you made no mistake in sending me to handle this very delicate situation. By the use of the indirect method I have now gotten Mr. Ripley eating out of my hand. Tomorrow morning I intend to sell him back his own old tractor—which, as I have explained, is not really his own old tractor at all. And tomorrow afternoon I will go before the road commissioners, tell them that I have just taken over the Earthworm agency, and I will then count on Mr. Ripley's help to sell them a machine for the county.

Please let me know right away whether or not you have deposited that $3000 to my account in the First National Bank of Earthworm City.

Cordially yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

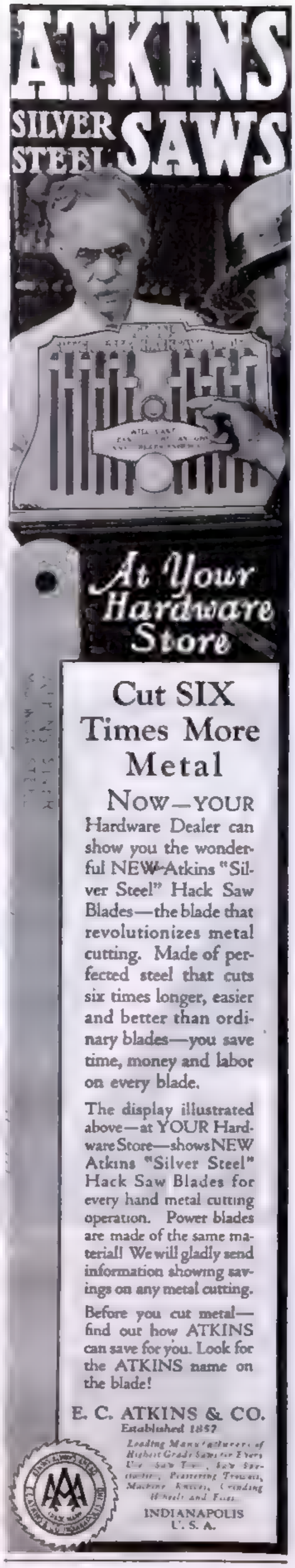
Date: June 6, 1920.
Written From: County Jail, Johnsonville, Kansas.
Written By: Alexander Botts.

As you may guess from the heading of this letter, my operations in this region are not proceeding in as felicitous a manner as I had hoped they would, but when I explain matters, you will see that it is not my fault. I will admit that I was very much shocked and disappointed when I visited the post office this noon and received such a chilly letter from Mr. Gilbert Henderson, Sales Manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company. I notice that Mr. Henderson says that the salesmen of this company are expected to sell tractors and not to buy them, and that the company cannot finance unauthorized purchases of second-hand tractors. Also I see that he has turned down my request that $3000 be deposited to my account at the First National Bank of Earthworm City. I suppose Mr. Henderson thinks he knows how to run a sales department, but I nevertheless wish to point out that his action in this matter has probably cost the company the sale of a tractor, and has also put this particular salesman in a somewhat embarrassing position—as you may judge from the heading of this report. This is particularly unfortunate in view of the fact that I had already managed—by employing all my energy and intellect and sales experience—to bring matters almost to the point of a brilliant and highly successful conclusion.

When I think of the splendid things I accomplished this morning, it almost makes me weep to think of the depths to which I have sunk this evening. Immediately after breakfast I cranked up the good old tractor, told Mr. Ripley once more what a splendid operator he was, and had him take his place on the driver's seat. I then climbed in beside him, and we started for town. Mr. Ripley—although probably one of the worst mechanics in Kansas—is nevertheless perfectly capable of going through the simple procedure of starting and stopping a tractor, and also steering it to the right, left, or straight ahead, as the case may be. We rolled down the road very nicely and before long we had reached the swamp where the three tractors were mired down.

The salesmen and mechanics in charge of these tractors were all out with shovels and timbers trying to get them out, and there were also a great many of the townspeople, who had come to observe the excitement. I have never seen a prouder man than old Mr. Ripley as he drove that splendid Earthworm tractor out over the soft swamp in front of all the admiring townspeople. I coached him up on just what to do, and we put on a beautiful show. The salesmen for these other tractors were none too pleased to have us come out there, but they could not afford to refuse the assistance that we so kindly offered them.

First of all we drove out to the nearest tractor—a big hulk of a machine. I told Mr. Ripley to take our machine up to the front of it, and then I hooked on the big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SILVER STEEL SAWS
At Your Hardware Store
Cut SIX Times More Metal
NOW—YOUR Hardware Dealer can show you the wonderful NEW Atkins "Silver Steel" Hack Saw Blades—the blade that revolutionizes metal cutting. Made of perfected steel that cuts six times longer, easier and better than ordinary blades—you save time, money and labor on every blade.
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chain and told him to go ahead. It was a hard pull, but we finally got it out of its hole and dragged it up onto the firm ground at the edge of the swamp. Then we went after the other two. And just as I had predicted, the old Earthworm stayed right up on top of the soft ground and performed in a really splendid manner. After about an hour's work we had all three of these clumsy machines out of the swamp and up on the high ground.

By this time it looked as if practically all of the town was out to see the show, and when we had at last finished they all began waving their hats around and shouting with the greatest enthusiasm. Old Mr. Ripley was tickled absolutely pink. He stood up and bowed gracefully to the crowd, and when he finally sat down I told him once more that he was one of the best tractor operators in the entire United States, and also a very good sport.

"Yes, sir," he said to me, "I guess I have shown you and all the rest of them that I am a pretty swell operator, and now I am going to show you that I am also a very good sport. I will buy this tractor back from you and I will pay you exactly what you said you could get from that other guy down in the country. I will pay you the full $5000."

"No, Mr. Ripley," I said, "you are such a good friend of mine that I could not think of asking you that much. I am making a profit on this tractor myself, and I am such a good sport that I am going to let you also make a profit of $1000 on this transaction. I will make it up to my brother-in-law in some other way, and I will sell you this tractor for only $4000. I know that you are offering me $5000, but you are such a good friend of mine that I am willing to let you take it for only $4000."

It was really touching to see the gratitude with which old Mr. Ripley received my very generous offer. He shook me by the hand, and there actually seemed to be tears in his eyes as he accepted the proposition. I persuaded the old gentleman to get down out of the tractor at once, and I took him over to the bank in town while the cheers of the crowd were still ringing in his ears. With a smile on his face he wrote me out a check for $3000 and handed me over my own check for $1000 which he had been carrying around in his pocket. I then handed him back the bill of sale on the tractor, which he had given me, and we shook hands once more in the most cordial spirit imaginable.

Note: I wish to point out—in view of my somewhat unfortunate situation this evening, as indicated in the heading of this report—that my financial operations in respect to this tractor were rather good, if I do say so myself. You will have to admit that it takes a guy with a quick mind—and a good talker too—to buy a man's tractor for $1000 and then sell back to him what he thinks is the same machine for $4000, and make him think that you are doing him a favor. And in a way I was doing him a favor—I could have soaked him $5000 easy.

As soon as our little transaction was completed, Mr. Ripley started back to look after his tractor, and I at once turned his check into the bank, opening an account in my own name for the $3000. I felt that if Mr. Ripley calmed down from the warm glow which had been induced by the applause of the crowd, and if he then changed his mind, it would be just as well to have the check cashed so he could not stop payment.

After leaving the bank I stopped in at the post office and received Mr. Henderson's most unwelcome letter, which seemed to indicate that I had no funds at the First National Bank of Earthworm City to back up the $2000 check I had given Mr. Casey. As I am a very good business man, it at once occurred to me that it might be wise to get in touch with Mr. Casey to prevent the possibility of there being any misunderstanding. Consequently I called his camp at once on the long-distance telephone. Unfortunately Mr. Casey was out, and the red-headed tractor operator with whom I talked did not know when he would return. As I am very conservative, I decided to take no more chances than I could help. So I told the red-headed operator to inform Mr. Casey when he came back that I was coming over to Johnsonville at once to see him. I then went back to the bank and had them give me a certified check for $2000, after which I hired a car to take me out to Mr. Ripley's place, where I got into my own machine and drove at once to Johnsonville.

As I am always the soul of honor in all business transactions, I was resolved to avoid even the appearance of evil in my dealings with Mr. Casey. If he had not yet sent in the check on the First National Bank of Earthworm City I would redeem it with the gilt-edged certified check on the Sandy Forks bank. In case he had already sent in the check, I was prepared to place the certified check in the care of the cashier of the Johnsonville bank, to be paid over to Mr. Casey when my other check should come back.

But unfortunately all my good intentions went for nothing. When I arrived at Mr. Casey's camp I was met not by Mr. Casey but by a tall gentleman with a very disagreeable face. As soon as I had told him my name he pulled back the flap of his coat and showed me a cheap-looking, nickel-plated star, which was pinned to his vest, and which bore the words Deputy Sheriff. He then drew a large paper from the side pocket of his coat and informed me that it was a warrant for my arrest.

"I would advise you to come quietly," he said, "and I must warn you that anything you say may be used against you."

"But why," I said, "would anyone want to arrest a law-abiding citizen like me?"

"This warrant," he said, "was sworn out by Mr. Casey, who charges you with passing a bad check for $2000."

"It is all a mistake," I said. "Take me to Mr. Casey and I will straighten everything out."

"Mr. Casey," he said, "left about a half an hour ago for Kansas City to see his lawyer. He said he would be back in the morning, at which time you will have a hearing before the judge."

"But I have to be back in Sandy Forks this afternoon for a very important meeting," I said. "I can't stay until tomorrow."

"Oh, yes, you can," he said.

I then gave that man all the arguments I could think of. I told him it was all a mistake. I showed him the certified check. I threatened to sue him for false arrest. I even gave him two very good cigars—which he took—and asked him as one gentleman to another to let me go for the afternoon on my word of honor to come back the next day. I talked with that man for a good half hour—and I am a pretty good talker, if I do say so myself—but it seems as though these guys with the stars on their vests are pretty hard birds to talk to. I didn't seem to get anywhere at all; and finally he even had the nerve to make me drive the both of us back to town in my own car, after which he locked me up in the Johnsonville jail.

Post Creek, Montana

In all fairness I must admit that this is a very handsome jail. It seems to be brand-new, and the bars of my little cage seem to be of as good quality steel as anything used even in such a high-grade machine as the Earthworm tractor. I have been scratching away on one of the bars for half an hour with a piece of a hack-saw blade which I happened to have in my pocket and which they missed when they took my money and everything else away from me, but I haven't been able to make any impression on it

So I have been sitting around in this dump all the afternoon, and now, after supper, I am writing this report with pencil and paper which the jailer's wife was kind enough to let me have. I am fairly comfortable in here, but it just makes me sick to think that I got the chief county commissioner over at Sandy Forks all worked up ready to buy an Earthworm tractor, and then I was unable to attend the meeting and put over the deal. As no Earthworm salesman was present at that meeting this afternoon, I suppose they have probably bought one of those other tractors.

Yours,
Alexander Botts.

Farmers' Friend Tractor Company
Salesman's Daily Report

Date: June 7, 1920.
Written From: Sandy Forks, Kansas.
Written By: Alexander Botts.

Well, I am out of jail again.

When Mr. Casey showed up at the hearing this morning I learned that right after he had taken my check some days ago, he had become even more nervous than usual. And as he seems to have a peculiarly low, suspicious type of mind, he had pulled a very dirty trick indeed. Instead of sending my check through in the regular way, he had had his own bank telegraph at once to the First National Bank of Earthworm City to inquire whether my account was good for $2000. When the word came back that it was not, he had at once sworn out a warrant for me. However, when I explained that it was all a mistake and produced the certified check, he at least had the decency to say he would drop the charges if he was sure to get his money. So as soon as they had telephoned to the bank in Sandy Forks and found that the certified check was O. K., they turned me loose.

I drove back to Mr. Ripley's house outside Sandy Forks with a heavy heart. I was somewhat reassured when that gentleman met me with a smiling face, and I was greatly pleased when I heard what had happened at the meeting.

It seems that the commissioners had unanimously turned down the three other tractors. And, as there was no Earthworm salesman present, they decided—on Mr. Ripley's motion—to write in to the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company and order two ten-ton Earthworm Tractors to be used in county road work. Their letter will, no doubt, be in your hands by the time this report reaches you. I am leaving tonight for Kansas City, and I wish to point out that although I have used the indirect method in this transaction so that my name does not appear on the county order, and although nobody around here suspects that I am a salesman for the Earthworm Company, nevertheless I am entitled to my regular commission on this sale.

As I look back on the events of the last three days I am very much impressed with the energy and resourcefulness I employed in bringing this transaction to such a successful conclusion.

Very cordially yours,
Alexander Botts.

P. S. I have been wondering what I ought to do about that extra $1000 in the bank that seems to be left over. If the Earthworm Company had put $3000 into this financial operation I would feel that this $1000 profit belonged to the company. But as long as the company did not do so, I have decided, after long thought, to keep the money myself.

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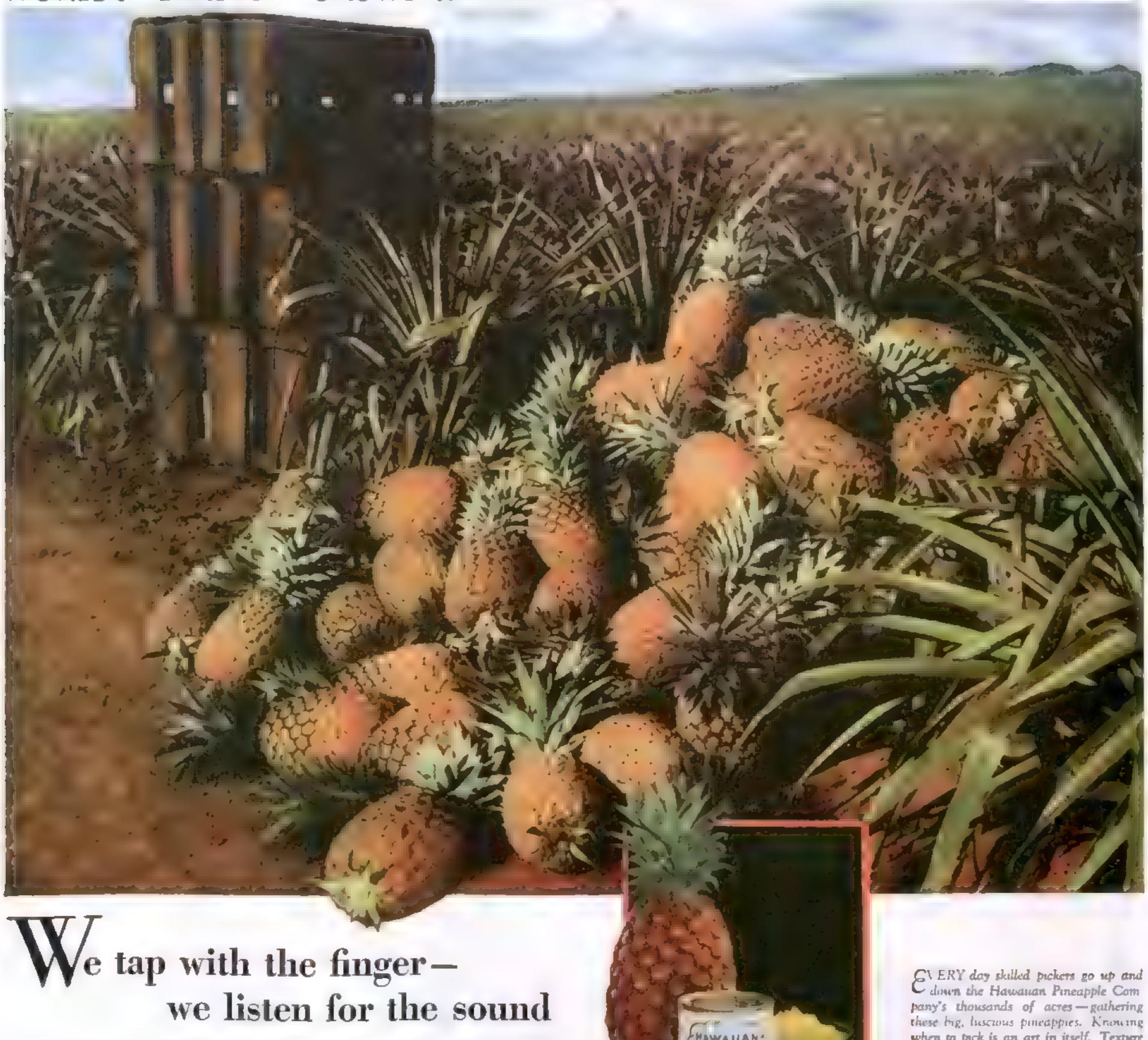

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That's how we make sure pineapples are ripe. Color doesn't count—neither does size. So we tap with the finger and listen for the sound—a mellow sound which, to the skilled picker, says:

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When we are sure, we pick—not before! It's expensive to gather pineapples this way. It means going over our 100,000,000 plants again and again. But then, it is things like this that have made the Hawaiian Pineapple Company the world's largest growers and canners of Hawaiian Pineapple.

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It's a helpful booklet, too, for it contains 32 new Hawaiian Pineapple recipes, created by Good Housekeeping, McCall's and Pictorial Review. For your copy just drop a note to Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Dept. S-S, 215 Market Street, San Francisco.

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WATER to swim in—youth—here are days to remember . . . Don't let sunburn steal the happy hours!

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Severe sunburn may mean fever—illness. Avoid discomfort, guard sleep, in this simple way. All summer is yours again!

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Keep Unguentine in your outing kit

WHITE HANDS

Continued from Page 25)

All they wanted was a start, and then things would be bound to right themselves. A little fire and a little food, and then they could study their problem and see where they were. Dumbness—plain, everyday dumbness—that was the thing they must guard against. They had forgotten to use their brains, and their fire had gone out for lack of wood. They had forgotten to look beyond their own unpowdered noses, and they had paid for it by a day of misery.

Paddy's ruminative eye wandered about the shack walls and came to a rest on the two grease-covered duck guns resting across their buck-antler pegs. They had made a prodigious roar, she remembered, when she had shot at that prowling animal in the bushes. She had seen the stab of flame in the dark. It would have frightened away an elephant.

"That stab of flame," she repeated aloud, as she suddenly sat up on her bunk. And flame meant fire, and fire meant warmth and shelter and food. "No brains!" she shouted aloud. "That's what's the matter with us—simply no brains!"

She knotted the loose blanket about her waist and stepped out through the open door. It felt warm and comfortable and reassuring in the flooding yellow sunlight. But she wanted a different sort of warmth, a tamed and tractable warmth, a warmth under a singing copper kettle and a frying pan with a fish on it.

She pioneered hurriedly about, peeling dry bark from the silvery birch boles, breaking dead twigs from the underbrush, gathering dry sticks from the outer circle of their dooryard.

"I've got it, Jinny!" she cried, as she carried these in to the rusty stove hearth.

"Got what?" asked the listless-eyed Jinny.

"A fire," answered Paddy, as she reached tremulously up for the duck gun. She looked squintingly about and then picked up the camp pillow of worn pilot cloth and dried pine needles. This she placed on the ground just outside the open door. Then she took the duck gun and held the barrel end close to the pilot cloth and pulled the trigger.

The powder blast of that shot, at such close range, promptly fired the cloth. She flung herself down on the shattered pillow, blowing on the smoking cloth, fanning it with her breath until the creeping glow extended to the pine needles and a thin column of smoke curled up in the air.

"I've got it!" repeated Paddy, as a bright and narrow flame broke out like a flag of victory. It grew in volume as she fed the smouldering pile with her little shreds of bark, with her delicately poised splinters of pine, with the heavier twigs in which the resinous sap began to sing like an imprisoned bee.

Then she ran in for a crockery plate and with it scooped up a handful of the burning mass and carried it to the open stove, where she piled more sticks and shouted for Jinny to run and bring fresh fuel—bark, chips, branches, anything that would burn. And when a flame broke out, when an open and unequivocal flame of actual fire danced rose-colored above the darker mass of fuel, an answering light of triumph flowered in the girl's intently watching eyes.

"We've got it!" she proclaimed still again, as she took the heavier sticks that Jinny was handing her and piled them over that essential core of heat. "All we need now is wood enough."

"And something to eat," said Jinny. "I'm hollow inside."

That took Paddy's appraising eye once more about the cabin. Life, of a sudden, seemed very simple and very rudimentary to the hungry girl in the gray blanket robe.

"Where's that dried bull meat?" she inquired, momentarily puzzled. "And those cast-iron biscuits of Pierre's."

"I ate 'em," acknowledged Jinny, evading her eye.

Paddy stood silent a moment. "People, naturally, have to eat," she conceded. "So I guess the next thing for us to do is take stock. There must be something here."

So they proceeded, with wide-eyed preoccupation, to assess the cabin's contents. From under the dish shelf behind the stove they drew out the shabby grub box, lined with zinc. From its musty interior they disinterred a withered and green-molded half side of bacon, a half sack of leathery-looking dried apples, a bag of flour into which field mice had at some time burrowed, a tobacco box filled with rusty salt, a cheese firkin holding a couple of pecks of white beans and a sack of corn meal with weevil webs in it.

"Could we eat it?" asked Jinny, sniffing at the rancid bacon side. She found it hard, as she spoke, to keep her voice from shaking.

"They slice it and fry it," proclaimed Paddy with a frown of sagacity. "It's breakfast bacon."

"We'd have to scrape it and wash it first," pursued Jinny. But Paddy apparently failed to hear her. Her estimative eye was wandering over the narrow shack, where she noticed the scant crockery dishes, the battered copper kettle, the skillet and boiling pot, the rough deal table with its three homemade stools, the litter of fishing tackle above the gun pegs, and a wooden water pail in which stood an ax with a broken handle.

"Couldn't we cook some of this stuff?" asked Jinny, as she lifted the meal sack out on the table end.

"I suppose it has to be boiled," ventured Paddy, as she inspected the iron pot on the stove back. She did the best she could to keep the choke from her voice. But she felt very helpless as she sat down on one of the three-legged stools and let her gaze rest on the empty table.

"The next thing we've got to have then is water," asserted Jinny, trying in vain to keep a tremolo of helplessness from her voice.

Paddy sat silent a moment with her own lips compressed. "The one thing we've got to have," she maintained with sudden vigor, "is grit—just plain grit, Jinny We may not be high steppers at this Robinson Crusoe game, and I don't know how long we're here for, but we're going to get away with it. We've got to!"

Jinny's eye remained a morose one as she stared out over the lake water and the faint blue line of hills beyond it. "I don't want to be a squawker," she finally admitted. "And we'd have had proper food, I suppose, if I hadn't been such a fool. I want to make up for that. But what's the use of trying to force a grin when you're so hungry it leaves you weak in the knees?"

Never before in all her life, she remembered, had she stood face to face with the bald menace of hunger. Never before had she found herself where the touch of a bell or a word to a maid would not have brought her immediate relief. But overnight, almost, that old world had vanished. And now she was staring rather wistfully down at a sack of weevil-tainted corn meal, even wondering if the musty yellow grits could possibly be eaten raw.

Those meditations, however, were interrupted by a small shout from Paddy, who was leaning over the grub box. "It's tea!" she cried. "I've found some tea!" And she triumphantly paraded a crumpled lead-leaf carton still holding an ounce or two of powdered tea leaves. It was the one thing comprehensible to their urban eyes, a ghostly reminder of other days, an emblem of well-being. "And now we'll eat proper," affirmed Paddy, as she took up the wooden pail and picked a guarded path to the lake edge for water.

When, an hour later, old Pierre appeared unexpectedly on the scene he encountered two young white women crouched gnome-like on log slabs, munching the last of their overcooked bacon slices and eating lumpy corn mush fried in a shallow river of fat. There was grease on their unwashed hands and smoke stains on their untanned young faces. But an odd look of contentment crept into their grimly concentrated faces as they refilled their crockery cups from the battered copper tea pail and voluptuously sipped the last of that still hot and amber-tinted liquid.

It was then and then only that Paddy turned a none too friendly glance in the direction of the silent Indian. "Did you bring us food?" she demanded, as she wiped her mouth on one corner of her blanket robe.

"Plenty grub here all time," proclaimed the impassive Pierre.

Paddy regarded him with a hostile eye. "You call that plenty?" she challenged, pointing toward the still-open grub box.

Pierre's deep-set eyes remained impassive. "That take him plenty full good fish," he quietly explained.

"And how do we get them?" challenged the younger girl.

"Catch um," replied Pierre. "And pit out there plenty full good turnips."

"Turnips!" cried Paddy. "Why, turnips aren't ——"

But Jinny silenced her with a glance. She even smiled understandingly up at the old Indian. "Pierre," she affirmed, "you are simply wonderful. I don't know what we'd do without you." Pierre's reply to this was suspiciously like a grunt. "You are going to help us in so many ways," pursued the dulcet-voiced Janet. "You know all about this sort of life and just what to do. That means we'll have to depend on you—depend on you tremendously. You understand that, of course?"

If Pierre understood, he gave no audible evidence of the same.

"In the first place," went on the softly smiling Jinny, "are you to stay with us?"

"Me no can stay on island," averred Pierre.

"But you'll stay near us," prompted the young white woman. "You'll stay close by over the water so you come help us plenty?" she amplified in unconscious imitation of her tutor's tongue.

"Yum," affirmed Pierre.

"You see, Pierre," continued the even-voiced young white woman with the mournful and starlike eyes, "there's so many things we seem to be in need of. But you are a heap clever chief, I know. I imagine there's no more clever chief in all these north woods. Am I not right, Paddy?"

"Heap plenty all right," solemnly assented the younger girl. But her smile was a sardonic one.

"Now in the matter of things to eat, Pierre," suggested the bland-eyed Janet. "Fish and turnips are all right in their way, but ——"

"Sheep back in hills," announced the old Indian.

"And how are we to get them?" inquired Jinny.

"Kill um."

"Of course," agreed the cogitating girl. "And how are we to get the other things?"

"Me mebbe bring deer by-um-by."

"That will be nice. A great hunter, of course, could always get deer. But there's also the question of clothes, you see. The rough ground hurts our feet and we need shoes."

"Me show um how make Indian moccasin," agreed Pierre.

"Good!" assented Jinny, turning the light of her smile on the wrinkled old face with the deep-set eyes. "But we need other things—things like soap and towels, for instance."

"Me show um," proclaimed Pierre, not without a touch of pride in his handicraft.

"You are simply wonderful, Pierre," repeated the young woman with the incredibly white hands.

(Continued on Page 72)

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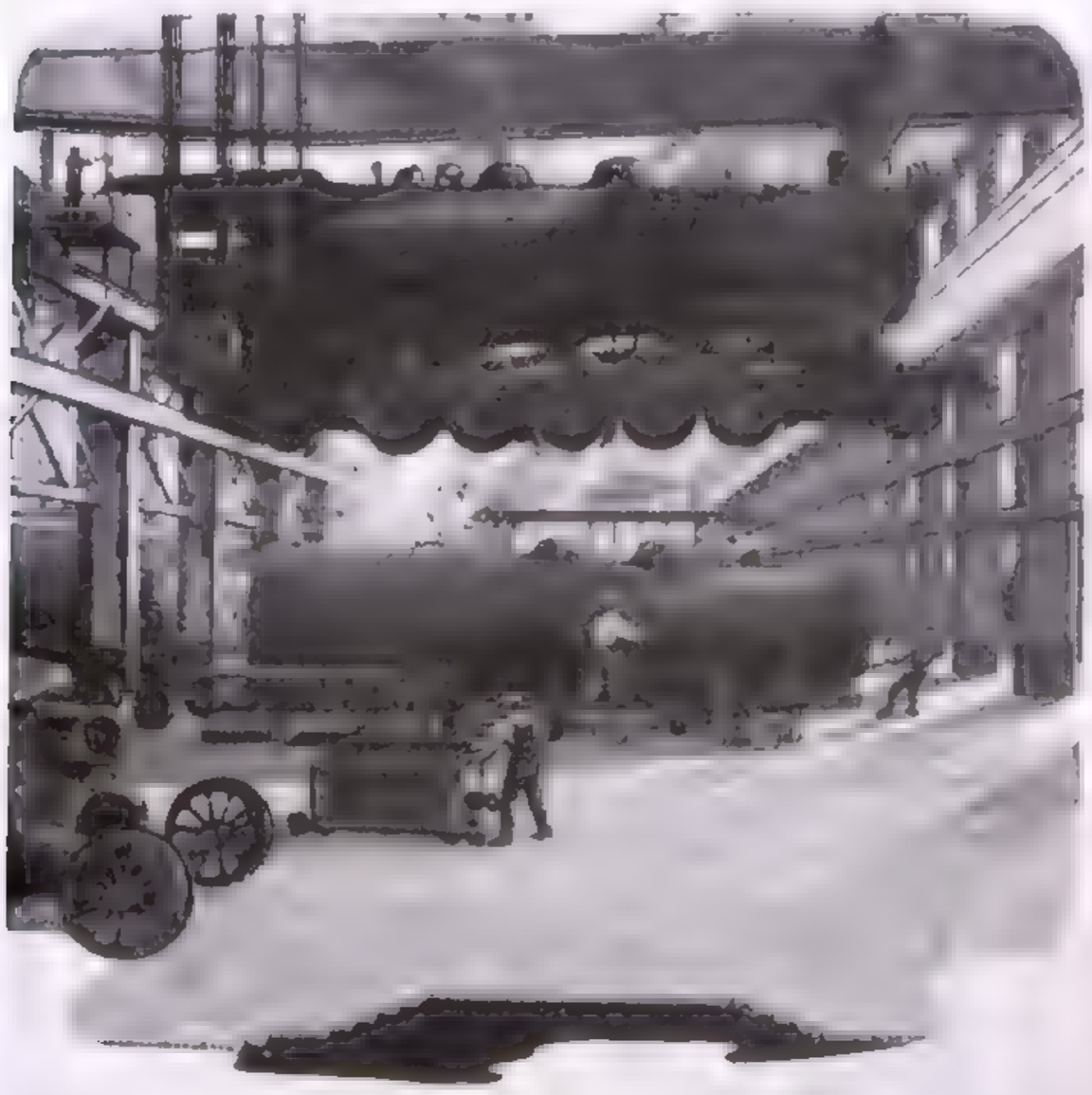

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FLOORS

(Continued from Page 70)

"You'd better ask him," suggested Paddy, "about cooking things."

"Yes, there's also the matter of cooking things," pursued the valorously patient Janet. "There's this flour, for instance. Just how should we go about cooking it?"

"Make him bannock," averred the old redskin.

"But how, Pierre?" persisted Janet, moving companionably close to his side.

"Me show um dinnertime," said Pierre, with a glance up at the sun.

"And I'm afraid we'll need more wood," ventured Jinny—"wood for our fire."

"Me fix um ax," conceded Pierre. "You chop um wood."

Jinny laughed at that, quietly and musically. "But I'm only a woman, you see I'm not very good at handling an ax."

"Handle um heap good in canoe two days ago," Pierre reminded her.

Jinny winced at that. After a brief space of silence, however, she was herself again. "But to go back to this question of dinner, Pierre," she pursued with her ingenuous and childlike smile. "What else do you suppose we could have to eat today?"

"Me fix fish lines," was the impassive reply. "You catch um."

"But I never cooked a fish in my life," explained the white girl, who was wondering at the moment just why she had been taught so few of these basic activities of existence.

"Me show um," said her wrinkled old tutor.

"You are wonderful, Pierre," proclaimed Jinny, as she patted him on his bent old shoulder. She ignored Paddy's flicker of a smile as she stepped thoughtfully back into the cabin. From her bunk head there she picked up the tiny gold wrist watch that had refused to go since its abrupt immersion in lake water. "Let me see your hand," she said, as she returned to Pierre's side. Her eyes were solemn as she fastened the little jeweled chain of linked gold and platinum about the bony bronze wrist. "That is for you," she said, as she backed smilingly away.

Pierre spoke no word of thanks, but he stared long and intently at the strange ornament that glimmered and sparkled so valiantly in the open sunlight, and a less somber light glittered in the deep-set eyes.

"Me show um where catch heap good fish," he proclaimed, as he emerged from that momentary trance.

So, two hours later, after Paddy and Jinny had thrilled to the first tug of a black bass on the end of their lines, after they had watched the old Indian scale and clean their catch, after they had stood over him as he kneaded flour and water and bacon fat into thick disks of dough and baked it into bannocks, they dined on fried fish rolled in corn meal and boiled turnips and freshly stewed dried apples and warm bannock and weak tea.

"This might be worse," proclaimed Paddy, as she licked her fingers. She stretched with the contentment of the well-fed young animal she found herself to be. The narcotic noonday sun lay warm on the little hollow between the pine groves. An early bee buzzed in at the shack door, roved noisily about between the narrow walls and wandered away again. Pierre, who had hobbled down to the lake for a pail of water, stood a motionless black silhouette against the reflected light as he stared mysteriously across at the mainland.

"This might be worse," repeated Paddy, as she leaned back on the split-log doorstep and let the sunlight soak into her relaxed young body. "I rather like the smell of this air up here."

But Jinny, who had been pacing restlessly about the cabin, spoke with unexpected sharpness. "But I don't like the size of this shack," she frowningly proclaimed. "We need another room here, and something better than log stools to sit on."

"How'll you get them?" was Paddy's indolent query.

"I think we'll get them," retorted Janet, as she pioneered about the deeper corners of the cabin. "And here's a cotton blanket that can be cut up for clothes, and an old flannel shirt that can surely be cut down for one of us. And here's a khaki hunting suit with a hole burned through the coat. But there's no reason it can't be made over."

Paddy, peering across her shoulder, found little reason for triumph in that discovery. "Did you ever sew?" she demanded.

"No; but I suppose I can learn," was Jinny's slightly retarded reply.

"Who'll teach you?"

"Pierre will." And Paddy wondered why, at that particular moment, she should remember that Jinny's face had always been acknowledged a lovely one.

"And how about stockings?" asked the younger girl, as she slapped at a mosquito that had settled on her knee.

"I asked Pierre about that," explained the lady with the starlike eyes. "He says that there's wool from the sheep and that we spin the wool into yarn and then knit the yarn into stockings. He's promised to make us knitting needles out of bone."

This seemed to give the younger girl much to think about, for she stood silent a full minute before moving slowly toward the door again. "How long are we here for?" she questioned, for the second time that day.

"Ask me that in a week," was Jinny's quietly enunciated answer.

Paddy's upraised hand followed the wavering course of a hungry mosquito, which she finally obliterated against a wall log.

"Pierre says he'll fix up some mosquito bars for us," she irrelevantly observed. And she added, with equal irrelevancy: "You know, Jinny, I'm beginning to feel that women are rather helpless without a man around."

"And woman's problem," averred Jinny, "is to keep them around!"

Paddy's eyes were solemn.

"We haven't much to work on," she ruminatively observed.

"*Au royaume des aveugles*," quoted the faintly smiling Jinny, "*les borgnes sont rois*."

"Which means?" demanded Paddy.

"That even old Pierre isn't to be entirely overlooked," announced Jinny as she studied her face, faintly limned in a bread tin which she had scoured and burnished with wood ashes. But the misty and distorted reflection of her own features, apparently, wasn't altogether to her liking, for the grimace that she made as she tossed aside the tin was one of disdain shot through with indifference.

VI

JANET was trying to gut a fish. The fish in question was a slimy-bodied muskellunge which Pierre had hooked on his way over to the island. She had scraped at its scales until her fingers ached with weariness; she had dug out its fins with her dull-bladed kitchen knife; she had shut her eyes and crunchingly cut off the tapered head that stared up at her in solemn-visaged disapproval. And now she was trying to remove the entrails.

But Janet's knife was dull, the skin of the fish was tough, and it impressed her, on the whole, as an incredibly loathsome and laborious way of acquiring an evening meal. She shivered as she tore open the pallid belly and shut her jaw tight before she could summon up courage to pull away the embedded viscera.

She stopped suddenly and stared at her hands. They were maculated with mucus and blood. It impressed her as essentially unfair that she should be confronted with such tasks. It was bestial and degrading, and made her feel a little sick at her stomach. She was not made for contact with such things. And she hated so much blood and sliminess.

"Filthy—it's filthy!" she gasped as she flung the offal aside with dripping fingers.

She had to breathe deep and steady her nerves before she could take up the big bloodied carcass that had slipped from her

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WHO WILL GET IT?

THERE will be only about so much money this year—but desire seems infinite.

Mother's laudable ambition is to move into a house on fashionable Willow Terrace—no larger but considerably more expensive. Father already has a radio, but last night it was criticised severely by his seventeen-year-old son. A better one was mentioned—only a little bit more expensive. The car no longer behaves nor looks like a yearling. They have about made up their minds to a new one—a better one. And at the house on Willow Terrace, with its two-car garage, they will in all probability buy a second, smaller car—for use by the children. Mother and daughter have their critical heads together, as they talk of frocks and coats and dinner dresses.

Father's income is sizable, but it cannot begin to go round. After the life insurance premium and the savings fund have been taken care of, after the grocer has been paid and the fuel bills met—who will get the rest?

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grasp. She even refused to look up as Paddy, with an iron mixing spoon in her hand, came and stood over her.

"They certainly ought to come already cleaned," observed the younger girl.

"I used to think they did," muttered Jinny as she stared down at a spine stab in her hand.

"But everything seems to have insides," conceded the thoughtful-eyed Paddy.

"Then I don't want to handle 'em," was Jinny's embittered ultimatum.

"But somebody's always had to do it, I suppose," pursued the girl with the iron spoon, "only we never knew about it. They certainly never skinned themselves and lay down to go bye-bye in a neat little bed of water cress and sliced cucumber."

"Women," protested Jinny, "weren't meant for such work."

"But a lot o' them must have done it," averred Paddy as she squatted down on the moss-covered rock. "They must have cleaned fish and cut up animals and scraped hides and carried water and washed out dirty clothes and boiled turnips and lugged in firewood and wondered where their next meal was going to come from."

"You mean," corrected Jinny, "before they were civilized."

"But somebody has to do it, even for the civilized people. The funny thing is that it's all been done behind our backs—that we've never seen it."

"Who wants to see it?" demanded Jinny. And Paddy, for a moment or two, frowned over that problem.

"I wonder," she finally ventured, "if people can't sometimes get too civilized? We had water pipes and porcelain taps and steam heat and rose-colored restaurants and big factories to make things for us and fool-proof automobiles to carry us about, and all we had to do for it was sign a check. But it's begun to dawn on me, Jinny, that there was always somebody just around the corner doing the dirty work."

"They're welcome to it," was Jinny's listless rejoinder.

"But why weren't we shown things?" protested the other. "Why weren't we taught to do something?"

"Because some big-chief lord of creation chose to do them for us. Because men wanted to work and make money."

"And left us empty-handed!"

Jinny wiped the half-dried gore from her knife blade. "Then I suppose father's big idea is really to starve us into a knowledge of how much he's been doing for us!"

But Paddy demurred at that.

"I don't believe dad ever really demanded gratitude from us. He's not that trivial. But did it ever occur to you that he may have had a halfway human desire to wake us up to what we actually ought to be grateful for?"

"That sounds like ditching the car to show how smooth the roads were."

But still again Paddy shook her bobbed head in dissent. "No, Jinny, you're wrong. He may not be doing it in the right way, but it seems to me he's really trying us out. He's doing his darnedest to teach us to stand on our own feet. And that's why I rather want to muck through this next month or two, if it can be done. It's not so much that I want to justify myself, if you get what I mean. But I've got a half-hearted sort of hunch that we ought to justify poor old dad."

Jinny's eye remained a smoldering one. "For being quarantined on a God-forsaken island like this?" she demanded.

"We're both alive," retorted the younger girl.

"If you call it living," asserted her sister.

"It will certainly seem more like living," announced Paddy as she rose to her feet, "when we get that fish washed and baked and smothered in a plate of mashed turnips."

Jinny's laugh was a mirthless one. "And when I get sandals or bearskin mules to put on these feet of mine," she added as she ran an explorative finger along the bruised and reddened sole of her foot.

"Pierre," announced Paddy, "is going to show us how to make moccasins tonight."

And this Pierre did, with scraps of smoke-tanned hide and hunting knife and rabbit-bone needle and split animal fiber for sewing thread. He stolidly measured the small and narrow feet and cut the creosotic hide and showed the bewildered white women how to stitch together the heavy seams. But it was slow work for their untrained fingers, and when the long northern evening deepened into twilight the old Indian built a fire in the cabin yard, and in the wavering light of its flames the three preoccupied figures sat fashioning their rough footwear of the wilds. They were oddly silent as they worked. And the two smaller and paler figures looked strangely timeless in their thong-bound robes of blanket cloth, looked as though they belonged to the age of bronze, where life was simple and rough and self-contained.

Paddy, when her fingers were tired from forcing the rough needle point through the resisting hide edges, sat back with a sigh, staring at the fire glow that lighted up the little ravine between the black-fringed rock shoulders on either side of them. For the first time it came home to her, as she sat there, how much illumination meant to modern life, how all modern cities flowered at dusk into happy gardens of light. Here on their island they had no wall switches to turn and no shaded bulbs to spring into rose-tinted radiance. They had no lamps, no cressets and torches, not even a candle. They had only the flame of an open fire, burning the wood of the forest. They went to bed with the birds and awakened with the rising sun. That, she assumed, was the way the Lord of life had originally meant them to live—the sane and natural way of unquestioning animals. But men had not been satisfied to remain merely animals. They had made tools and machinery and gathered into closely packed camps, and looked more and more to especially trained neighbors for their needs. They had learned trades and professions and specialized in their own pursuits, and left life so hopelessly complicated that no man or woman could ever again be entirely alone or independent or apart from the herd.

She herself, she knew, could never be altogether alone and altogether happy. She had been spoiled for solitude. She was not unconscious of a vague but abysmal want in her life. She had an unworded dread of the darkness, a craving for companionship, a hunger for something protectional between her and the ever deepening shadows. It dawned on her, as she studied the bent and shadowy figure of old Pierre, that it was not men and women in the aggregate she wanted, but a man, a mate, a camp guard of her own, a tribe partner to link up with her restless and groping womanhood.

She would always have to depend on a man. And men, on the other hand, seemed to look for that dependence and like it. That, apparently, was a part of the scheme of things. She hadn't, of course, much to give them in return, beyond the fact that she might possibly brighten up their day for them about the same as a rose in a water glass would brighten up her dad's office desk. But the wheels of the world would grind on without her being of much use to it. She couldn't even clothe or feed herself. She couldn't sew as straight a seam in a square of buckskin as the quavering-handed old Pierre. She couldn't skin a rabbit and cut it up for a stew without his help. She was merely an ornament. And another week or two of wilderness life would turn her into a failure at that.

And Paddy, without quite knowing it, fell to thinking fundamentally about existence for the first time in her life. She still sat by the fire, even after Pierre had gruntingly groped about for his possessions and paddled off in the darkness. She sat there with knitted brows, remembering how Peter had once called her a gate crasher. But in those airiest flights of hers, she recalled, she had always ridden on somebody else's back. She had never learned to walk alone.

"I wonder," said the voice of Jinny across the bed of birch-wood coals, "just what the bunch are doing at the Lido tonight?"

"And if the Park still looks the same from the Century Roof?" added the slightly homesick Paddy. "And who waded into the goldfish pond out at Charlette's last night? And if the Ambassador orchestra is playing that same old Manon aria, and if the same old crowd is swinging out to the Arrowhead, and if the police really took up the plate-mirror floor at the Rose Tree?"

"Why should they?" inquired the indifferent-voiced Jinny.

"Because it was so cheaply vulgar," was Paddy's unexpected reply.

"You danced on it often enough."

"That was before I knew better."

"And before we reached the refinement of taking a bath in a jam pail," retorted Jinny.

"Well, it's the keeping clean that counts."

"I could do it a trifle easier with a cake of French soap."

"Pierre says we'll be able to make pretty good soap by leaching the lye out of our wood ashes and boiling it down with animal fats. He says that's all any soap is, if you leave out the perfume."

"I hope it smells a little better than his boiled rabbit."

Paddy sat silent a moment. "We can't afford to be too choosy," she said when she looked up from the coal glow, "but I was just wondering how an iced Casaba with lime juice and orgeat would taste. And then a sauté of soft-shell crabs with braised celery, followed up with a tangerine ice and a pot of Antoine's coffee."

"Shut up!" cried Jinny, as she rose to her feet and shook out her dirt-smeared blanket. "I'm hungry enough as it is."

Paddy did her best to remain solemn. "There's still a piece of that corn-meal hoe-cake in the grub box," she casually reminded her sister.

"I finished that up before I came out," confessed Janet the untamed.

VII

IT WAS mid-afternoon, two days later, when Janet repaired to a shoulder of shore rock which Pierre had pointed out to her as a good place for fishing. She was clad in a smoke-stained khaki hunting suit roughly stitched together with fishline, and on her feet she wore moccasins with doeskin leggings that laced almost to the knee.

Both her face and hands were slightly sunburned, but there was a new look of absorption in her eyes as she cast and recast her fly along the still and shadowy waters of the rock pool. The lines of petulance about her crisply curved lips seemed less marked. And her movements, as she fought with fish after fish and finally lost or landed it, were marked by a new quiet determination that sometimes merged on grimness. For it was her daily food that she was harvesting. She had learned the first law of the wilderness. She knew the need now of amassing supplies beyond the call of the moment. Food, after all, did not rain down from heaven. It was expedient to have a reserve stock, something between the exigent human stomach and actual starvation, something for hungry mouths to turn to in case of accident or inclement weather. And it was comforting to know that one had even fish meat, smoked and dried after the manner in which Pierre was teaching them to smoke and dry it, stored away for the unknown future.

Janet could see, as she glanced back over her shoulder, the companionable blue smoke going up from their cabin chimney. She could discern the pile of stove wood which Pierre had cut for them that morning. She could make out Paddy's gray figure as she gathered up their sunning blankets, draped them over her bare arm and carried them in through the cabin door. And she wondered why, as the sun sank lower, the unfathomed centripetal force of that cabin should increase. But more than once now, as night had come on, she had felt the tug of that central point of their life, the call of fire and shelter amid the solitude, the demand for security in the midst of the unknown. It wasn't much, but for the time being it meant home. And that word, she began to realize, could take on a meaning to which she had never before awakened.

She had ceased to cast and was staring frowningly down at her hand, where an imbedded fish spine had left the flesh sore, when she became aware of movement—unexpected movement—along the open surface of the lake.

It was a canoe, she saw as she looked up—a canoe that had slowly and quietly rounded the outer point. It was a small and battered-looking old birch-bark, in which sat a solitary paddler. This paddler, who seemed to be trolling for fish as he indolently skirted the shore line, made the watching girl think of a scarecrow bowled over by a gust of wind.

Janet, as she stared intently at that drifting shadow, saw that her scarecrow was a young Indian—an unkempt and ragged-looking Indian in a ridiculously tattered felt hat. He sat inert and relaxed, slumped listlessly down on himself, neither greatly interested in his surroundings nor in the spoon and line which he so lazily trailed behind his drifting canoe. Yet he started visibly when the white girl called out to him.

"Hello!" said Janet, with a friendly enough wave of the hand.

But the brown-faced youth in the canoe made no answer. He merely sat stunned, staring at the unexpected figure on the rock shelf.

"Where are you from?" demanded the girl, advancing to the extreme end of her rock point

But still there was no answer. The young man in the canoe slowly and vacantly pulled in his spoon and dropped it at his feet.

"Come here, please," was the slightly imperious request that went caroling across the water. But the young Indian, for reasons known only to himself, ignored that modified command. He even turned away with what seemed a movement of abashment. And before the girl on the rock shelf could speak to him further he took up his paddle, swung about his canoe and resolutely headed for the open water of the opal-green lake. He looked back once or twice, oddly like an animal in flight, but he paddled on until the distance swallowed him up.

This encounter, inconsequential as it was, gave Janet a good deal to think about. Uncouth as that young stranger had been in appearance and movement, he continued to loom absurdly large on the horizon of consciousness. But she was indeterminately depressed, on the other hand, by that unresponsive stranger's flight from her presence. It was an experience somewhat new to her.

Yet she was cool enough about it as, that night after supper, she passed the information on to Paddy. "There's a man in the offing," she casually announced as she sat wiping a crockery plate on a square of well-boiled bagging hemp.

"You mean Pierre?" observed Paddy. She was busy at the moment scrubbing their greasy skillet with wood ashes.

"No; a much younger Indian. He was fishing along our shore line. But he went like a rabbit when I spoke to him."

This, however, quite failed to impress Paddy. "What difference does it make?" she demanded, as she polished the skillet and hung it up behind the stove.

"I don't know yet," answered the meditative-eyed Janet. "But it shows we're not so much alone up here as father imagined and everything helps."

Paddy stopped to wring out her wash cloth of tattered khaki. "By the way," she observed, "Pierre's promised to dig our turnip patch for us. And he's bringing me a flint and steel, in case our fire goes out."

Janet sat with her chin in her hand. "The one thing I can't get over," she finally affirmed, "is the useless cruelty of all this. There were easier ways of getting

(Continued on Page 75)

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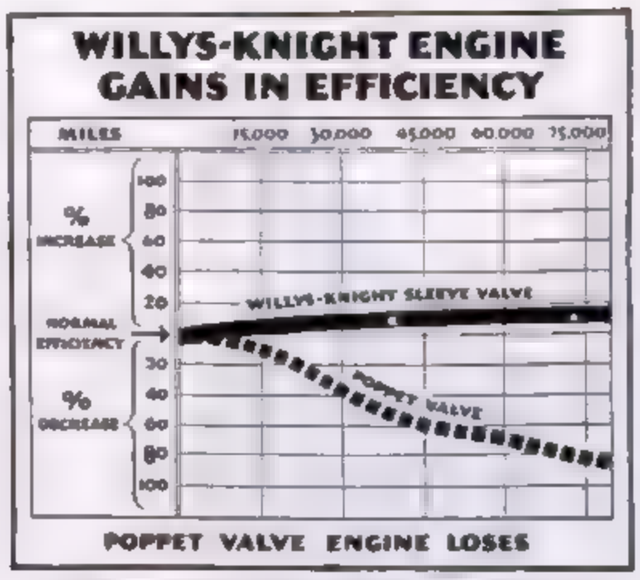

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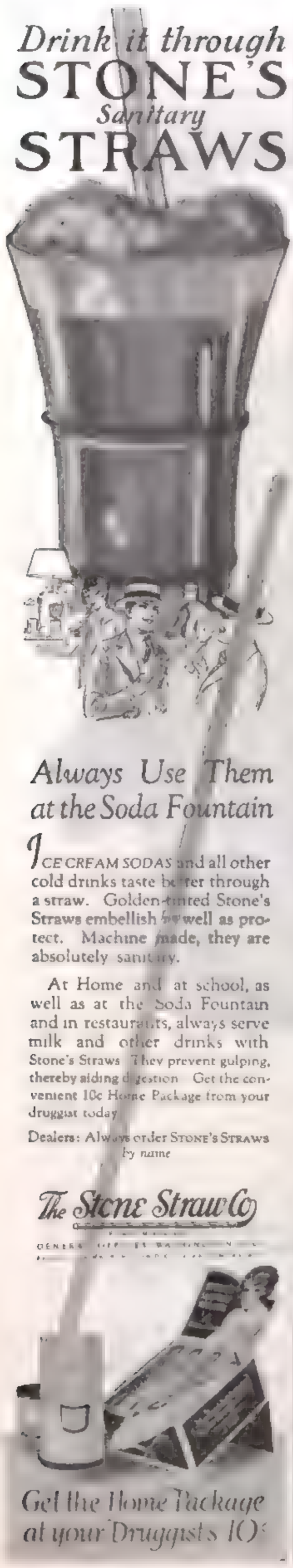
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(Continued from Page 75)

rid of us, and father knows it. But that's the humiliating part of the whole thing—the thought that you're about as important as a dead cat that somebody can toss out into the back alley."

"Perhaps we weren't," suggested Paddy, as she stooped to put fresh wood on the fire.

"But all father is doing," maintained Janet, "is fooling himself. He's sentimentalizing that old strong-man stuff. And it's about as absurd, after all, as the old cheap-fiction idea that as soon as a man confronts a civilized girl with roughness she's ready to succumb to his manly strength. There's nothing to it. Peter knew that, and poor old Peter's way was the right way."

"I can't see that it ever got him very far," was Paddy's preoccupied comment. "Or that it did either of us much good."

"Do you think this Napoleon-on-St.-Helena stuff is doing us much good?"

Paddy did not answer at once. She first seated herself with a frayed flannel shirt which, with the help of one of Pierre's rabbit-bone needles, she was laboriously fashioning into a waist. "It may sound absurd," she said, as she bent frowningly over her sewing, "but I find that I'm actually learning to sleep right. I did nine hours without a turn last night. And this morning when I swung that door open and watched the sun come up I felt almost happy. I don't mean I'm crazy about this sort of thing. I couldn't be satisfied until I had sugar and coffee and soap and cold cream and a toothbrush and a few more clothes. But there could be worse things than being here."

"Name them," was the morose challenge.

But Paddy sat silent a moment. "I suppose we could still make a stab at being good sports," she finally observed.

"How?" demanded Jinny.

"By taking our medicine," retorted the other, "and taking it without whining."

"But I never asked for it," objected Jinny, "and I don't want it. It looks to me like being suddenly thrown overboard. That, I believe, is the way Indians teach their children to swim. But it's a rotten way, to my manner of thinking."

Still again Paddy stood silent. Then: "It isn't altogether our fault, of course, that we're so useless. There didn't seem anything much to do. But I can't say that city life was such a bed of roses. We kidded ourselves along and pretended the world was our oyster. But I always felt like something in a squirrel cage. We kept on the jump without getting anywhere."

"You're not trying to say," demanded Jinny, "that you like this sort of thing?"

Paddy's reply seemed slightly irrelevant: "Pierre's showing me how to make meal out of dried bulrush roots, and he says we'll have fresh flour before another week's gone."

"Bulrush roots! How nice and woodsy! And I suppose I'll have to turn a cart wheel when the blueberries start to come in!"

But Paddy refused to bow to that sharper note. "It's for you, darling, that the old boy seems to be breaking his neck."

Jinny's frown, however, did not disappear. "Well, it's a pretty left-handed line of service. You may have observed that the old redskin declines to let me ride in his canoe. And that log raft I tried so hard to get together, you may also have observed, has mysteriously disappeared."

"I suppose Pierre has his promises to keep," proffered Paddy.

"He's at least improving," averred Jinny.

Paddy looked up from her sewing. "Do you think, Jinny, that we're playing quite fair with that old redskin?"

"Perhaps we can teach him to play fair with us. And, anyway, did our own father play exactly fair with us, dumping us here on an island full of copperheads?"

"Are there copperheads?"

"Well, there might be, for all he cared. And black flies and mosquitoes don't make such a bad second. But we've a right to let Pierre help us out a little if he's willing to, and we've a right to let the old fellow feel his importance. That's a woman's privilege. And we need all of 'em that we can hang onto."

"I s'pose that's why Peter used to call us grafters."

"Peter," proclaimed the other, "had better stick to his pill boxes. He used to worry about us getting blinded with wood alcohol, but my vision's still clear enough to spot about the only fighting chance that's left for women like us. D' you remember when we started taking those riding lessons at Dorland's? And how that German riding master made us stop and 'mak a leetle ofer our horses,' as he phrased it? We seemed to get along better with them after a little petting. It made them easier to ride. Well, the same thing applies to men."

"When you have the men to lean on," Paddy reminded her.

"As a clinging vine," acknowledged the candid Jinny, "I'll always need 'em."

"Which means, you'll always be at their mercy!"

Jinny's laugh was defensively curt. "Then I'll do my darnedest never to let them know it," she averred, taking a deep breath. "And I'd give an arm, almost, for a cigarette."

"Why not try making one?"

"I have, twice, Miss Robinson Crusoe. But I can't agree with the Injun who gets a kick out of willow bark. It only burns my throat."

Paddy refused to show her emotions. She rose resolutely to her feet, checked the stove and slapped a mosquito that was dining on her forearm. "Pierre is going to show me how to butcher a sheep tomorrow," she casually announced. "And butchered sheep means a real roast of mutton. Fish may be good brain food, and we may have needed it, but I'm rather fed up on anything that floats in water."

But the next morning, when Paddy was discovering the ancient and authentic source of mutton, her older sister was pioneering along an equally unexpected line of knowledge. For when Janet went down to the lake for a pail of water, instead of finding the decrepit-looking Pierre landing from his canoe, she found her timorous visitor of the day before solemnly stepping ashore.

Instead of beholding a ragged and unkempt young Indian, however, she saw a straight-shouldered and brown-skinned young man in what looked like an officer's uniform, with every buckle and button polished, with belt and putties shimmering, and with three undecipherable decorations glinting side by side on the left breast of the slightly rumpled service coat.

Janet tried not to gasp. But there was something theatrical about both the completeness and the abruptness of that transformation, just as there was a touch of the theatrical in the silent promptitude with which the man in uniform clicked his heels together and saluted.

"Oh, it's you," said Janet, inadequately enough, as she put down her pail. But her scrutiny of him, close as it was, remained coldly impersonal. "Why did you run away yesterday?"

The brown features stiffened a trifle at that, but the question remained unanswered.

"Do you happen to speak English?" she inquired, smiling in spite of herself.

"Rather," was the altogether unexpected reply.

It was Janet this time who grew solemn. "How interesting!" she said, still coolly impersonal. "And why are you wearing that uniform—and those little doodabs on the front of it?"

He resented, plainly enough, the derisive note in her voice. But she admired the grimness of the dignity that was keeping his face impassive. "I won those on the Western Front," he said, with an effort at casualness. Yet he remained motionless as she continued to study him.

"You look rather young to have been through the war," she ventured.

"I was," he proclaimed, with a purely achieved languidness.

She hesitated over her next question. "Are you an Indian?" she finally inquired.

"I am Chief Black Arrow," he said, with more hauteur than seemed necessary.

"That means you have a tribe, doesn't it?" asked Janet, as she sat down on her overturned pail.

Black Arrow's shrug impressed her as an oddly sophisticated one. It said so much and at the same time left so much unsaid. "I was a Carlisle Indian before I came north," he casually explained. "My people are all south of the line."

"Carlisle is an Indian school, isn't it?"

"Yes. But I had a year at Dickson College before I went to Oxford."

"Oxford?" echoed the young woman on the overturned pail. That, she mentally admitted, tended to account for the unexpected world weariness in the full-voweled intonation. "Did you like Oxford?"

"Rather," admitted the young redman. "I was on their polo team. But I preferred cow-punching. And I was a bit of a boxer in those days. In fact, I almost took it up as a business. But the war came and that gave me my chance. . . . Care to smoke?"

Janet stared rather wide-eyed at the opened nickel case that held two solitary cigarettes. They looked slightly battered about the edges.

"Thanks," she murmured, as she took one and leaned toward the lighted match end which he held out for her. "Are these your last?"

Black Arrow's shrug was at least a courtly one. Even though the last, that movement implied, it was an honor to share them with a lady so gracious.

"Won't you sit down?" asked Janet, after a moment of meditative silence.

She noticed, for the first time, the Indian moccasins beneath the polished military putties. And when he sat down, she likewise observed, there was something unmistakably aboriginal in his manner of squatting on his crossed legs. It made the uniform with the flashing buttons slightly incongruous.

"Tell me about the war," she pursued—"I mean what you did and what you got out of it."

She noticed, for the first time, the blackness of his eyebrows and the incommunicable moroseness of the deep-set and Indian-dark eyes. They were estranging eyes, as remote, in one way, as an animal's. And yet about him was an air of artlessness that made the ruminating woman think of an overgrown child—a child a trifle too conscious of the impression it might be creating.

"This was about all I got out of it," Black Arrow was saying in a deep-throated voice that impressed his listener as slightly saxophonic. He touched the medals on his breast and passed a brown hand along the face of his tunic.

"But that implies bravery, doesn't it?" demanded Janet, blinking at the decorations.

"Oh, I did quite a bit of sniping. But I got rather tired of it in the end; seven hours, sometimes, waiting for a shot. I was still an Indian, you see. And when I got my lieutenancy, after Givenchy, the older men didn't find it so easy to forget that. We had a row or two, and I was transferred to the Eighty-fifth. But I was restless after that, and was glad enough when the show was over."

"Were you wounded at all?" asked Janet, taking a deeper breath.

"Five times," answered Black Arrow, without emotion.

"And afterward?" prompted the young white woman.

The bronze-skinned young warrior threw away his cigarette end. "Then came rather a different kind of fight," he quietly acknowledged. "I had an offer or two of inside work, after I got my discharge at Winnipeg. But I couldn't stand being shut up within four walls. You see, I'm an Indian. I thought I was civilized, but I wasn't. I couldn't quite think with a white man's brain. I wanted to be outdoors.

(Continued on Page 80)

LOG CABIN
Maple Charlotte

2 cupfuls rich milk
2 eggs
2 tablespoons granulated gelatin
2 tablespoons cold milk
½ teaspoon salt
1 cupful LOG CABIN Syrup
½ cupful chopped shredded coconut
½ teaspoon almond extract

Method

1—Scald the milk in a double boiler and pour it slowly over the egg yolks (well beaten).
2—Return to the double boiler and cook five minutes.
3—Add the gelatin which has soaked a few minutes in the cold milk to which the salt has been added.
4—Remove from the fire and add Log Cabin Syrup.
5—Let cool, and when beginning to set, add the shredded coconut and the almond extract.
6—Beat until frothy and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites.
7—Turn into cold wet individual molds to stiffen. Serve with or without whipped cream.

(Use ½ cup of blanched almonds (chopped) in place of coconut if desired.)

This recipe serves about 8 persons.

LOG CABIN
Tea Dainties

1—1 cup LOG CABIN SYRUP
2—½ cup of shortening
3—3 and ¼ cups flour
4—½ teaspoon soda
5—1 and ½ teaspoons salt

Method

Heat the Log Cabin Syrup to boiling point and pour over the shortening.

Add dry ingredients mixed and sifted. Chill.

Chill thoroughly by placing on ice.

Place ¼ of the mixture at a time on a floured board and roll as THINLY AS POSSIBLE.

Cut with a small cutter either round or any desired shape, first dipped in flour.

Place near together on a cookie sheet or pan and bake in a moderate oven (375° F) until well browned. While rolling one portion the bowl containing the rest of the mixture should be kept in a cool place, or it will be necessary to add more flour to dough, which makes cookies hard rather than crisp and short.

This recipe makes about 4 dozen small cookies.

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Tomorrow night
serve this luscious dessert

Newly created by Betty Crocker, renowned Home Economics Expert, for use only with Log Cabin Syrup

Here is a delicious new dessert for hot summer nights. Light and tempting. Mellow and rich. And as cool and refreshing as an ocean breeze. Good for everyone, too.

Notice the two recipes. How alluring they are. Log Cabin Maple Charlotte! Rich milk, Log Cabin Syrup, shredded coconut, a dash of almond extract—beaten frothy, then stiffened in individual molds and served with whipped cream.

And when served with Log Cabin Tea Dainties, what a delightful dessert. For these are dainty, thin, crisp cookies. Delicately flavored with maple. They fairly melt in your mouth.

Use only Log Cabin

Miss Betty Crocker created these lovely recipes especially for use only with Log Cabin Syrup. Don't use any other syrup or flavoring. For Log Cabin has a luscious flavor of pure maple that *permeates* every bite with rich goodness. That is why it is the most popular high-grade syrup in the world.

We use only the two choicest kinds of maple—New England and Canadian. These are blended with purest granulated sugar by the famous 40-year-old Towle process. Nothing else is used. Hence the delicious maple flavor—rare and melting.

Make this test

Order a can of Log Cabin Syrup today. Then make Log Cabin Maple Charlotte and Log Cabin Tea Dainties. If you don't agree that Log Cabin is the most delicious syrup you have ever used—that this new dessert is the most delicious you have ever eaten—return the unused portion of the can to us. We will refund the *full* purchase price, including postage.

Log Cabin Syrup comes in three sizes. Order from your grocer today and make this test—*at our risk*. If he can't supply you, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied at once.

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THE CENTER OF NORTH AMERICA

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LAMINEX DOORS

Will not shrink, swell or warp

Continued from Page 78

When they told me I'd go back to the feathers, I laughed at them at first. I drifted around for a year, cow-punching, horse-breaking, acting as a guide on a dude ranch, riding buckers at the stampedes. It didn't lead to anything. And I guess I was drinking a good deal. So I got tired of it all and went back to the blanket."

Janet sat intently studying his face. "How do you mean you went back to the blanket?" she finally inquired.

"That's the way they phrase it out here when an educated Indian goes back to living as his ancestors lived."

"And you preferred that?" asked the perplexed girl.

"It seemed the easiest way," was the answer.

"And you've been up here in the wilderness ever since?"

Again she saw the incongruous worldly shrug of the shoulder. "I traveled with the Buffalo Bill circus outfit for one winter," acknowledged the other. "And once I was down in your city, at the Sportsmen's Show in the old Garden there. But all I've done in the last year or two is a little guide work and a bit of timber cruising for the big pulp company."

"What big pulp company?" she asked. She was wondering why she felt vaguely sorry for him.

"Your father's," was his answer.

"Then you know who I am?" He nodded assent, but his face remained impassive. "And why we are here?" she pursued.

"I was told you were wrecked on the island."

"That is quite true, in one way. But who told you?"

"Old Pecotte, for one."

"Does that mean Pierre?" she inquired, resenting the slightly contemptuous note that had crept into his voice. Still again he nodded assent. "Then we're not so alone up here as I imagined?" she ventured.

"You will find very few neighbors about here," he explained. "It is not a good country for white women."

"You mean it is dangerous?"

"Not dangerous, but hard," he amended.

"So it seems," she murmured, looking down at her hands. When she glanced up at him, however, she did so with her most engaging smile. "But we have you. You will help us, won't you?"

"How?"

She sat silent a moment before speaking. "You see, two children have been shut up in the dark closet for being bad, and we may need somebody to help us get away."

That speech seemed to give him considerable to think over. "Your father," he finally explained, "is a very powerful man up in this territory. Once it was the factors of the great company; now it is the man with the timber rights."

"The pulp-wood king!" said Janet, with a tinge of bitterness.

To that ejaculation, however, Black Arrow ventured no reply.

Janet's contemplative eyes were studying his face. "Could you take a message out for me," she ventured, "if you were well paid for it?"

He stiffened at that, unexpectedly. "I do not go out," he finally explained.

"So they're all against us!" she ruminated aloud.

"I am not against you," he protested. Instead of looking at her, however, he was staring out over the lake. "I think you could be very happy here, once you made up your mind to take what the country gives you."

She was on the point of protesting that she was not an Indian. But instead of that, when his glance returned to her, she said something quite different: "Could you help to make us happy?"

His face was oddly barricaded as he rose to his feet. She thought at first that it was a movement to dissemble some inward disquiet, but she saw as she glanced over her shoulder that it was prompted by the unexpected approach of Paddy—a wide-eyed and wondering Paddy—with bloodstains on her tunic and a shimmer of fish scales on her slightly reddened forearms.

"Hello!" said Paddy, obviously startled by the stranger in the military uniform. But for all the oddness of her attire, Janet noticed, the younger woman in the frayed flannel shirt and with the exceptionally heightened color stood undeniably appealing to the eye.

"This, Paddy," she proceeded to explain, with a solemnity that held the faintest trace of mockery, "is our friend and neighbor, Chief Black Arrow, who is going to do so much to make us more comfortable here."

Paddy, as she directed a searching glance at her sister, paid scant attention to the foolish-appearing salute of the man in the military uniform. "That's nice," she said, quite without enthusiasm, her thoughts plainly elsewhere. There was even a frown on her face as she stared at the stained moccasins below the polished leather putties.

Janet, sniffing that thin aroma of hostility, turned to Black Arrow with a newborn flicker of audacity. "Couldn't you dine with us today?" she said, as she stooped to take up her water pail.

"Thank you," was the unexpected reply, "but I don't think old Pecotte would approve of that."

"What has old Pecotte got to do with it?" demanded Janet.

"Isn't he looking after you?"

It took Janet, apparently, some time to digest all that this implied. "Not entirely," she proclaimed. "The intention was, I believe, that we should look after ourselves."

Black Arrow obviously stood impervious to her note of bitterness. "I am very glad to help you, if you need help," he said, with a reinstating simplicity of manner.

"That is very kind of you," replied Janet. "And you can help us, I know, in many ways." She noticed his hesitating movement toward the beached canoe. "When shall we see you again?"

"Tomorrow?" he suggested; and even Paddy frowned over the hungry note in the brusque yet boylike voice.

"Wonderful!" said Janet. "And if you could spare us a few matches, would you mind bringing them over with you?"

Instead of answering her, he reached into the side pocket of his tunic and produced a worn box of English wax vestas. "Permit me," he said, holding out the box to her.

"But we're robbing you."

He still held them in his extended hand. Frederigo, heroically frying his last falcon for the lady of his dreams, could not have made the gesture a more courtly one.

"But not all of them," demurred the Monna Giovanna of the woods. "Supposing we divide them."

They divided them solemnly, four apiece. But the young white woman still stood studying him. "I hate to have to ask it," she ventured, "but have you any sugar in your—your camp?"

That question seemed to embarrass him. "Would maple sugar do?" he countered.

"It would be heavenly!" cried Janet.

"When I come tomorrow," proclaimed the Frederigo of the forest, as he reached for his paddle, "I think I can bring some maple sugar with me."

"You're wonderful!" said Janet, holding out her hand to him.

VIII

PADDY, having fashioned an armless bathing suit out of an old cotton flour sack, promptly decided that the water of Lake Wapanapi should be warm enough for a daily swim. So, while Janet was still asleep, she slipped out of the cabin with her towel of bagging hemp over one arm and picked her way out to a rocky point where she could take a header into deep water.

The sun, already up above the pine tops, shone warm enough on her bare shoulders. But those northern waters, she knew, would bring a chilling shock to her body when they took possession of it. So she hesitated

(Continued on Page 83)

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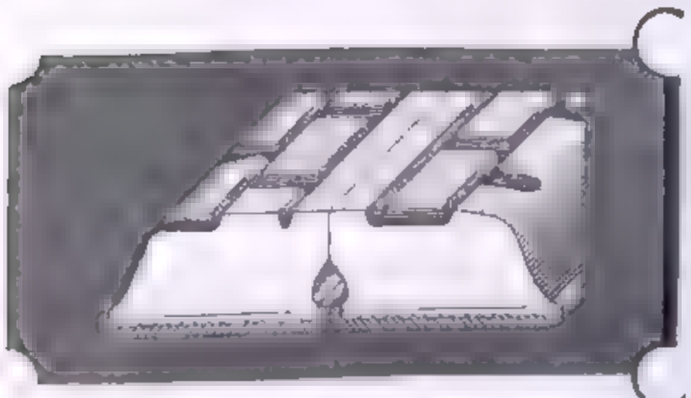

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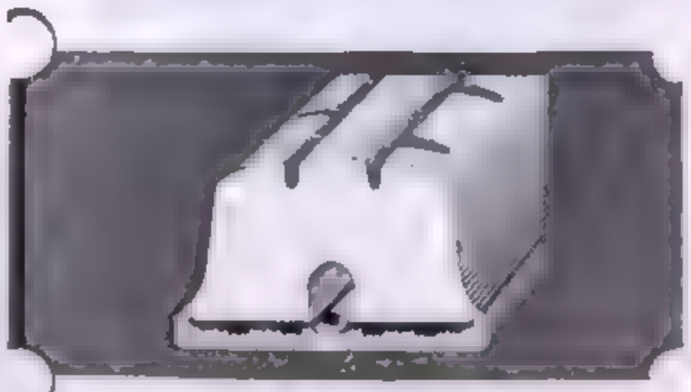

Cross-section showing the hollow-center construction of the U. S. Cushion. Made in widths from 4 to 8 inches.

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(Continued from Page 80)

for a moment or two, staring down into their amber-tinted depths. Then, having fortified herself for the impending plunge, she took a deep breath, raised her hands above her head and went arrowing below the unruffled surface.

A small howl of misery escaped her lips as she reappeared, for Lake Wapanapi, she found, was even colder than she had imagined.

And as she swam vigorously to the right, heading for the little cove with the fringe of sand about its inner curve, she resorted to repeated seal-like sounds of "Blu-blub! Blu-blub!" while she fought her tingling way shoreward.

Even when she felt land under her feet and stood knee-deep in that chilling element, she emitted a serio-comic wail of "Wow!" before wading ashore. And it was only as that relieving wolf howl died away on her lips that she became conscious of the sound of laughter close beside her.

This laughter, she saw as she looked about, was not coming from a lake loon preening itself at the cove side, but from a bareheaded young man in an oil-stained leather jacket, a frank-faced, hard-eyed and rather self-assured young man with a brier pipe in one hand and a goggled flying helmet in the other. And as Paddy blinked perplexedly at him she saw for the first time the weathered seaplane moored close to the shelving cove side. She saw the lettered gondola and the outspreading yellow wings embossed with their faded double circles, sidling close to the shore lip and looking uncommonly like an amphibian about to climb from one element to another. Then she glanced back at the hazel-eyed man who was so quietly yet so disconcertingly laughing at her.

"Who are you?" she demanded, digging her chilled heels into the warm sand on which she stood.

"I'm Casey Crowell," he answered, respectfully enough.

"And what are you doing here?" she demanded.

"Fire ranging and forestry inspection work," he casually replied, with an explanatory hand wave toward his moored plane.

"How'd you get here?" asked Paddy, wrapping her hemp towel about her shoulders.

"Flew," was the answer. "And what are you doing here?"

Paddy stood silent a moment. "We're here on a little holiday," she finally averred.

"Who are 'we'?" he asked with a note of authority which she resented.

"Jinny and I," she answered, deciding that she liked his smile. "We're sisters."

"Of course," he agreed, for no reason at all. "But how are you making out?"

Paddy, perplexed by that casual tone, turned and studied him with a narrowed eye. "You knew we were here?" she challenged.

He laughed at that, in spite of her solemnity. "That's part of my business," he acknowledged. "That's what I'm paid for—to know every outsider who wanders into this territory."

"Who pays you?" exacted Paddy, shadowed by a sudden-born suspicion.

"The timber company that operates these limits," was his reply.

"Then you know my father?" she asked.

"Sure!"

"And he sent you here?"

"Not by a long shot! I'm supposed to be four hundred miles nearer the Manitoba boundary. That's the boundary, by the way, we showed to be over twenty miles out of position on the government maps."

Paddy sighed contentedly as she turned and stared at the moored seaplane. She noticed the two lines that tied the wide-winged craft to the two white birches along the bank, and the slightly smoke-stained gondola side and the twisted propeller poised in the sunlight and so eloquent of power—of waiting and unawakened power.

"How fast can you go?" she asked, with a head nod toward the plane.

"Eighty or ninety miles an hour in ordinary weather," was the offhanded answer; and again Paddy's sigh was a deep one

"When," she quietly inquired, "can you take me up?"

"Up?" he questioned, frowning a little.

"Up and out!" amended Paddy, with emphasis.

His surprise, she thought, was altogether too inadequately feigned.

"Do you want to go out?" he demanded.

"Naturally," she retorted, persuaded that he was merely fencing for time.

"Why?" was his curt inquiry.

Paddy stood silent a moment. It would never do, she reminded herself, to lose her temper with this artless-eyed young man whose wings could so miraculously bridge her new world with her old world. "You see," she explained with much deliberation, "we lost practically all our supplies when a canoe sank in the lake out there. That means we're living under conditions that aren't any too comfortable."

She failed to see any trace of pity in his quietly meditative eye. "Why don't you drag for them?" he asked.

"How?" she countered, rubbing the water from her wet arms.

"Well, you might try a shark hook on the end of a lake-trout line," he casually suggested, "or even a fish gaff at the end of a clothesline. Did your canoe upset?"

Paddy's color, for some reason, deepened perceptibly.

"No, it went straight down," she admitted.

"That ought to make it all the easier," explained Casey. "Even a hatchet on the end of a towrope could get a grip somewhere on a canoe. . . . But how are you fixed for grub?"

"We've enough to keep us alive," was the slightly embittered reply.

"But no luxuries," suggested the other, with a glance down at the hempen towel. And Paddy, all things considered, resented the note of that suggestion.

"Chief Black Arrow has very kindly promised to bring us in a supply of sugar," she proclaimed with all the dignity at her command.

"Oh, Black Arrow!" said Casey; and once more he laughed his enigmatic laugh. "I just ran across him down at the Elk Crossing post, dickering for ten pounds of maple sugar. It will take almost fifty miles of paddling to get your sugar, by the way, and I imagine that's more work than the big chief has done in a year."

Still again the derisive note in his voice proved objectionable to her. "Don't you think that is very—very knightly of him?" she demanded.

"It was kingly," agreed Casey, "considering the chief's resources—and his disposition."

A Road Through the Pines

"Are you implying that Black Arrow lacks energy?" she promptly inquired.

"He doesn't need it, the way he lives."

Paddy felt vaguely resentful of that speech. "What have you got against Black Arrow?" she demanded.

"Oh, Black Arrow's all right!" conceded the man with the flying cap in his hand. "But I wouldn't take him too seriously. He's a bit of a grand-stander. He used to be a moose rider at the rodeos, and he even acted in an Indian movie they did down at Mattawa a couple of years ago."

"While you?" challenged Paddy.

"I'm a McGill man."

"A McGill man. What's that?"

"You'd know, I suppose, if you lived this side of the line."

He was, she felt, being a trifle toplofty. "But what do you do for a living?"

"Oh, I float around in this old bus, scaring the young Nitchies and projecting meridians and scouting for timber and spotting fires and carrying fool messages between the upper camps."

Paddy's gaze, as she stared at the plane, was a hungry one. But she resented the careless pride of power which she saw plainly enough in the lazily smiling hazel eyes. "Well, I'm cold," she announced, "and I've got to get back to camp."

"Could I go over with you?" he asked in a voice more satisfactorily humble.

"No, you can't," was the prompt reply. "We haven't even had breakfast yet."

"Then a little later?" he asked, smiling at the bare shoulders which the cold water had pebbled into goose flesh.

"I suppose so," she conceded with paraded unconcern. "Where do you go from here?"

"I haven't decided yet," he said, as he refilled his pipe.

"Then you're able to do as you wish?" exacted Paddy.

"I'm free, white and twenty-one," answered the pilot in the oil-stained leather jacket, with a renewing note of audacity in his quiet laughter.

Paddy stood for a moment deep in thought. "Would you be free enough to carry a message down to a telegraph office for me?" she asked, doing her best to make that question seem an inconsequential one.

Casey Crowell shook his head. "I'd get fired for that," he proclaimed.

"Could you carry Jinny and me down to the railhead?"

Still again the birdman shook his head. "Not unless the big boss ordered it," he announced.

It took her a little time to digest both the fact and the sense of defeat that came after it. "Then you're not so free as you pretended to be?"

"None of us is," he protested.

"Then you have a fat chance of being a friend of ours," she said, with an answering audacity all her own.

His smile vanished of a sudden. "I want to be," he quite solemnly averred.

"Apple sauce!" she murmured, as she studied him from under a lowering brow. She was studying him, in fact, with a shrewdly estimative eye. She was, for all her flippancy, soberly and secretly appraising him, testing his mettle on the hard but narrow counter of her experience. And her personal and private conclusion was that he might prove an exceptionally hard nut to crack.

"We really ought to understand each other better," he was saying, refusing to be embarrassed by her scrutiny.

Still again she resented the note of masterfulness which she could not altogether define. But that resentment, oddly enough, expressed itself in a small and wintry smile. "Yes, we ought to," she wistfully agreed. And she directed toward him, before she turned and ran up the rocky slope, the full battery of her soft and limpid eyes. She left him there, rather abstracted and silent, with his unlighted pipe still in his hand, staring with unseeing eyes out over the waters of Lake Wapanapi.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AMERICAN
KAMPKOOK

Take the Kiddies Camping

Kampkook enables you to properly satisfy the healthy out-o'-doors appetites of growing children with wholesome, well cooked food and it is perfectly safe to have around—in fact, its use is permitted and recommended where open camp fires are prohibited.

Kampkook is so easy to set up and operate, so responsive to every demand, so reliable in every way. Gives you more heat than your kitchen gas stove and greater satisfaction than any other method of camp cooking. It has a fine built-in oven that bakes like your gas range.

Kampkook burns motor gasoline without smoke or soot. Folding wind-shields make it weatherproof. Large capacity fuel tank, with built-in pump and funnel, is detachable for filling—a great convenience and safety feature. Exclusive type of burner will not clog. Folds compactly, with everything packed inside case.

Most leading dealers in camp equipment sell *American Kampkooks*. If not at your dealer's, write for interesting descriptive folder, and names of nearby dealers. Address Dept. M-2.

Kampkook No. 7. An ideal general stove. Similar to No. 8, without oven. Price in U. S., $9.00. Other models $6.50, $11.00 and $14.50

American Gas Machine Co., Inc.
ALBERT LEA, MINNESOTA
Branches in New York and San Francisco

American Gas Machine Company, Inc.
Dept. M. 2, Albert Lea, Minn.
Send me full particulars about American Kampkooks, and name of nearest dealer

Name
Address
Town and State

Flaked hearts of corn toasted Double-Crisp and full of flavor

Post Toasties are the kind of corn flakes that make breakfast a real event. Millions prefer them for their delicious flavor and lasting crispness. A crunch of goodness in every spoonful. Crispness that lasts to the very bottom of the bowl. Ask your grocer for Post Toasties by name and you will be sure of getting corn flakes with the natural corn flavor—corn flakes that stay crisp in milk or cream. Have them often. They come ready to serve from the red and yellow, wax-wrapped package.

Post Toasties
Corn Flakes
POSTUM COMPANY INC.
Make the Milk-or-Cream Test
Get a package of Post Toasties and make the Milk-or-Cream Test for flavor and crispness. Eat these double-crisp corn flakes with milk or cream and see how delicious they are. See how Post Toasties stay crisp, even in milk or cream.

© 1927, P. Co., Inc.

Postum Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. Makers of Post Health Products: Post's Bran Flakes, Grape-Nuts, Instant Postum, Post's Bran Chocolate, Post Toasties and Postum Cereal. Canadian Address: Canadian Postum Company, Ltd., 812 Metropolitan Building, Toronto 2, Ontario.

HRVATSKI HARLEQUIN

(Continued from Page 13)

he's send to stara country ship tickets for this woman, bring'm America for frau. Fine woman, eh, boss?"

A way with men, that fellow Simms had—a gift. With men, that lad could get results to make a cost sheet fit for framing. Men worked for him—worked! He got the limit out of them and made them like it. Only one man out of half a thousand failed him, and that one generally hated Simms like poison. That's a pretty sure sign of a good man—dislike for him that's rare but bitter. Only the thoroughly low-down, not fit for any good man's friendship, hate men like Charlie Simms.

"Sure, Imbrek," I said, boosting Charlie's game, and also meaning very decidedly what I said, "that's a fine woman. When she come America for you?"

But Imbrek shrugged, grinning embarrassed pride. "Dinno," he said. "Like ketch'n ground. Like ketch'n house. Like ketch'n stove, bed, everyt'ing. Like plenty money in bank. No ketch too much pay day, dis job. Mebbe five year mus' vork, dis job, ketch dot woman. When finish fix dis open heart', mist'r, mebbe you gimme job for furnace, ketch big tonnage pay day."

Imbrek the thorough! House, lot, furniture—all must be ready before he'd send for Julka Matasović. Imbrek the plugger. Eye open for the main chance, too—more pay. Not so dumb. Watch yourself, Harlequin. Pedrolino, simple fellow, simply sticking to it, gets there pretty often.

"But listen to me," said Simms, when we had walked away. "That egg Duduk is going to grab the girl. Imbrek will send his ship tickets to Croatia. He'll have his house, his lot, his stove and bed and money in the bank, and not the girl. He'll be up at the railroad station dressed up half to death to meet her. But that bird Duduk, mark my words, will skip down to New York and meet her at the boat. I'm wise to Duduk. He's got an eye trained on that picture of the Matasović lady all the time it's in sight."

Charlie was almost right. It worked out nearly as he said it would, but not entirely. Duduk told me about it nearly ten years afterward, with a vocabulary that had doubled since I had seen him last, making it easily eighty English words, and with a fine twinkle in his eye.

If you think the Slavs lack humor, you're all wrong. Perhaps most times it is a bit uncouth and grim. Perhaps a little coarse and rude—a little lacking polish, smoothness, subtlety. But these last traits come to a nation's humor as to its other characteristics, with years of culture. And during the centuries when the parts of Europe where we came from were developing their culture, the Balkan Slavs were bulwarking those very seats of culture from the successive hordes that swarmed against Europe out of the teeming East. They were too busy holding back the Tartar, Hun and Turk to bother much with culture. So if their humor and some other of their racial traits seem to us a little rough along the edges, we westerners can be thankful for it. And we can rest assured that, in spite of any roughness, their humor is the finest brand that's known. It's the humor of a race that can laugh heartily at itself.

Years had slipped by since last I had seen Duduk, when one day I chanced to catch a glimpse of him in one of our great railway stations. A group of foreigners were herded over in one corner of the vast concourse, and I was watching them with an interest in these people that had outlived years away from steel. I watched their stolid, patient, half-scared faces, not quite sure of their nationality, and was speculating on this, and on just how many cubic yards of well-mixed concrete for America lay in the toil-hardened muscles of that fine gang of men, when the first of my speculations was cleared up.

A hand dropped on my shoulder and a voice said, "'Ahts no good, dot gang, mist'r. You want good men, you get gang Hrvat men. Dot gang, she's all be Magyar fellow—no like vork."

And there, a wise grin saying that he knew the foolishness of the age-old animosity between Hungarian and Slav, was Mr. Jože Duduk.

"Ah!" exploded that one heartily, as I put out a hand. "By golly, fine t'ing I see you 'gain, mist'r! By golly, I no see you five year—mebbe ten!"

He was a sight to fill the hungry eye, that Duduk. I hadn't had a jaw fest with one of the old steel gang for a dog's age, and I had need of soul food. So we sat down together.

Believe me, I communed. For the half hour or more till Duduk's train time, he let me have a song and dance that would have won him fortune on the vaudeville stage. I wish you could have heard that monologue.

"Who? I'm?" Duduk was scorn personified. "Me vork steel company? Hah! Look dot fine coat I got. Look dot fine pants, dot shoes, dot hat, vest, gold vatch—everyt'ing! Dot look like vork for steelvorks? Me, I no vork long time dot steelvorks. Me, Duduk Jože, I no kill myself no job, I betchu. No, sir. Me, I got money in pockets. Got little automobill, Steelton, watchu t'ink. Vatch I'm doin'? Bootleg, mist'r. Bootleg for whole damn Hunkeytown, Steelton. You got plenty good visky you house, mist'r? No got—me I fix'm up all nice for you, no charge damn cent."

I assured Duduk that when Uncle Sam had given orders I had scrambled for a seat on top the water wagon, and still was riding up there, high and dry, and in a state of such content as seems incomprehensible to the most part of my friends.

I could see that Duduk also was mystified at my behavior, but when I asked about our old friend Pedrolino he ceased to worry about any little idiosyncrasies of mine.

"Who, mist'r? Imbrek? Imbrek Zelenjak? Sure I remember dot dumb Hrvat! Dot girl? Dot von he's carry picture all time, vork for all time, keep every dollar? Sure t'ing he's marry dot. Imbrek be dumb-head all his life. Got dot girl now; got bebby too, five, mebbe six; I dinno, I no see dis week. All time got new one. Yell all night Imbrek house, Imbrek no can sleep not'ing. Oh, sure, mist'r, dot's fine t'ing, bebby—t'ree, four, five. But by m'bye Imbrek got nine, ten, 'leven. 'Leven no good. Too much. No good luck sleep t'irteen one bed."

I looked up at the station clock. My train would leave in just three minutes. And it would leave with at least one chair unoccupied. I could see that. I snapped my cigarette lighter open and the dog-gone thing took fire. So, much to his delight, I gave the thing at once to Duduk. It's batting average with me was .007. Duduk will see the humor in my generosity, I'm sure. At any rate, it lit us off that day and we soon had smoke a-rolling.

"Me like dot girl myself?" repeated Duduk. His shrug marked Duduk a sophisticate. "Sure I like. Man mus' be blind no like dot girl. Me, I like every pretty girl. Imbrek, she's like jus' one. Dot's difference, us two. You like know all 'bout dis bizness? A'right, I tell'm every.

"You see, mist'r, me I know dot Imbrek long time. Dot Imbrek, she's be farmer boy same place like me, in Hrvatska—Croatia; vork on big farm near Jaska. All two, we like same girl; nice girl, same girl you see dot picture Imbrek got, name Julka Matasović. Very nice. Dark hair, gray eye, white toot', fat legs, broad back. Fine woman. Imbrek, me, we come America same time, same boat. Dot Julka say she's gon' come America for first fellow send her ship tickets.

"Well, come America, dot Imbrek, he's vork like hell every day for ketch dot girl. Vork Sunday, vork night turn, vork Božić, Uskrs—Christmas, Easter—all time. Me, when I finish vork for Mist'r Charlie on big new open heart', I stop dot steel. Steel no good. Steel make mule of man. Bar, sledge, pick, shovel, wheelbarrow—go to hell dot job. I go for bootleg. 'Ahts more better job."

The announcer called my train. It went. It was a half hour till his train time, Duduk told me.

"Which place you go?" asked Duduk. "Peesboorg? Ah, dot's fine. Me, Steelton. Mebbe you go my train, yes?"

It seemed a good arrangement. Pittsburgh would stay right where it was for centuries, no doubt. But Duduk I might never run across again.

"Dot Imbrek," Duduk went on as my train rolled out, "he ketch job open-heart' furnace when dot big mill job be finish. Be helper. Sweat like hell all time, shovel dolomite, make bottom. Sunday, every day. Pushem every dollar pay day in dot Steelton bank.

"And what you know, by golly? Pretty soon I see in Hrvatska Zvijezda—you know, Croatian Star, big bohunk newspaper, New York, dis:

"Got steady job, piece land, money in bank for house, ship ticket. Julka Matasovic please write quick.

"ZELENJAK IMBRO, Moon Street, Steelton, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

"You know, mist'r"—Duduk blew nonchalant cigarette smoke like the blasé gentleman of the world he was—"dot's first time I t'ink 'bout dot girl five year. Me, I see lots nice Slavic girl America. But dot Julka Matasović! Dot you call woman, mist'r! No put red paint for face, for mouth. Nice warm blood—dot be plenty paint for Julka. No skinny. No got bones stick out. Round every place. Strong woman, jus' like horse. No flapper, not'ing. Look pretty good for Duduk. Me, I'm gon' let dot dumb-head Imbrek send tickets stara country for bring Julka Matasović here America, Steelton. And when she's got off train Harrisboorg, to go for Steelton street car, who gon' be on job, eh? Imbrek Zelenjak? Any damn time dot dumb-head! Duduk Jože, 'ata a boy, mist'r! Me!"

The twinkle grew in Duduk's eye as he went on. Some Slavic gentleman had had a good one played on him; and Duduk, who had planned the *coup*, was enjoying the telling of it now just as thoroughly as he had the thing when it had happened.

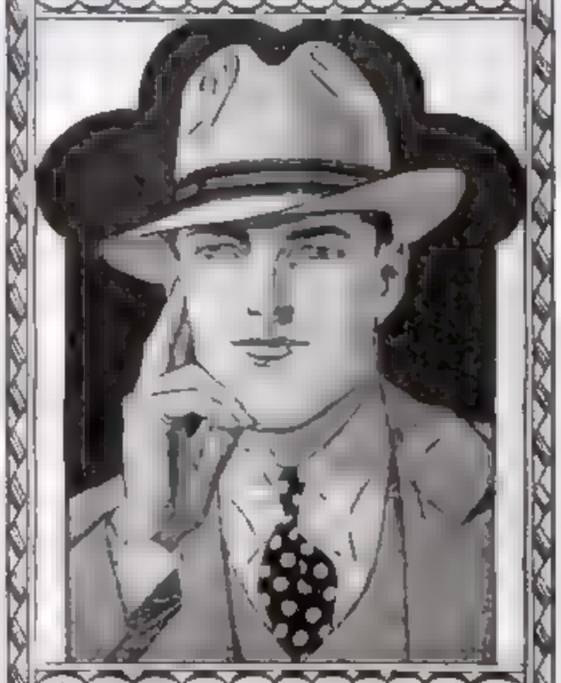
"Well, by m'bye come day for Julka Matasović come Harrisboorg, get off train, go Steelton street car. And same day, by golly, Imbrek, dot dumb-head, she's got to go for Steelton freight yard, unload house. I tell you 'bout dot house.

"Imbrek, when Julka say she's gon' come, mus' hurry up quick buy house. So she's buy one dem house come all in little piece. What you say English? Knock 'em down—dot's it—knock-'em-down house. You buy from big store in Chicago. You versteh watch kind. All broke. All boards, all door, all sash, all two-by-four, all tar-paper roof, all paint, nails, glass, cement, sand, tools, keyhole—everyt'ing come in car. All got mark. You nail'm up youself like say on paper. Fine house. One t'ousand dollar. But dot dumb-head Imbrek no versteh muss hurry up unload car pretty quick right away. And so by m'bye come letter from railroad say mus' unload'm today, too much got—what you call?—demurrage; sure, dot's it. Mus' unload right away today or car gon' back Chicago.

"Now Imbrek no like take money out from Steelton bank, pay man for unload dot house; so she's gon' unload'm all by self, no pay all dot money, and let somebody else go up for Harrisboorg, dot dumb-head, meet dot Julka. Imbrek boarding-boss frau, she tell me all dis t'ing. 'Aht's nice fine woman, Imbrek boarding-boss frau.

MALLORY HATS

The Hats Of Unexampled Smartness

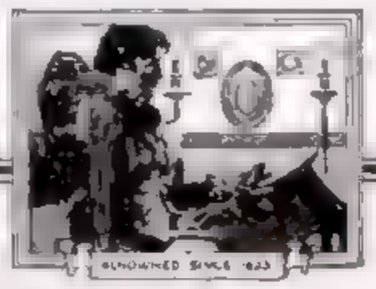


Change Now To A Light-Weight MALLORY

THE same renowned quality and high-bred elegance of style as Mallory Regular-Weight Hats.

¶ Cool; soft; flexible; "carefully careless" as fashion prescribes. The "Cravenette" Process (exclusive) protects Mallory Hats against spotting, discoloring or moisture.

SIX TO TEN DOLLARS



WHERE TO BUY

MALLORY *Hats are on sale at the better hat shops. Watch for the announcements of merchants who feature Mallory Hats.*

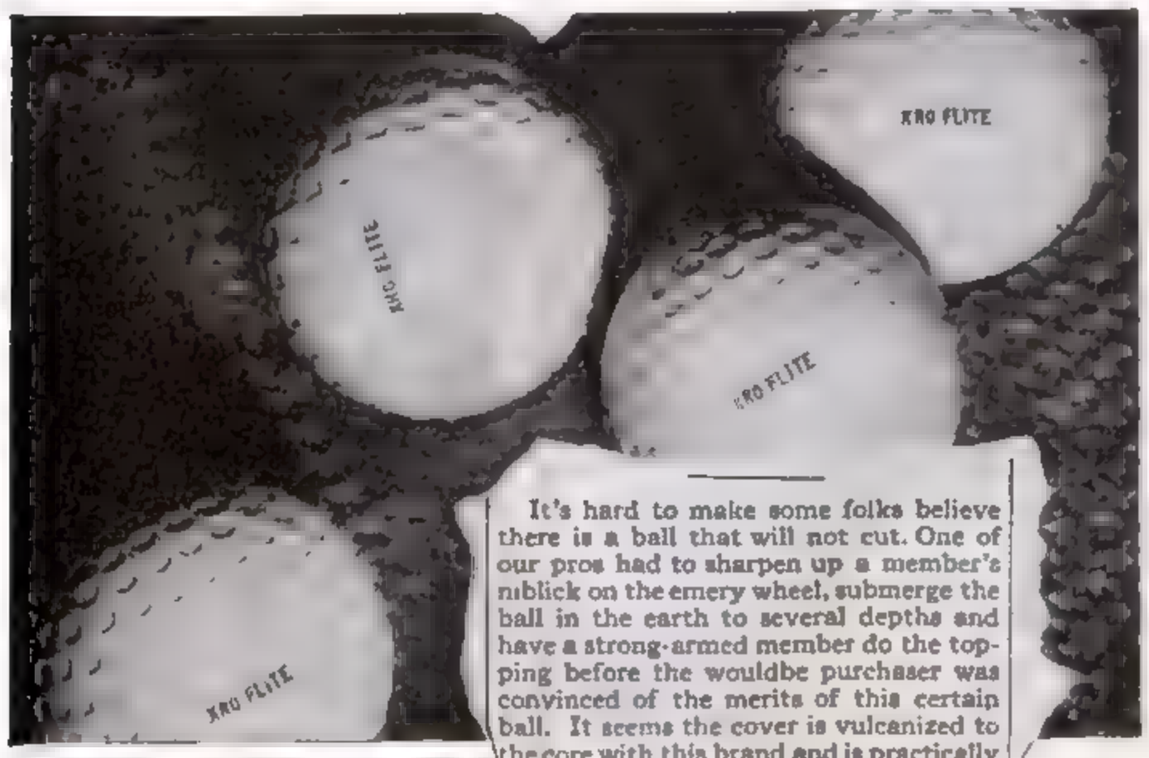
FIND THE LABEL

MALLORY *Hats bear the Mallory Label stamped in the crown and upon the sweat-leather. It is important to find it.*

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY
392 Fifth Avenue, New York

They hammered a Kro-flite with a sharpened niblick

but they couldn't cut this amazing golf ball


KRO FLITE
KRO FLITE
KRO FLITE
KRO FLITE
It's hard to make some folks believe there is a ball that will not cut. One of our pros had to sharpen up a member's niblick on the emery wheel, submerge the ball in the earth to several depths and have a strong-armed member do the topping before the wouldbe purchaser was convinced of the merits of this certain ball. It seems the cover is vulcanized to the core with this brand and is practically made indestructible thereby.

This clipping is from Bert Haxie's column, "On and Off the Fairway," which appears daily in the Boston Post.

THE biggest thing that has ever happened to a golf ball is Spalding's discovery of a way to vulcanize the cover.

It is the vulcanizing that makes the Kro-Flite possible—the world's first golf ball to combine extreme distance with maximum durability.

Kro-Flite is absolutely uncuttable. Even the Spalding guillotine can't cut it. And that heavily-weighted knife, dropping at terrific speed, has laid wide open every other ball ever tested. The worst it has ever done to a Kro-Flite is barely to dent it.

Kro-Flite cannot be outdriven by any other make of ball, either. The driving machines have proved that. These machines hit every ball with exactly the same force. Thousands of tests made with them—under every condition that could affect the distance of a golf ball—show always the same results—Kro-Flites give distance as great as any other make of ball, foreign or domestic. Greater than most.

Another Kro-Flite feature is the method of winding the center around a frozen core. This permits the rubber thread to be wound at maximum stretch from the very beginning. A perfect sphere, perfectly balanced is thus built up—a ball that putts as straight as a chalk line. Try Kro-Flite. Your professional or sport's dealer sells it.

Guaranteed for 72 holes.

We absolutely guarantee replacement of any Kro-Flite Ball which is cut through or becomes unplayable from any cause in 72 holes of play.

Spalding

KRO-FLITE

each 75 *cents*

Price the same in Canada

A. G. Spalding & Bros., 105 Nassau Street, New York City
FREE—Please send me your booklet "Points about Golf Balls most golfers do not know"

Name..... *Street*.....

City..... *State*.....

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Name Stana Dorosulić. Me, I like dot Stana. I go see Stana lotsa time.

"Well, dot Julka gon' come Harrisboorg nine clock tonight dot time. All fine for me. Imbrek, dot dumb-head, unload house. Me, I fix up all nice. Wash'm up little bootleg car. Wash face. Brush yellow shoes. Press nice new suit, blue jus' same like 'lectric light. Grease hair. Wax mustache. Pretty nice, I t'ink. And jus' I'm gon' crank up dot little car, when who come past wit' bag of coke on head? Sure! Stana Dorosulić!

"Dot Stana stop. She look at me. She look my little car. All polish up, all two. She look my new coat, new pants, all blue like hell.

"She say, dot Stana, 'Too bad, poor Imbrek, eh?'

"I say, 'Was' matter Imbrek?'

"'Julka,' she tell me. 'You no hear? She's got such bad time last coupla year, poor girl. Be four months in hospital, Zagreb—smallpox. Face all no good now, all mark up, one eye blind. Lotsa trouble, dot poor girl. 'Nother eye no too much good, she no see railroad train. Now one leg all gone off. Dot train cut off. Go back hospital. 'Aht's why no can write Imbrek letter long time. Imbrek mus' put piece in paper, find 'im. Ah, too bad, everyt'ing, poor Julka!'

"Poor Julka! Sure, dot's what I t'ink. Well, I like see her get good man now—good steady man like Imbrek. Me, I like Imbrek. No like see poor Imbrek vork all time, unload house when Julka comin' Harrisboorg. I run for telephone quick; and pretty soon come big automobill, lotsa men, for Steelton freight house, find car where Imbrek vork like hell unload whole bizness all by self.

"'Hey! Getta hell outa that car, bohunk!' one man say. 'Beat it, guinea! We gonna finish up unload dis car fried eggs.'

"So poor dumb-head Imbrek, he say, 'T'ank you, mist'r, t'ank you.' And he stand and look wit' big dumb smile on face.

"Pretty soon I come down for freight house, see if everyt'ing go right. She go fine. Dot gang men hurry up fast, sweat like fool, unload dot house for Imbrek coupla ten minutes.

"'Come on, Imbrek,' I tell'm. 'Me, I send dis gang for you, unload house, so you can go up now for Harrisboorg, meet Julka. Brzo, now! Step on gas! Hurry up!'

"So I stay for freight yard, see dot gang vork like devil unload dot car for Imbrek. Dot be most fun I got for many day. And Imbrek go for Harrisboorg meet Julka Matasović come off train. Go right away for Steelton, street car, quick ketch priest, marry 'im hurry up—dot lucky dumb-head. Dot Julka, she a'right. Betchu my life! What you call nice bebby, Julka! No got leg off. Got two, all very nice, fat. No got one eye broke. Got two, all nice warm gray. No got pox mark, not'ing. All smoot' nice face, red cheek, white toot'—everyt'ing dobro. Damn dot Stana Dorosulić, tell me all dot lie!"

We roared. We roared in unison, old Arlecchino Duduk, who could see a joke, and I. We roared again—a roomful. And presently a man in uniform came up.

"Hey," he said, "can it! If you two bohunks don't know how to act where white folks is, get t'hell over in the corner with the rest of them Walyos shipping west. You hunyaks can't fool me! No matter how much jack you get or how good clothes you wear, you always act the same. And you can't never change the cut of your mugs. I can tell you every time. Come on, move now! And cut the bellerin'."

Just then the train announcer bawled again, and in the string of names I made out Harrisburg. So we moved on, Duduk and I, roaring the louder.

"Anyhow," said Duduk, when we had taken a seat together in the crowded smoker with the rest of the Walyos shipping west—"anyhow, dot Stana Dorosulić fine, nice woman. I dance wit' her five six time, mebbe eight, at wedding party dot night. I dance wit bride ten time. One dollar every time you dance wit' bride in hunky wedding party. What t'hell? Every dollar go for buy beer dot wedding party. And me, I sell dot beer! By golly, mist'r, don't dem Magyar bohunks smell all carful garlic, huh?"

I agreed with Duduk. In the matter of that fragrance there was no room for debate. I also agreed with him that the railroad people ought to furnish a separate car for shipping Magyars, leaving the smoker to regular human beings—Americans, Croatians and the like. I was in the mood that evening to agree with Duduk. And there was one point in his narrative that still puzzled me a bit.

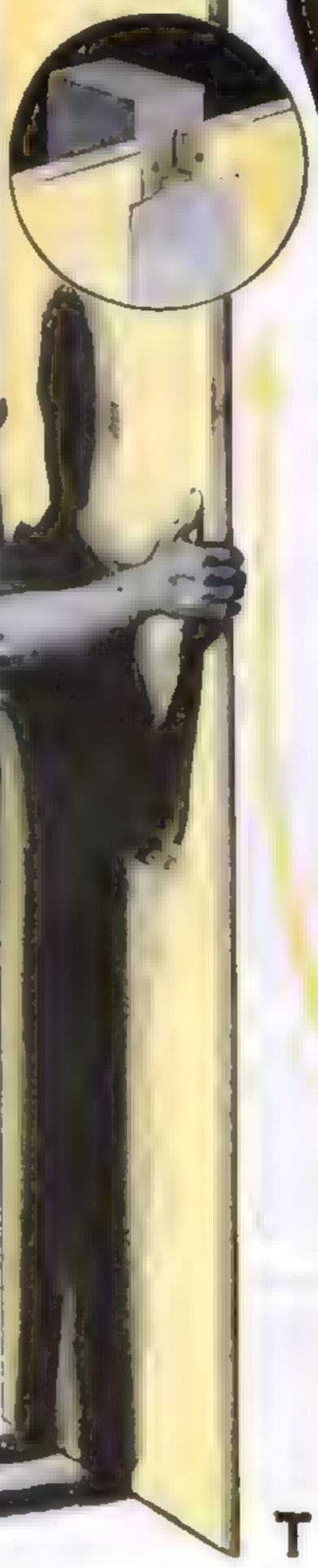
"Oh," said Duduk when I asked about it, "I fix up gang unload dot house for Imbrek easy. I jus' telephone up dry agent, tell'm some bootleg fellow got lots case visky under lumber on dot car."

Prune Blossoms in the Santa Clara Valley, California

For smooth, seamless walls

BEAVER BEST-WALL

with the *beveled* edge



The exclusive Beveled Edge. Insures smooth, seamless, keyed-in joints

Where clean, sturdy sheets of Bestwall are used, beautiful expanses of smooth, seamless wall are easily had. Experts have to look very closely at a Beaver Bestwall wall to discover that it is made of wall board.

That is because, with the exclusive Beveled Edge, a great improvement in wall board manufacture, the space between panels can now be blended into the surface. The joints are invisible. Paneling is unnecessary. The inequalities of studding surface are overcome.

This Beveled Edge was introduced in the East. So rapidly was it taken up that our entire Eastern mill capacity was required to meet the demand. Now, with greater production facilities, you, no matter where you live, may have Bestwall with the improved Beveled Edge. You may have the beautiful, clean, seamless walls—the greater strength—the tough Beaver *fibre* facing which takes decoration so much better.

Bestwall with the Beveled Edge is a natural insulator. It is also approved by the Board of Fire Underwriters for excellent fire-resisting qualities.

Remember, all plaster wall board is NOT Beaver Bestwall. To be sure of these superior advantages call for it by name. To avoid being misled look for the CREAM-*colored* board and the Beaver Bestwall name.

Beaver Bestwall is still made with the square edge for those who prefer it.

For sample and literature, address Dept. 1008, THE BEAVER PRODUCTS CO., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.; Thorold, Ont., Canada, and London, England.

Manufacturers also of Beaver Board, Beaver American Plaster, Gypsum Lath, Gypsum Block, Thermocrete (Cellular Gypsum), Varnishes and Enamels, Beaver Vulcanite Asphalt Shingles, Mineral and Smooth Surfaced Roll Roofings, Asphalt Paints and Cements

THE SUPERIOR PLASTER WALL BOARD

$30,000 in Cash Prizes

Contest Closes August 25th

Find six keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola and send in your entry.

The "six keys" are the six outstanding reasons, given us by the public, why millions like and drink Coca-Cola. We disclosed the first "key"—*taste*. The others are just as easily discovered. They have been illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising between the first week in May and now—in many newspapers, in The Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest, Liberty, Collier's Weekly, Life, and in posters and outdoor signs throughout the country, and in the show window displays and the soda fountain and refreshment stand decorations of the many thousands of places that serve Coca-Cola.

You'll find the sixth "key" in the advertisement on the opposite page. Five have already appeared—and you can check back and find them if you have not already entered the contest.

Just three things to do:

1. *Find and write down the "six keys" and tell where you found each one.*
2. *Pick out the one key that appeals to you most and tell in one paragraph why it is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.*
3. *Then write an answer (in one paragraph) to this question:*

Other than magazine and newspaper advertisements, what Coca-Cola advertisement (a wall, poster, red sign or any one of the various pieces used to decorate show windows, soda fountains and refreshment stands) best illustrates or presents to you one or more of the "six keys"? Tell why—and also where you saw the advertisement.

For the correct naming of the "six keys" and the best answers to the two questions, the following cash prizes will be awarded:

1st prize	$10,000
2nd prize	5,000
3rd prize	2,500
4th prize	1,000
5th prize	500
10 sixth prizes (each)	100
20 seventh prizes (each)	50
200 eighth prizes (each)	25
400 ninth prizes (each)	10
A total of 635 prizes	$30,000

Follow these simple rules

Contest closes August 25, 1927. All entries must be mailed by midnight of August 25, 1927. The contest is open to everybody except those connected with The Coca-Cola Company, a Coca-Cola bottling company, or their families. Write on only one side of paper. Use typewriter, pen or pencil, but please write plainly. Write your name, occupation and address plainly at the top of the first page of your entry. Prizes will be awarded strictly on merit, including the correctness, neatness and clearness of your answers.

All answers become the property of The Coca-Cola Company and may be used in advertising or otherwise. None will be returned.

Address all answers to

CONTEST JUDGES
The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Announcement of the winners and awarding of the prizes will be made as soon after the close of the contest as the judges can complete their work.

The judges will be three former Presidents of the International Advertising Association (formerly Associated Advertising Clubs of the World) and the President of the Coca-Cola Bottlers' Association, and their awards shall be final.

THE IFFERS ARE WITH US

(Continued from Page 15)

for him to say? If Mr. Coolidge should write down his thoughts along these lines, it is very probable that those thoughts would be about as here set down, because these thoughts are the logic of the situation.

The Iffers have three points of attack if they can get a leader to attack with, if they can concentrate an opposition around which they can rally and with which they can operate. The first of these is the discontent in the farmer states. The second is the third-term issue.

The third is entirely tentative and depends on the coming of hard times in the natural business course. Not even the most virulent of those in opposition to the President would bring on hard times if he could, in order to accomplish his object, but every one of them would take advantage of hard times, and cite them as a presidential responsibility and liability if hard times came along.

There is discontent in the farmer states—economic discontent that always fosters political discontent. Also, there has been economic and political discontent in the farmer states many times since the Republican Party has been in power, which means continuously since 1860, save for sixteen years. Many politicians have sought to capitalize this agrarian discontent and rebellion, but the results have been few and scattering. It is difficult to transmute it into votes on election day. There was considerable to-do when the President vetoed the McNary-Haugen Bill, but the attempt to make that veto a specific cause for uprooting Coolidge did not gain much headway, because the McNary-Haugen Bill did not, by its terms and provisions, do one-sixteenth as much for the relief of the farmer as it did for the relief of the bankers who hold the mortgages on the farms, and the real-estate promoters and speculators who are loaded down with high-priced farm land.

The difficulty in making this McNary-Haugen veto stick as a weapon against Mr. Coolidge is that it will be obsolete by the time its highest effectiveness is needed. If Mr. Coolidge had vetoed the McNary-Haugen Bill early in 1928 instead of early in 1927 the case might have been different. But he vetoed that bill early in 1927 and any person who thinks that he will not have a farm-relief plan of his own to operate with soothing effect on the discontented farmers during the immediate preconvention months of 1928 is entirely misinformed as to the political acumen of the Honorable Calvin Coolidge. Those Republican farmers who have a kick coming, politically, along in March and April, 1928, say, will be irreconcilables anyhow, and not to be retained within the fold.

A Rallying Point for Opposition

There are some evidences of an attempt to concentrate this farm feeling about Coolidge and, more especially, about agrarian conditions in general on an opposition to be headed by Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois. Lowden is an acquiescent rather than an active participant in this movement, but various persons in the Middle West and elsewhere are working, as circumstances will admit, in his behalf. There is no question of Lowden's sincerity in the cause of the farmers, but there is an entirely mistaken idea as to the unorganized strength of the discontented farmers. If that discontent is to be utilized politically for the defeat or retirement of Mr. Coolidge as a candidate for renomination, it must be openly, intelligently and speedily organized and provided with machinery for its operation along the lines of its discontent. It must have spokesmen who will come out and say what, precisely, is doing. There must be an open assault under a demonstrated and capable leader. Lowden is such a man.

This would give a rallying point for all the varying opponents of Coolidge, including some eminent Republicans who would like to be candidates themselves, and some eminent financiers who have not had as many fingers in the governmental pie as they would wish. All the opposition would fall in if there were anything to fall into.

However, there is a nigger in that woodpile. Even with so powerful a leadership as that of Lowden there would still remain the disquieting, the paralyzing suspicion that Coolidge, if he set himself about it, would win anyhow. Then these varying sections of opposition, both individual and organized, would be in far worse case than if they had gone along with the tide. Unless this opposition does develop, it will not be long until there must be political admission that there can be no opposition and will be none of force, and everybody will have to get on the band wagon, for there will be no other place to go.

The Third-Term Howl

When we come to write the political history of the last year of Mr. Coolidge's first elective term, this phase of the existing situation will deserve a chapter at least. Here we have a President, necessarily a politician also, holding all other politicians at bay by the simple expedient of sitting tight and saying nothing. It is as perfect as it is simple. So long as Mr. Coolidge says nothing, he has them all afraid of what he may say. If he says anything, he probably has them beaten anyhow. They doubt if they can beat him if he doesn't talk, and they fear they cannot beat him if he does talk. All statements to the effect that Mr. Coolidge does not understand all this score zero. He does.

The only ray of light on the horizon of those opposed to Coolidge is the small hope that there may be some bad breaks for the President. A big business slump would be laid at the presidential door. That would make the going hard for him and easier for the opposition. And he might make some great mistake, being a human being as well as a President. However, these are small hopes indeed, and vanish almost to nothingness when the fact is considered that even if the bad breaks should come there would be no organized opposition to take advantage of them.

In addition to these weak finger holds the opposition have, there is the third-term cry. As yet, except for some hit-or-miss discussion of this fetish of our politics, there has been little said about the third-term phase of the Coolidge situation. However, if a break should come, and active leadership against Coolidge develop, every opposition welkin from one end of the country to the other would ring with protests against the desecration of this unwritten political rule. There are a lot of good, handy, strenuous welkin ringers in the Coolidge opposition, although they are laying off at present.

Now, the force and potency of the third-term business in any given political situation depends entirely upon the viewpoint of the person who indorses it or disparages it. For example, no Coolidge partisan will admit there is anything in it—in the case of Mr. Coolidge, particularly—while every Coolidge opponent is strong in his denunciation of a third term as a violation of all and sundry political covenants, precedents and policies.

What, they will ask you, did Washington say and do? What was the attitude of the other fathers of the country? What defeated Grant in the national convention of 1880? And so on.

It is a moot question and can never be anything else. It was raised with extraordinary rancor against Roosevelt in 1912, but that did not prevent more than 4,000,000 good, patriotic American citizens from voting for Roosevelt. So far the question of whether a renomination of Coolidge next year would violate the third-term precedent, or whether, in the circumstances, it would not, has stirred mild interest throughout the country. One reason for that, of course, is that it has not been raised and discussed as a deliberate and calculated item of an organized opposition. Discussion of a third term has been largely academic up to now. Republicans do not dare force it for fear it will boomerang on them in case of the nomination of Coolidge, whether or no, and the Democrats have neither the vitality nor the machinery to utilize it.

The probabilities are that unless the opposition to Coolidge can hit upon a stronger anti-Coolidge deterrent than the third-term precedent, they will not get far with that. The reaction among the people is not acute. They are not excited about it. If they want Coolidge they will take him regardless of whether the completion of another four years in the White House after his present term will destroy this precedent or not. If Coolidge is nominated, the Democrats will undoubtedly hammer heavily on it. Then we shall see what we shall see. At present it is not a Coolidge handicap, especially as no opposition except the opposite party is saying much about it.

At this writing there hasn't been a flicker of a change in the Republican presidential situation since the election of 1924. Mr. Coolidge, elected by more than seven million votes over Davis, said nothing about his intentions for 1928 then, and he has said nothing since. This policy has kept all those who are opposed to him out on a limb, and that is precisely where they are at present, with no way to get down that is discernible. Unless these precariously perched politicians can force, frighten or cajole Mr. Coolidge into putting up a ladder for them, they must wait until the band wagon passes beneath the tree and then fall on it or jump on it, as the case may be.

The Evolution of the Press

There is no doubt that there will be somewhat of an effort in Congress to frighten Coolidge, to scare him off, to harass him into going back to Northampton, Massachusetts; but the effect of those maneuvers will depend on just how timid a soul the President is. Maybe he does not scare easily. We'll know more about that next spring.

There is another if in this business of eliminating the President from consideration in 1928, and that if runs about as follows: If we do start something, if we find a way to get an opposition, how about publicity? There is an if that gives the Iffers cold and clammy pause. Mr. Coolidge has the best press any President has had for forty years, which is the period covered by my knowledge of such matters; a knowledge acquired by a close association and connection with the American press during that time. It is probable he has the best press any President has had since the Republican Party was founded, save, perhaps, for the two years when we were at war and Mr. Wilson had his brief day of practically unanimous support, and the few months when we were fighting Spain, and the newspapers stood by President McKinley during the actual hostilities, but went ravening after him as soon as Spain surrendered.

The press support of the President is solid and intelligent and emphatic. It is based on a newspaper evolution in this country from slangwhanging partisan politics to a consideration of the broader needs of the country and its prosperity, which, of course, predicates the prosperity of the press. It is based on the desirability and the necessity of good business if we are to retain our supremacy, and good business is typified by the conservatism and alignments of the President. The informed

(Continued on Page 92)

$30,000 in Cash Prizes!

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga

Cold and tingling with a delightful after-sense of refreshment. Drink Coca-Cola! You'll find it *refreshing*. More people agree on that than on electing a president.

See the column on the opposite page for details about this $30,000 contest

The MARMON 8

Evidence covering

final proof of the Marmon 8—what it is and what it will do—is recorded in these spontaneous letters of praise from owners everywhere—surely, no car of recent times was ever more enthusiastically attested by those who drive it.

"*I placed a tentative order* for the Marmon 8 on August 9, 1926, six months before delivery, and am indeed not sorry that I waited. I do not believe there is a car on the market today within a thousand dollars of the price that can give you all this car can give. After 6,000 miles it is running better than ever."—C. M. DEFOREST, M. D., *933 Seventy-fourth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

"*We just completed a trip of 3126 miles* from Los Angeles, Cal., to Saginaw, Mich., in a Marmon 8 coupe. Counting from the time we started in the morning until we stopped at night we were only 92 hours on the road—an average of 34 miles per hour, and this included all stops for gas, oil and meals. The car required no repairs at any time. Constant driving did not have the effect of heating the engine. Only one other car passed us on the entire trip, and our feelings were greatly relieved when we found that to be a large Marmon."—GEORGE F. KEIPER, M. D., *Saginaw, Mich.*

"*Question.* When did you purchase your first car? *Answer.* 1909. *Question.* How many cars have you owned since? *Answer.* Thirteen—all purchased new but one. *Question.* How many cost more than your Marmon 8? *Answer.* All but three. *Question.* How did their speed compare with the Marmon? *Answer.* Two were as fast but no faster, and each of them cost over $5,000. *Question.* How did the riding qualities compare? *Answer.* Only one rode as well, and it cost $6,000, had 147½-inch wheelbase and weighed twice as much. *Question.* How are the brakes? *Answer.* The best by far of any car I have ever owned. *Question.* What is a short summary of your opinion of the car? *Answer.* Speed and power without bulk; ease of riding and plenty of room, without great length and weight; and as a consequence of these, great economy of operation."—CHESTER W. KINGSLEY, *Attorney, 40 Court Street, Boston, Mass.*

"*As to actual work with this car,* I have made two trips which I consider excellent records. These were made without violation of the small township speed laws, except on one occasion where the speed limit was not observed, due to an emergency call between Pittsburgh and Connellsville (56 miles), carrying with me two physicians and a very prominent engineer in the Pittsburgh district. We left Pittsburgh at approximately 12:15 and arrived in Connellsville an hour and a half later. The road was full of heavy truck traffic and commercial cars, and included city traffic. You may realize from the number of curves over the Lincoln Highway to Greensburg, and the character of the road from Greensburg to Connellsville, that only a car with exceptional control could make such time with absolute safety. A second record was made in a trip from Wheeling, W. Va., to Pittsburgh, covering the distance in two hours even, all speed laws and traffic regulations being fully observed."—H. P. SPARKS, *Meter and Transformer Engineer Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

"*Seventy-five hundred and forty-three feet* is quite a little way above sea level. The performance of any automobile is naturally affected by this altitude. After careful observation of different cars, my selection of the Marmon 8 was prompted entirely by its performance in this mountainous region. It is the greatest mountain car I have ever owned."—C. B. HUGHES, *Idaho Springs, Colo.*

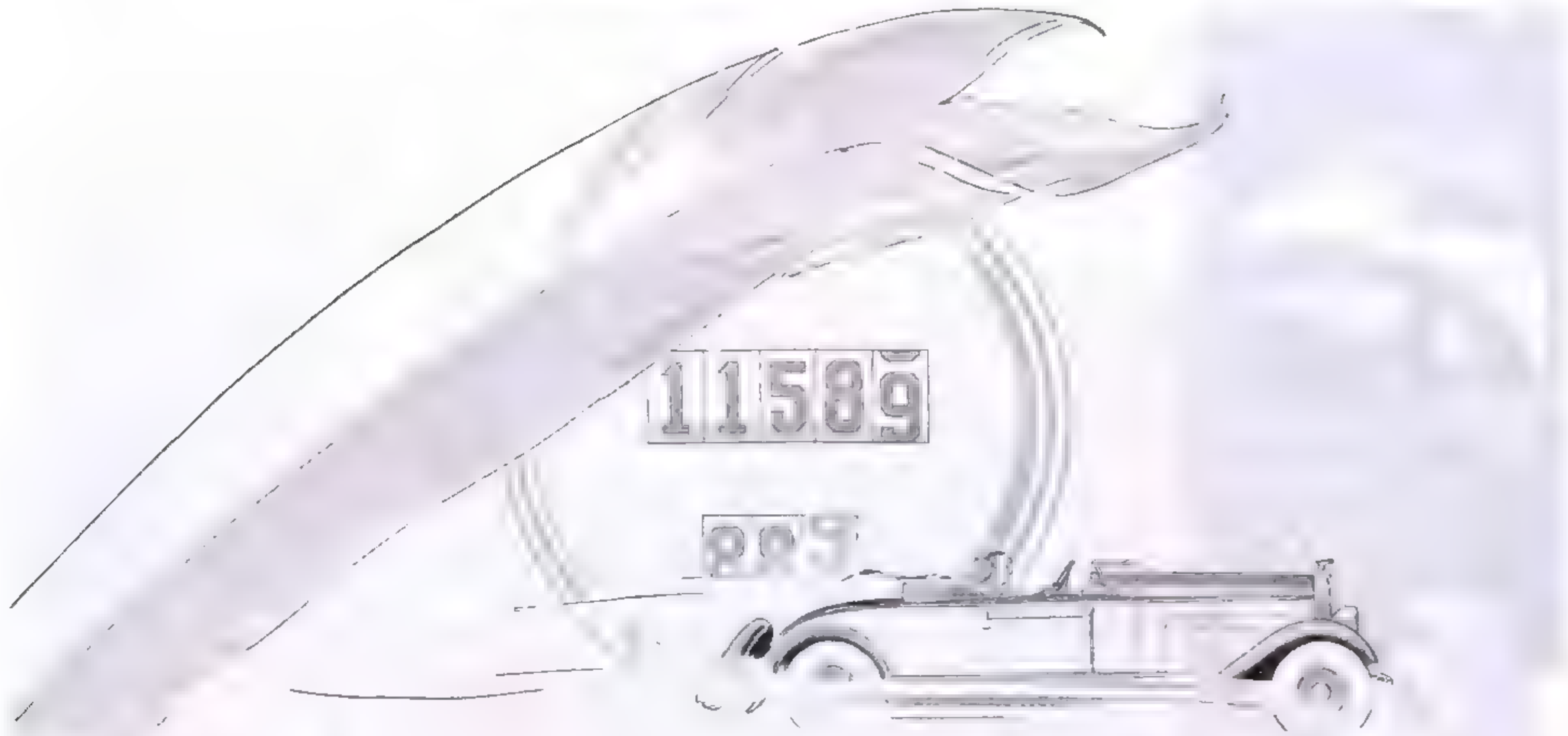
"*I purchased a Marmon 8* during the latter part of January, and since that time I have *guided* over 5,000 miles. Its ease of handling, the total absence of vibration in its steering column, and its ability to attain and hold any speed for any length of time on any kind of road are a source of wonder and delight not only to me, but to those who have been with us. The only expense to date has been for oil and gas. To say that I am absolutely satisfied is putting it mildly."—H. H. POWELSON, *Denver, Colo.*

It has quicker get-away than any previous car that I have owned; its riding qualities, roadability and ease of handling are most satisfactory; and as far as hills are concerned, it just 'eats them alive.' Taking all things into consideration, it pleases me better than any other car I have ever driven."—HON. PETER G. TEN EYCK, *74 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y.*

"*Just wanted you to know* how much pleasure we are deriving from the new Marmon 8. It is the best car they have ever turned out. This is our third. Just how they will ever improve the present model is beyond me, for it seems to be really perfect."—ED. F. BANG, *Sports Editor, Cleveland News, Cleveland, Ohio.*

"*The fact that we have purchased five Marmon cars* within the last ten years might, on the face of it, look as though the life of a Marmon is short, but quite to the contrary, one of these cars has run about 100,000 miles. The new "8" which we have purchased is just about perfect. We are more than satisfied. The Marmon car not only looks well, but it's a most remarkable performer."—EDWARD B HECKEL, M. D., *The Jenkins Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

the MARMON 8



thousands of miles

"*The car handles beautifully under all conditions*, and does not seem to tire the driver. My wife is equally delighted and finds that it handles with extremely little effort. It seems to ride just as well with one person as it does with five. To enumerate the qualities I find in the car simply means a repetition of what the Marmon Company has already set forth in its advertisements, and in this respect it is great satisfaction to find that these advertisements did not exaggerate."—WILLIAM G. SHIELDS, *Huguenot Park, N. Y.*

"*I believe it is two years ahead* of anything else at this time."—LLOYD CALDWELL, *San Antonio, Texas.*

"*The writer feels duty bound to express* to you his appreciation of the extreme smoothness, the almost unlimited power and really remarkable easy-riding qualities of this new car. After using other makes of cars, some of them very expensive, for more than fifteen years continuously, I am just beginning to realize what real motoring means. It is almost embarrassing, whenever the car is parked, to see the admiring glances and hear the outspoken words of praise for this distinctly beautiful pleasure car. Looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to the next 10,000 miles, and wishing you all your deserved success."—J. FRANCIS O'CONNOR, *Pacific Carbon and Ribbon Manufacturing Company, San Francisco, Cal.*

"*In the heaviest traffic around Chicago* its quick acceleration and easy handling makes driving a real pleasure. I believe the Marmon 8 is [illegible] on the market at the today price."—NICHOLAS BONNETT, *Nicholas Bonnett Company, Inc., Chicago, Ill.*

"*I bought the Marmon 8 largely because of my faith* in the Marmon Company, and because of my experience with a large Marmon which has been driven something like 10,000 miles, but I can now say that it stands entirely on its own merits. The most convincing demonstration we have had to date was a run from Indianapolis to Long Island with four passengers and baggage. We made it very comfortably in two days. There seems to be a mysterious quality in the Marmon cars I have driven which enables them to run themselves at high speed without waiting to step off the road and without constantly fighting the wheel—a sort of automatic balance which I have never found [illegible] to the same degree in any other car."—W. A. ATKINS, *L. C. Atkins & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.*

"*I just returned from a hurried trip* to California and back and am tickled to death with the way the Marmon 8 went over the road. We left Colorado Springs at 10:30 a week ago Sunday night, and pulled into Los Angeles at 8 o'clock the next Tuesday, beating the Limited by about five hours. We returned by 'Frisco and Salt Lake, making a total trip of about 3,650 miles, all in one week. We had no trouble with the car."—FRED D. MACMILLAN, *Tucker-Dodson Clothing Company, Colorado Springs, Colo.*

"*After I had driven my car 3,500 miles* my son bought one exactly like it, and I can say for him as well that he is as well pleased in every respect as I am."—C.W. FOX, *Fox-Cross Candy Company, Oakland, Cal.*

"*In appreciation of the pleasure* you have afforded me through selling me the Marmon 8 sedan, I am writing to express my complete satisfaction with this car. Thirty days of a new kind of motoring have convinced me that Marmon has struck an ultimate in its conception of the Marmon 8. I do not know how fast the Marmon 8 will go and have no desire to find out, but its acceleration between thirty-five and fifty miles an hour is astonishing, even in comparison with my former ——— touring model. A slight pressure on the throttle and one is out and around the car ahead like a flash. I am willing to stake my judgment of fine transportation equipment on a recommendation of the Marmon 8 to any of my friends."—FRANCIS BRUNNER, *President Santa Monica Mountain Coach Lines, Santa Monica, Cal.*

"*What I'd like to know is*—does this car use any oil? You can't tell it if it does; and, let me tell you this: You don't know your Marmon 8 and you've never tested a car until you have driven it in the mountains. I thought I knew something about cars—I don't—or didn't until I tested this one out in the mountains. Green as she was, she walked up all the severe grades of the mountains without a single gear shift and with plenty of speed and power to spare at the top. It was a revelation in motor cars to me—and I thought I had seen them all. The things she passed on Uniontown Hill would surprise you. Just what I have been hunting for all these years."—CONGRESSMAN CLIFFORD IRELAND, *Peoria, Ill.*

"*I have owned 10 cars of several different makes* and must say that the Marmon 8 is the very neatest and fastest thing I have ever driven. The riding qualities are excellent, the handling is the easiest and the acceleration is like a shot out of a gun."—LIEUTENANT CHARLES BENTER, *Chevy Chase, D. C.*

"*During the past ten years* I have been the owner of 21 cars. I cover a great deal of mileage in connection with my business around the city, and I am particularly interested in a car for its ease of performance, parking ability and economy of operation. The Marmon 8 has solved these problems in a most efficient way. I have never owned a car which has given me such complete satisfaction and enjoyment as the Marmon 8; I have found it extremely economical, easy to park and snappy beyond all my previous ideas of what a car could do."—J. A. W. PROUT, *Continental Casualty Company, Cleveland, Ohio.*

"*My Marmon 8 was selected* by my son who is a manufacturer of precision instruments, and he chose it as being the most sturdily built with as easy riding qualities as any car, regardless of size or price."—MRS. LEROY H. EMBODY, *Deer Lodge, Capac, Mich.*

"*Have just returned from a trip* through the grain section of the Sacramento Valley, and [illegible] as I [illegible] the perfect performance of the Marmon 8 [illegible] would appreciate having a little of this enthusiasm passed along to you. I [illegible] returning from a trip of this kind [illegible] but the car handled and rode so beautifully that I feel like starting out all over again."—L. B. HART, *Hart-Hull Grain Company, San Francisco, Cal.*

"*. . . On the way back it rained* and a strip of a few miles through a river bottom proved that though the Marmon 8 is low-swung, it is a good "mudder," and I experienced no difficulty in getting out. I averaged approximately 17 miles per gallon and the engine required no oil at the end of the trip. The temperature of the engine remained steady, registering about 165 degrees continuously."—DIX TRACHENBUR, *Kansas City Life Insurance Company, Kansas City, Mo.*

"*Have owned and driven cars since 1910*—lots of them—all kinds and prices, but this is the finest of all in performance, power riding quality and easy handling. Without doubt it is the best value in Auto Row."—H. I. FRANK, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

"*The car is running beautifully* and so far I am more than pleased with it and propose to recommend it and show it to your prospects wherever it is possible. I believe that you have a very wonderful car in the Marmon 8, and when the public knows more about it you will be more than ever swamped with orders. I will be very glad to have you refer any prospective buyers to me."—L. W. GUCKES, L. W. GUCKES & Bro., *215 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.*

"*It is seldom I am elated enough* to feel impelled to pay written tribute to anything, but I am surely pleased with my Marmon 8. On rough roads, it is like riding on an ocean wave; while the ground bears the load, its unevenness is imperceptible. I should like to credit the [illegible] being responsible, but it has been my pleasure to have crept from twenty to about forty-five or fifty miles in passing a car without effort and leaving the masculine "kings of the road" to their grudge in other makes of cars. Its appearance and qualities should commend it to any thoughtful intending purchaser."—MRS. EDWARD C. CONWAY, *Albany, N. Y.*

"*Another fine point to be commended* is the compression of the engine [illegible] you [illegible] the steepest grades without the use of [illegible]."—W. S. HARKNESS, *Pittston, Pa.*

"*Ownership of the Marmon 8* has been the source of the greatest pleasure and comfort."—PHILANDER C. JOHNSON, *Washington, D. C.*

"*All things considered, the Marmon 8* is one of the few things I have ever bought that I like better now than I did when I first want it."—LAURANCE JONES, *Vice-President, The Baltimore Trust Company, Baltimore, Md.*

"*You have certainly solved the problem* of giving the public an automobile that has graceful lines, remarkable riding qualities and unbelievable performance and easy handling without great size and [illegible]. I [illegible] are three other Marmon owners among our official family who are equally enthusiastic over their cars."—W. L. RANSELL, *The National Bank of Commerce, St. Louis, Mo.*

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *INDIANAPOLIS*

THE GREATEST PERFORMER IN THE WORLD TODAY

Now—Night Driving made Safe and Easy!
Thrown deep, restful shadow over eyes—you see the road, but not the glare.
Attached above windshield—flat against car roof when not in use.
DIMMING headlights is impracticable. Yet stopping glare is a vital necessity. The Fulton Look-Under Glare Stop makes night driving safe and easy. Prevents accidents. Relieves nervous tension. Hides the glare but not the road. A flood of light on the road to see by, but none in your eyes to blind you.
You look under the Fulton Glare Stop—not through it. Approaching headlights are subdued — your road is plainly visible. Equally valuable for driving against the sun. You drive, comfortably relaxed, without eye strain or nervous tension.
Try at Our Risk!
Put a Fulton Look-Under Glare Stop on your car. Drive with it on glare-dazzled highways at night and into the teeth of the sun by day. Be critical of it. Then, if you are not enthusiastic, return it and get your money back without fuss or red tape.
If your dealer can't supply you, we will mail postpaid, to any address in the United States on receipt of $1.50. Order your Glare Stop today — for safety's sake as well as for driving comfort. One model fits all cars. Can be installed by anyone in a few minutes. Nicely finished to harmonize with finest cars.
THE FULTON COMPANY
732-75th Ave. Milwaukee, Wis.
FULTON Hi-Way HORN
AERMORE
Another Fulton Product that makes driving easier-safer. Sounds a bugle-clear harmonious four-note signal. Courteous efficient. The ideal auxiliary horn. Uses waste exhaust gas for power (a big safety factor). Made for all cars. $7.00 to $16.00.
FULTON LOOK UNDER GLARE STOP
Look Under—Not Through

(Continued from Page 88)

publishing world has decided that President Coolidge is a strong asset for good business, economical administration and reduced taxes, and that is the reason opposition to him will have such hard publicity sledding. There are some exceptions to this almost general disposition to remain in support of the President, but the bulk of the American press is for President Coolidge after its various manners. This is the most important political development of the past ten years.

Thus we come to the outstanding if of the Democratic Iffers, and that is Alfred Emanuel Smith, governor of New York State, candidate for the presidency in the lunatic New York national convention of 1924, who got 368 votes on the seventy-sixth ballot for his highwater mark as against the 530 votes that were McAdoo's supreme effort, and with 732 votes required to nominate. The supporters of Governor Smith started something in that New York convention which has been going on ever since, and was tremendously accentuated when Smith was elected governor of New York for the fourth time in 1926. So far as the Democrats are concerned, Smith is the biggest if they have had since Bryan tied them in a double bowknot in 1896.

The unexampled facility of the Democratic Party in looking for trouble, and their amazing genius for finding it, have long been remarked by observers of the American political scene. This is accounted for by the fact that the Democratic Party is not one united political organization, but is a discordant agglomeration of various factions and subparties, of which the two most numerous are the conservatives of certain sections and the radicals of certain other sections, with sharply differentiated wet and dry wings, to say nothing of other policies that put Democrats at one another's throats every time they assemble in convention. This undoubtedly marks an interesting individualism in their party politics, but it also marks fifty years outside the governmental breastworks since the Republican Party first swung into power with Lincoln.

No Olive-Branch Candidate

Governor Smith is an engaging person whose career from poor boy on the East Side of New York to four-time governor of New York fires the American imagination, but Governor Smith typifies several phases of politics that will not only not reunite the Democratic Party into a compact fighting organization but will intensify the party divisions and raise particular hob with that organization. With his candidacy Governor Smith brings no olive branch for the harassed and war-torn Democrats. Rather, his candidacy signifies internecine battling of sectional, religious and ethical sorts, and more political trouble than even the most ardent disturbers among the Democrats ever imagined was politically possible.

However, if you go into New York and especially into New York City, you will find a fanatic determination to nominate Smith, and a typical New York contempt for any suggestion that such nomination looks to be easier than it really is. New York, egregiously fancying itself as the dominating force in the country, dismisses any intimation that the nomination of Smith cannot be brought about by the mere insistent demand of the metropolis as the vaporings of a bigot who has no conception of the great popular, wet demand for their hero.

Passing by the well-known political fact that a New York City demand for a presidential candidate is a liability and not an asset, we come to the disconcerting truth that, in a purely political, country-wide sense, there has been no candidate for the presidency in recent years who has so many major political disabilities as Governor Smith nor so many political attributes calculated to cause political trouble. This is not said in disparagement of Governor Smith. It is a purely political statement of an inescapable political fact.

Let us take the wetness of the governor—the political wetness—for purposes of illustration. This, in New York and in Chicago and in some other populous places, is held to be one of his strongest bids for triumphal support. Putting aside the probability, to be conservative about it, that this country, in its majority, is dry and not wet, how about the Democratic Party? Is that a wet party? It is not. It is not a wet party either in its leadership or its membership. It is two parties, one wet and another dry, with the drys predominating; and those two parties, both nominally Democratic, are as far apart on this question as Alabama and Oregon.

Middle-of-the-Road Democrats

Knowing this, the Democratic senators held a meeting in Washington soon after Congress adjourned last March, and adopted a resolution, with small dissent, to the effect that in their mature political judgment the prohibition question, as such, should not be injected specifically into the next presidential campaign. They understand this wet and dry situation in their party and they wanted to go on record early in the game as advocating a middle-of-the-road procedure. No ardent wet nor any enthusiastic dry for them. Law enforcement without specifying any particular law is their party-platform motto, and they are wise. Nevertheless, we find the most enthusiastic support of Governor Smith to be among the wets, and we also find Mr. McAdoo, who came within a measurable distance of the presidential nomination in two national conventions, and who surely has authority to speak as a Democrat, demanding on many an important platform that the Democratic Party shall be dry both as to candidate and as to platform professions, in 1928.

It seems incredible that the supporters of Smith will seek to ride roughshod over a situation like this, when the way is open to a straddle, as indicated by the Democratic senators, and what a spectacle it would be to nominate Smith on a law-enforcement platform—Smith who sponsored the abrogation of the prohibition-enforcement law in New York State! Notwithstanding, the wet demand for Smith is insistent. It overshadows any other Democratic development. It is causing the wiser leaders among the Democrats acute concern. They do not want to accentuate the things Smith stands for in a presidential campaign. They do not want to introduce a wet issue, a Tammany Hall issue, into the campaign, to say nothing of other issues that would surely enter in case Smith is nominated. Far from it. Nor do a lot of other people who, though not directly concerned with the affairs of the Democratic Party, are not entirely disassociated from other phases of Smith's candidacy.

Smith's greatest strength as a candidate for nomination lies in his political weaknesses. There is a fairly wide disposition among Democrats, feeling that they have small chance of winning in 1928, to get all this sort of thing out of the party system, to go to bat once for all and see how many runs they can make. They may use Smith for the experiment. The party has an amazing resilience. It has survived some tremendous beatings. Perhaps another wouldn't be fatal. Then, too, there is always the gambler's chance of winning. A long shot always is enticing. And the big Democratic bosses live in the big cities. They control a lot of votes. Men like Brennan of Chicago, Olvany of New York, and so on, swing a heavy influence in Democratic national conventions, and these bosses are at present for Smith.

The big-city ballyhoo has some effect in the country districts, but there is nearly a year between now and the time for nominations. A great handicap Smith has is that he has been set so early and so far out in front of all other candidates and possible candidates that he is the target for every sharpshooter in the party. Everybody is peppering at him, including Mr. McAdoo, who is laying down a dry barrage on him from many an important angle. All those with political ambitions, all with other political ideas, all other politicians save the Smith group, have a common object in getting after Smith, and they are hot on his trail. He is out in front. Heave half a brick at him. It would not have been so hard to nominate Smith immediately after his spectacular victory in New York State in 1926. It will be very much more difficult to nominate him in the summer of 1928. Political availability and political enthusiasms have a way of simmering down as time passes.

There are other aspirants: Senator Reed of Missouri, Governor Ritchie of Maryland, Governor Donahey of Ohio, and so on. These are not yet out of the incubator stage. Smith dominates the situation. The Smith if is the big if. If, say the Smith Iffers, Smith is nominated, what will happen? If his wetness, if his Tammanyism—if?

Political Facts of the Moment

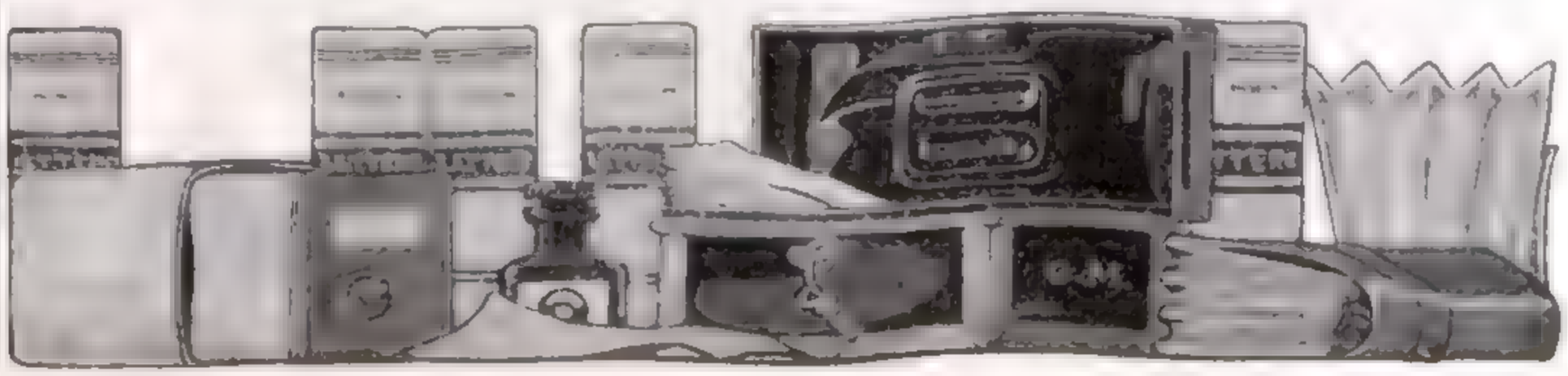
The Coolidge if and the Smith if are the two main features in the present political situation, which isn't much of a situation at that, because it will take many months yet to tell the tale, and what is going on now is largely preliminary. However, after looking things over in the country, on a trip that took in most of the centers of political activity, such as it is, there are some conclusions that can be set down, as of this July day and date, without any prophetic angles, and merely as a statement of the political facts of the moment. These conclusions are subject to revision and rejection. They are of today, and not of next month or next year, and they are as follows:

1. As things stand at present, President Coolidge will be renominated in June, 1928, and reelected in November, 1928, provided he will take the nomination.

2. As things stand at present, Governor Smith will not be nominated, notwithstanding the big-city demands.

3. Neither the Republican candidate nor the Democratic candidate will be specifically a wet candidate nor specifically a dry candidate. Prohibition, per se, will not be mentioned in either platform, but there will be law-enforcement planks in both platforms—straddles.

This is the presidential political situation in midsummer, 1927. Aloha.



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Below is a smart blue polka dot band bow—always neat and in good taste. Spur Tie is always smart-looking because of the patented H-Shaped Innerform in the wings of the tie, which keeps it from rolling, curling or wrinkling

"I adore smart-looking bows."
"Referring to me, or my tie?"
"Both."

Wherever you wear it, Spur Tie is always smart tie style. That's why men who never wore bow ties before look so well in Spur Ties.

Spur Tie and correct style are inseparable because the two are fashioned together in the making. And the exclusive silks from which Spur Ties are made give the final touch of superiority.

New, bright patterns for sport and business, as well as black or white for formal wear, are on display at haberdashery counters everywhere. Styles for men and styles for boys.

HEWES & POTTER, Inc., 65 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.
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BULL DOG SUSPENDERS, GARTERS, BELTS AND BUCKLES ~ LEADERS FOR 38 YEARS

THE SCARECROW

(Continued from Page 17)

There are usually a hundred good defenses to every action. . . . What are they suing you for?"

"This necklace." She lifted it, and the dingy office flickered.

"But I thought Mrs. Ross, your—your future stepmother-in-law, gave it to you."

"Not this one—the other one."

"Another stepmother-in-law?"

"Of course not! The other necklace."

"I don't understand. What other necklace?"

"There were two—exactly alike. The first one was presented to me by Mrs. Ross on my birthday. She had never given me anything before, you see, and it was a sort of symbol of her consent to my marriage with Austin—sometime. She made me promise to wear it always. This other one I bought myself at Simon & Schaeffer's."

Tutt stared at her. "If you had one, why on earth did you want another?"

The girl's nervous laugh was her apology for being such a silly. "I sold the first one. But the minute I had done so I realized that Mrs. Ross would naturally miss it and ask where it was, and that when she found what I had done she would be so angry that she might take back her consent to our marriage. She had asked us before the engagement was announced to wait two years, until Austin was twenty-five and I was twenty-three, and we had agreed."

"But why did you sell the necklace Mrs. Ross had given you?"

"I had to. I have only a few hundred dollars a year of my own, and the last two winters I have been visiting Mrs. Ross and taking courses at Barnard. Of course, it has been wonderful being there with Austin, but Mrs. Ross is pretty terrifying. She's one of those autocratic old women who ride around in limousines and rattle their pearls. We're all scared to death of her.

"Well, as Mr. Tutt told you, my father used to have a parish in Geneseo. He was quite old and when he died ten years ago he was succeeded by his assistant, Mr. Gibbs, a young man who married my best friend, Lydia Joyce. She was an orphan like myself and perhaps that was what brought us so close together. At first everything went well with them. Mr. Gibbs was popular in the parish and so was Lydia, and they had a lovely family of children—three little girls and twin boys. Then all of a sudden her husband was threatened with tuberculosis and had to go to the Adirondacks for a year. The congregation were very kind and kept him on half salary, but when it became clear that he could never come back he had to resign and the salary stopped. He has been slowly dying ever since. Lydia took the children and moved up to Paul Smith's so that they could all be together ——"

"Excuse me," interjected Tutt. "This is all very interesting, but has it anything to do with the suit which is being brought against you?"

"It has everything to do with it," she replied, slightly surprised. "Before long they got into such a financial muddle that something absolutely had to be done or they would have had to lose the house they had nearly paid for on the installment plan, put the children into institutions and go away. It would have meant the complete break-up of the family and the death, probably, of Mr. Gibbs. Lydia did her best to borrow the amount necessary to keep them going, but she couldn't. Nobody that she knew had any spare cash—least of all me. Then when she had practically given up all hope she read of my engagement to Austin Ross. The newspaper report said that his stepmother was very rich. So as a last resort she pawned her rings and bought a ticket to New York.

"I'll never forget how dreadfully she looked when I found her waiting in the drawing-room. Poor Lydia! It just broke my heart. And when I heard her story I encouraged her to believe—practically promised her—that Mrs. Ross would do something for her. She had, you see, just approved our engagement and given me the necklace, and I felt sure that with all her wealth she would welcome a chance to do so much good and benefit so many people by a single act. I had Lydia stay to luncheon and Mrs. Ross treated her politely enough, but when I broached the subject of helping her financially she flew into a perfect tantrum. It was not merely her refusal—although that seemed cruel to me under the circumstances—but her way of intimating that it was quite enough for her to have one ecclesiastical pauper to support without taking on a whole family. Her tone made me furious—particularly as it was all said in Lydia's presence—and though I don't ordinarily lose my temper, I burst out and told her that if she was too mean to help the Gibbses, I would do it myself.

"'Why,' she said, 'you've hardly enough money to keep yourself looking decent, as it is!'

"I put my hand to my throat and—felt the necklace. 'All right,' I said, 'I'll sell this.'

"She turned the color of a wasps' nest. 'If you do,' she threatened me, 'I'll never ask you inside this house again! Whoever marries Austin must show proper respect for his mother!'

"Mother! It's not Austin she cares about, but his father's money—she has it for her life. That's why we're so dependent on her."

"So you sold the necklace to help your friend out of her difficulties?"

"Yes. I felt that having promised Lydia to help her I must do so—I would have done so anyway—and as soon as Mrs. Ross had gone we jumped into a taxi and went over to Simon & Schaeffer's. There is a tall gentleman there—a Mr. McCracken. He has mutton-chop whiskers and always wears a white waistcoat—a sort of manager—and he recognized the necklace as the one he had sold to Mrs. Ross. I asked how much he would give me for it. He smiled rather condescendingly and said that they were in business to sell necklaces not to buy them, but as a favor he would make an exception for this once. Then he asked how much I wanted and I told him the whole story about the Gibbses and that at the very least I would need three thousand dollars. So he took the necklace into the back office and stayed quite a while.

"At last he came back and said I must understand that they carried a big overhead in addition to having to earn dividends on their investment; that they were overstocked with diamonds anyhow, and really did not want the necklace, but if I insisted on selling it, they would give me twenty-five hundred dollars for it. I had expected three times that, and it seemed very little, considering that it had cost ten thousand; but although I hesitated at first, I knew Lydia was waiting outside and I couldn't bear the thought of sending her away disappointed. So I gave him the necklace and he wrote a check and I took it and went out and gave it to her. You should have seen her look of gratitude as she kissed me good-by!"

"A very noble action!" declared Tutt. "Although you probably could have got more for it on Maiden Lane or from any reputable jeweler. However ——"

"Now comes the crazy part," went on the girl. "I had no sooner started to go home than I realized what I had done. By defying Mrs. Ross' authority and selling her gift, I was jeopardizing our future, for I knew that she had meant exactly what she said. Austin had no money of his own and still had another year at the Columbia Law School. I had just fifteen dollars to my name. If I went back without the necklace, Mrs. Ross would throw me out of the house. I had acted from a perfectly good motive, but very foolishly. I had been in such a hurry that I had gone ahead and done the first thing that suggested itself. If I had waited, I might have been able to borrow the money. Certainly Austin could have done so. It was possible that, in view of the deference with which Mr. McCracken had referred to Mrs. Ross, he might have lent me the money without security. I must try to undo what I had done, or if I couldn't, induce Mr. McCracken to sell me back the necklace on credit so that I could have it to wear. Surely he would do that for me!

"I was terribly frightened and upset, partly on account of what I had done and partly because I was afraid of Mr. McCracken. He was so smooth and hard—I couldn't tell what he was thinking at all.

"So I went back to the store and asked Mr. McCracken if I could speak to him alone, and he took me into the back office and we sat down and I told him everything. He didn't make any comment, and I got more and more nervous. His little beady black eyes seemed to go right through me. Finally I blurted out, 'Please, won't you call it all off and let me have the necklace back again?'

"He looked awfully queer for a minute. Then he said, 'The necklace has already been broken up and the stones sent to a wholesaler.'"

"Quick work!" ejaculated Tutt.

"Very! I hadn't been gone from the store twenty-five minutes. I was on the point of asking if he couldn't send and get them back, when I realized that it would be useless if the necklace was no longer a necklace. The first thing Mrs. Ross would do that evening would be to look to see if I had it on. For a moment I thought I was going to faint.

"'Oh, what shall I do? Tell me what to do!' I begged him.

"He seemed to be thinking. 'The only way out of your difficulty that I can suggest,' he said at length, 'is to buy another necklace so resembling your own in every particular that Mrs. Ross will not detect the substitution. Luckily, we have such a one in stock.'

"'But I have no money!' I protested. 'How can I pay for it?'

"'I think I can arrange that,' he answered. 'If you will wait I will speak to one of the firm.'

"In about five minutes Mr. McCracken came back. 'I have explained the matter to Mr. Simon,' he said, 'and he is willing to help you out of your predicament. We will sell you the new necklace on credit and you can pay for it when you are able. You can have all the time you want.'

"You can't imagine how grateful I felt. It seemed so generous of them. I was so relieved that I would have agreed to anything. So we went outside and began looking at necklaces, until Mr. McCracken found one that he said was the exact twin of the first. In fact, they did look so alike that no one could possibly have told them apart. He snapped it about my neck and said, 'There you are, my little lady!' I remember his exact words. Then I thought I had better ask the price.

"'That is a particularly fine lot of stones,' he answered. 'They are all picked Jagersfontein. The regular price is fifteen thousand dollars, but under the circumstances we will let you have it for twelve.'

"For the second time I thought I should faint. 'Oh,' I gasped, 'I can't pay such a price as that!'

"Mr. McCracken seemed suddenly to swell up until he was nearly twice his former size. 'What?' he roared. 'When Mr. Simon has agreed that you can pay at your leisure?' He really scared me. 'We are practically giving it to you at that,' he added.

"'Oh, very well,' I said, for I didn't know what else to do. 'Please thank Mr. Simon for me.' And I went out."

"Sweet mamma!" ejaculated Tutt.

"Now you know what a ninny I am," she concluded, with such an engaging smile that the little lawyer inwardly vowed that he would have McCracken's blood.

"So the necklace which they had originally sold to Mrs. Ross for ten thousand dollars they bought back for twenty-five hundred and sold to you again for twelve! My dear, you need a guardian!"

"I don't think it's even the same necklace," she urged. "When Simon & Schaeffer began to press me this autumn for payment I told Austin the whole story. He thinks the second necklace is not so good as the first. We took it to a first-class jeweler's and he said the stones were pretty fair, but that we ought to be able to duplicate it almost anywhere for ten thousand. And now Simon & Schaeffer are threatening suit. If they go to court, of course Mrs. Ross will find out."

"That's what they're counting on. But even they can't afford to have this story become known."

She shook her head. "Do you know Judge Bowser?"

"Sure! He's nothing but a great windbag—an old bully."

"Well, whatever he is, they have put the case in his hands. He came up to the house to see me. He says they have nothing to conceal, and that if I don't pay by next Monday they are going to start an action; that the necklace was worth the money, and the fact that they bought the other one from me at my urgent request has nothing to do with the case."

Tutt patted her hand. "You just leave it all to papa. They won't dare to go to court, but if they do you've got a perfect defense. 'Pay when you're able.' Well, you're not able. You go right back to your Austin and tell him not to worry. But don't buy any more necklaces. . . . Yes, you need a guardian, but"—Tutt expanded his chest—"you've got one, and I'm it!"

III

IN SPITE of Tutt's confident assurance that Simon & Schaeffer would never dare to go into court and thus expose their usury or worse, Monday morning brought a summons and complaint in an action for goods sold and delivered by their firm to Dorothy Laidlaw and demanding judgment against that young lady for twelve thousand dollars, with interest to date and costs.

"That's all right. That's what we must expect," he told her. "They're merely bluffing. Of course they have to make good to the extent of filing the papers. But you'll see! Even if they go so far as to notice the case for trial, they'll stop right there. And, of course, old Bowser knows that we have a complete defense. They can't deny that they offered you all the time you wanted and said you need not pay until it was convenient. That was the inducing cause of the purchase. All you've got to do is to put in an answer setting forth the actual conditions of the sale—which they naturally have omitted from their complaint—followed by an allegation that up to the present you have not been in funds and consequently have not been able to pay, and demanding that the complaint be dismissed with costs."

"But suppose they insist on trying the case?" she asked. "What if they deny that Mr. McCracken said anything of the sort?"

"Oh, the jury will take your word in preference to his," assured Tutt. "And, anyhow, they couldn't afford to go into court no matter what he said. The stupidest jury in the world would know that those fellows had swindled you. Whether McCracken sold you back your own necklace or not, the jury will believe that he did. Anyhow, that's what I think myself. Why, I'd make McCracken look like a monkey in three minutes! Can't you see him on the stand and me cross-examining him? Listen!

(Continued on Page 98)

Mother's fondest wish for her Girl Baby

—"That Schoolgirl Complexion"

The Ideal Baby Soap

Thousands of mothers recognize in Palmolive the ideal soap for a baby's bath—mild and gentle soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard and protect the skin.

In former days, Castile was the favored infant soap. But today there are so many different formulas for "Castile" that it is difficult for one to know which is gentle enough for the fragile skin of infancy.

Your baby's doctor, we are sure, will agree with this.

Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

THE rule in skin care, under modern teachings, is the same in infancy as maturity—correct skin cleansing regularly with mild and gentle soap.

Priceless complexions are thus cultivated from the earliest days of childhood; natural loveliness invited and protected with nature's own *proved way.*

The only secret is to know *what kind of soap* to use. A true complexion soap must be chosen. Others often are too harsh.

Thus soothing Palmolive—a soap made for one purpose only, to be used freely and lavishly on the skin—is the ONE soap purchased for toilet use in thousands of homes where correct skin care is an object.

The baby's bath—how to give it

A soft wash-cloth, a soft towel, baby's little tub filled with warm water. The sweet, soft Palmolive lather liberally applied. Then, thorough rinsing, thorough drying, talcum as usual.

The tender skin soothed and beautified—protected against any possible irritation—and that radiant schoolgirl complexion when she grows up will be the reward.

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

Its only secret is its *exclusive* blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

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Seeger
SAINT PAUL
The All Porcelain Cabinets by Seeger built exclusively for Electrical or Gas Refrigeration feature Vegetable Storage Compartment CHILTRAY: No Drain.
Offered to discriminating people by leading systems of Electrical or Gas Refrigeration
Cabinets by Seeger for use with ice, or for commercial use are sold by usual representatives
SEEGER REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
SAINT PAUL
STANDARD OF THE AMERICAN HOME

(Continued from Page 94)

This is how I'd do it." Tutt arose, and thrusting his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat addressed an imaginary witness.

Miss Laidlaw watched him, fascinated. "You are really a wonderful lawyer!" she exclaimed. Then her expression changed "But even if it turns out just as you say it will, the papers will be full of the story."

"All the better. They'll come running to us with an offer of compromise at the first bit of publicity. But we'll not take it. No, they must abandon the action and pay our costs."

"But meanwhile have you considered what Mrs. Ross will do to Austin and me?"

Tutt gaped at her with glassy eyes. "By George," he admitted, "I'd forgotten all about that! But they'll never dare go to trial. You can lie down and sleep on that. And, anyhow, it would take at least two years for the case to be reached on the supreme court calendar. You'll be safely married long before that."

"I hope so!" said Dorothy Laidlaw, believing him, as he believed himself.

IV

NOW, as all lawyers—and many other people—know, the law is the merriest game of chance in the world, for nobody has any idea what the law is in the first place, or how a judge will apply it in the second, or thirdly and lastly what the jury will do. Hence we legal merry-andrews are the greatest cowards in the world and spend our lives shivering at scarecrows.

A good scarecrow is worth a pot of money, and merely for the use of one in court I have paid as high as a thousand dollars a day.

The stuffing is of little account; the exterior only is of importance—the face, not the works. The chief requisites are a generous diaphragm, a thundering lower register, a fishy eye and a projecting, or bulldog, chin. Given all other attributes, a jimberjawed man is worth 100 per cent more than one without.

Judge Lemuel Bowser had all these and more, for he had specialized in the art of intimidation, the German *imponiren*, which is to the trial attorney what a good bedside manner is to the family practitioner. In a word, he had what the bard has called "an eye like Mars, to threaten and command," and he could sneer, roar, glower and threaten in a way to make the very leaves tremble on the trees. In his presence, Tutt became a wee cowerin' timid mousie.

That Simon & Schaeffer should have retained said Bowser caused Tutt pain, but the pain was inverse to the square of the distance from the date of trial—and that, he was confident, could not be nearer than two years off. This illusion was rudely shattered when exactly one week after the interview with Miss Laidlaw just recorded, Bowser entered Tutt's office. He had never appeared more appalling to poor Tutt—a combination of Minotaur and Molech and his lower jaw projected like the front of a snow plow, a terrifying legal gladiator.

"Well, Tutt," he cried in a voice that was an indictment, "are you ready for trial?" It was exactly as if he had said, "Well, you measly little whippersnapper, are you ready to come out of your hole and let me gobble you up?"

Tutt quailed. Who was he to stand alone when all others fled? From time to time he could throw a bluff himself—pose as quite the devil of a fellow. But now the straw inside his waistcoat crackled. However, he put on the boldest front he could. "Good morning, judge, good morning. Sit down, won't you? Fine weath—— Trial? Why, certainly, whenever it is reached—which won't be for some time yet."

"It won't, eh? It will be reached in just about two weeks. I'm making an application to have it transferred from the general to the short-cause calendar. Your defense is no defense at all. I could have demurred to it had I seen fit." He bared his gums in a hideous grin. "The better to eat you, my dear!"

Tutt felt ill, as if a paving stone had dropped unexpectedly upon his own not unglobular gastrointestinal zone. He did not know that at least 85 per cent of the terror that he felt was due not to the words uttered by Judge Bowser but to the latter's roar: that his hairy ancestors for thousands of years, and their hairy ancestors for millions of years before them, had trembled in their smoky caves at exactly similar sounds reverberating through the Neanderthalic undergrowth.

"No defense!" he quavered stoutly. "How could there be a better defense than that your clients told my client that she need not pay until she was able?"

"You think that is any defense?"

"Y-e-e-s," stammered Tutt.

"Huh!" Bowser's face seemed to fill the entire room.

"Why isn't it a defense?" inquired Tutt with shaky defiance.

"If you don't know, I'm not going to tell you," retorted the judge. "I've come over here to give you a chance to settle and save you costs and disbursements. We will still take twelve thousand dollars if you pay by tomorrow noon. Otherwise" he arose, towering over his insignificant adversary "otherwise, we'll show you up," he added significantly.

"We'll show you up!" retorted Tutt faintly.

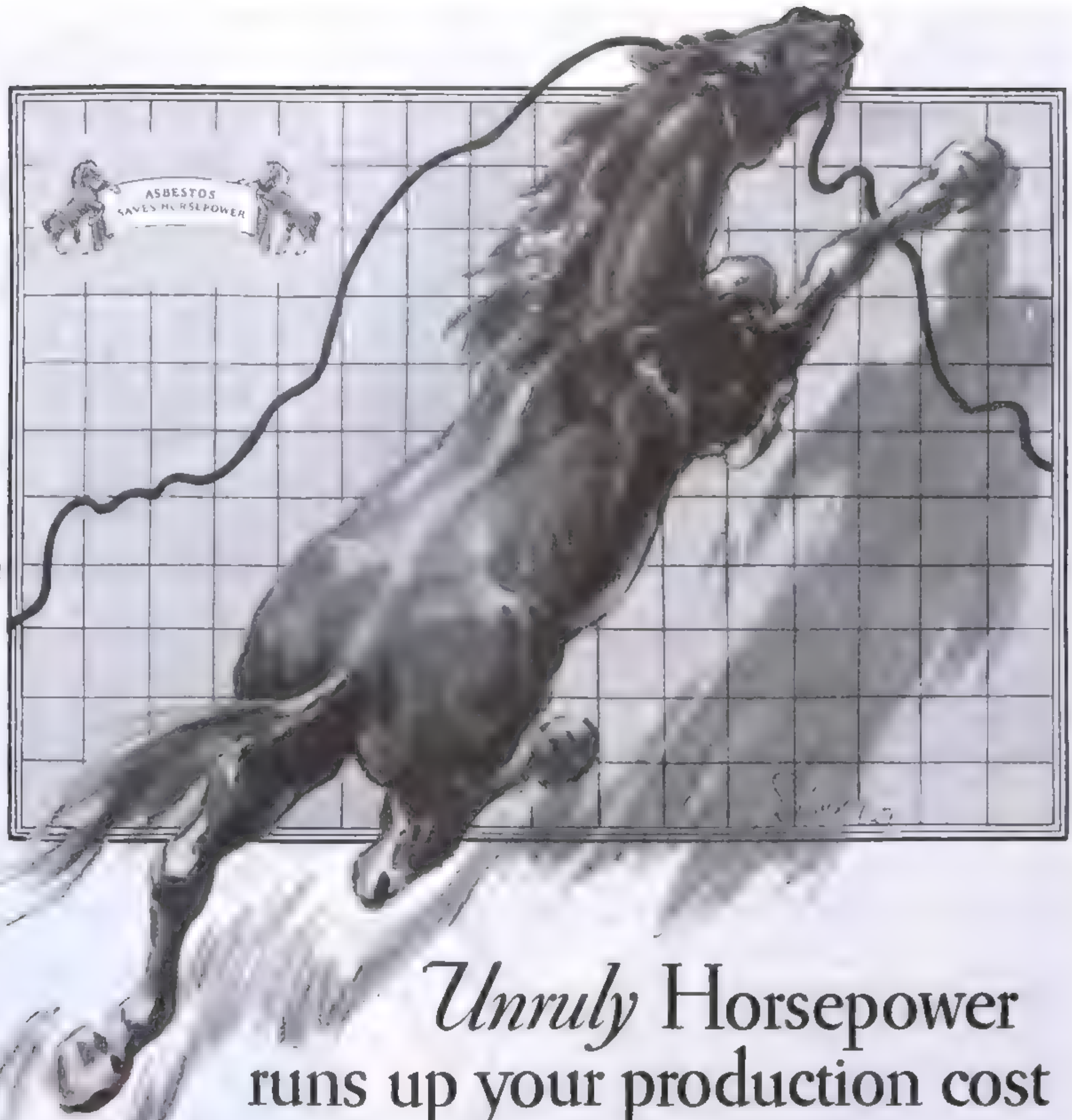
Bowser raised his arm with a threatening gesture and picked up his hat. "As you please," he articulated with soul-curdling irony. "Ex-act-ly—as—you please!"

Tutt lay limp after he had gone. No defense? What could Bowser mean? Of course it was a defense. Yet that fellow certainly meant business. Could he have been drinking delight in a fool's paradise? Had he lulled himself into a fatuous security? It was quite true that Bowser could move the case onto the short-cause calendar and get it tried almost immediately. He had never thought of that. But Mr. Tutt would have thought of it! He thought of everything. Had he slipped up on anything else, he wondered? The possibility that he had made some mistake brought the sweat to his temples, set his heart in palpitation and made his ears feel as if he were passing through the Pennsylvania tunnel. In short, Bowser's visit had thrown him into a deep indigo funk.

No defense! He scratched his head desperately, uncheered by the obvious possibility that Bowser might be mistaken. No defense? If you told a fellow he needn't pay you how could you make him? That was mere common sense, and the law was—at least he'd always supposed it was—"the perfection of common sense." Anyhow, there was nothing more that he could do. And even if for any unsuspected cause his defense should turn out not to be a defense—only, how could it turn out not to be one?—he would simply slaughter McCracken on cross-examination! At the thought of himself pulverizing the plaintiff his courage oozed back again. "Now then, McCracken!" Everything would be all right. He had naught to fear. Fame and honor would be his.

When, however, in accord with Bowser's threat, the case was transferred to the short-cause calendar he had another fit of the tee-wees. They were killing off that calendar fast, and Simon & Schaeffer, Inc., versus Laidlaw would be up within the month. Bowser was a terrible fellow in court—a steam-rolling acrobat. Would he ever dare face that jimberjaw? Would Bowser spring something unexpected? Surely he had given the case thorough preparation! Daily he rehearsed before a sympathetic audience composed of Miss Minerva Wiggin, the chief law clerk, Scraggs, the alcoholic scrivener in the wire cage in the outer office; Miss Sondheim, the allegedly Swiss stenographer; and Willie Toothacher, the freckled office boy, his grueling exposé of the perfidy of Simon & Schaeffer, his eloquently convincing appeal for the triumph of justice and beauty. They were appreciative, but inclined to be

(Continued on Page 99)



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Get Wrigley's Double Mint!

There's a new thrill in its zippy, cool, refreshing, lasting full-strength Peppermint.

Good—and good *for you* because it is wholesome and its use benefits teeth, breath, throat, digestion.

The *satisfying* confection.

After every meal.

There was a crooked man
And he went a crooked mile—
He found a crooked dollar
Against a crooked stile;
He straightway bought a package
Of Double Mint gum—
And lo and behold
It straightened him some!

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
NEW STYLE
NEW STYLE
FIVE STICKS
MADE IN U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 96)

jocular. Somehow, as the day for trial drew near, he seemed less convinced by it himself. The tee-wees came back. What did he know about diamonds? He hadn't tried a case in two years. He wished he had let matters stand in the office as they were. He didn't want fame—he wanted only tranquillity.

The case was now but one week off. Terror stalked him by day, and by night Nemesis in the form of Bowser. He could no longer eat. He had lost every shred of self-reliance. The possibility that, after all those mock heroics before his beautiful young client, he might now make an ass of himself and lose the case was too much for him to face alone. He needed the old man! By gosh, he'd always needed and always would need him! Thank God, he was right in the adjoining office!

"Stogy?" Mr. Tutt waved him innocently to a seat. "Case? What case are you talking about?"

"The Laidlaw case—Simon & Schaeffer, Inc., versus Laidlaw—suit for twelve thousand dollars for a diamond necklace. Don't you remember?"

Mr. Tutt seemed to search his memory. "Rather a pretty young woman in it, wasn't there?"

"Yes."

"Well, what's the trouble?"

"Cold feet," replied Tutt contritely. "I'm afraid I've bitten off more than I can chew."

"That is hardly possible," encouraged Tutt the Greater. "You're just a little nervous, probably. When does the case come up?"

"Day after tomorrow."

"H'm! What's your defense?"

"That the jeweler who sold the necklace to our client told her she need not pay for it until she was able—and she isn't able."

Mr. Tutt rummaged for another stogy in the coffin beside him. "Is that all?"

"Sure!"

Mr. Tutt lit the stogy with superexasperating deliberation. "Are you otherwise ready for trial?"

"I think so—at least I thought so. But Bowser has given me the jimjams to such an extent that I'm no longer sure of anything."

Mr. Tutt leaned back and crossed his legs on the desk in his customary attitude. "Tutt," he asked, "do you know anything about diamonds?"

"Not much—enough, I guess, to try this case."

"Do you know how to tell a real diamond from an imitation?"

"No."

"Then how do you know that the necklace sold to your client is even genuine?"

"There's never been any pretense that it wasn't genuine—by anybody."

Mr. Tutt gazed at him reproachfully. "Samuel," he murmured sadly—"oh, my dear Samuel, how can you have the temerity to attempt to try a diamond case without knowing a little thing like that?"

"Do you know, yourself?" asked Tutt frigidly.

"Of course!"

"Well, how?"

The elder Tutt sent a coil of smoke twisting ceilingward. "One way is to mark the diamond with an aluminum pencil. If it's a real stone you can rub it off easily with a moist cloth. If it's glass it won't come off, even with acid. Another is to draw a nail file along the edge of the stone. It won't cut a real diamond; it will cut glass. The facets of real diamonds have sharp edges, those of imitations much duller. If you're still in doubt after these tests place a small globule of water on the flat top, or table, of the diamond. If the stone is real the water will retain its globular form even if moved about with a pin. On glass it will spread. If you look at a point on a sheet of paper through a diamond and a triplex magnifying glass, you'll see only one point, whereas through a fake you'll see a number of them, usually blurred. If it's a doublet or triplet—that is, made with a genuine top, but with a false bottom or other parts you can detect it by putting it in oil and looking at it from the side. But the best test is that of specific gravity, which for a diamond is 3.52."

"For Pete's sake, where did you find all that out?" Tutt was staring open-mouthed at this unsuspected mine of knowledge.

"Oh, just general information. . . . Do you know the difference between Jagersfontein and Bloemfontein?"

"I never heard of either of 'em."

"Do you know what the diamond output of South Africa amounts to?"

"No. How much is it?"

"About forty million dollars per annum. Since the earliest date of discovery it has totaled about one billion and a quarter's worth. Do you know anything about the world's famous diamonds?"

"No. What are they?"

"The Orloff is Russia's. The Koh-i-nur belongs to England, as also the Cullinan, which was presented to the late King Edward by the Transvaal. The Florentine is owned by Austria. The Great Mogul, the famous East Indian diamond, has entirely disappeared. Behind each of these famous stones and others that could be mentioned lies a long trail of romance and adventure."

"Suffering Moses!"

"Now as to your defense. Do you claim that Simon & Schaeffer intended to give Miss Laidlaw the necklace?"

"Naturally not."

"They expected to be paid for it?"

"Sure!"

"Do you think they intended to put themselves in such a position that they could never compel payment?"

"Not so that they could never do so; only for a while."

"For how long?"

"I don't know exactly—a reasonable time."

"Then they did not intend to extend credit to her forever?"

"No."

"Then 'pay when convenient' does not necessarily mean 'you need never pay unless you find it convenient'?"

"I admit that."

"And similarly, 'pay when you are able' does not mean 'you need never pay unless you are able.' It merely means 'pay when you are able—so long as you pay within a reasonable time.' And what is a reasonable time? It certainly must be taken to be within six years, else the entire claim would be barred by the statute of limitations. Certainly, Simon & Schaeffer never intended to make it impossible to collect their bill. So 'pay when you are able' boils down to a pleasant assurance that they are in no special hurry for their money, and nothing more. Two years is quite a long time for a retailer to be obliged to wait for his money. He is turning over his capital all the time. The jury will be mostly retailers and I think will say that Simon & Schaeffer have waited long enough."

"Then Bowser is right when he says our defense is no good?"

"In my opinion—yes."

Tutt ground his fists into his temples. "What in heaven's name are we going to do? I wish I'd had sense enough to talk to you in the first place."

"Have you considered examining the necklace for latent defects?" asked Mr. Tutt. "Perhaps the stones are inferior."

"It wouldn't help us, even if they were," lamented Tutt. "There was no warranty as to quality. Our client bought the necklace as was."

"*Caveat emptor?*"

"Exactly. Miss Laidlaw purchased the diamonds at her own risk. She had the chance to inspect them and need not have bought them unless she wanted to. The law presumes that she knew what she was buying."

"But suppose the diamonds had defects such as could not be discovered by ordinary examination. She wouldn't be presumed to know what she could not know. Suppose I sold you a horse that had cancer of the stomach."

"You don't mean to suggest, do you, that these diamonds had cancer of the stomach?" inquired Tutt, with a faintly humorous smile.

Mr. Tutt swung his crossed legs in a half circle, reached behind the screen in the corner and dragged forth a diagram some five feet in length depicting a gigantic necklace, each stone fully six inches in diameter. But while in the reproduction the surface of each facet shone clear and bright and of the exact and proper color of the original stone, beneath in every case there appeared a horrible gangrenous admixture of reds, greens, blacks, purples and yellows, which in vegetable matter would have indicated an advanced state of decay.

"What on earth are those things?" ejaculated Tutt Minor. "They look like red jellyfish."

"Those," exclaimed Mr. Tutt, rising, "are the diamonds which our innocent client bought from the rather shady firm of Simon & Schaeffer under their implied warranty that the stones were free from latent defects and merchantable. It's an enlargement drawn to scale, magnified about a thousand diameters."

"But where did you get it?"

Mr. Tutt patted the excited little man upon the shoulder. "I had it made. I didn't want to horn in, but I saw that you were a bit overworked and might not have time to get around to it. In fact Miss Laidlaw herself —— Well, in brief, the whole situation interested me. I didn't see any defense in what Dorothy had told me and I didn't think that Simon & Schaeffer would appreciate that there was anything particularly unconscionable or discreditable in making such a profit. So I had the necklace examined by an expert and he found all those flaws. Do you think any jury would make us pay for a heap of garbage like that?"

"But we haven't alleged breach of implied warranty as a defense!" deplored Tutt.

"Oh, yes we have!" his associate rejoined dryly. "I moved to amend our answer ten days ago, and the court gave me leave to insert as an additional and separate defense the allegation that owing to latent and undiscoverable defects the diamonds composing the necklace were of such an inferior quality that they were unmarketable. . . . One other thought," mused Mr. Tutt. "Have you considered putting in usury as a defense? Can you not argue that as the necklaces were identical the transaction was merely a loan of twenty-five hundred dollars at, roughly, 400 per cent interest? It might be worth taking a shot at."

Tutt flushed still deeper. "I did intend to make the argument that the transaction was unconscionable," he replied; "but to tell the truth, it never occurred to me actually to set up usury as a defense. Is it too late?"

"Oh, no," replied Tutt Major, "it's not too late; in fact, I put that in my application too."

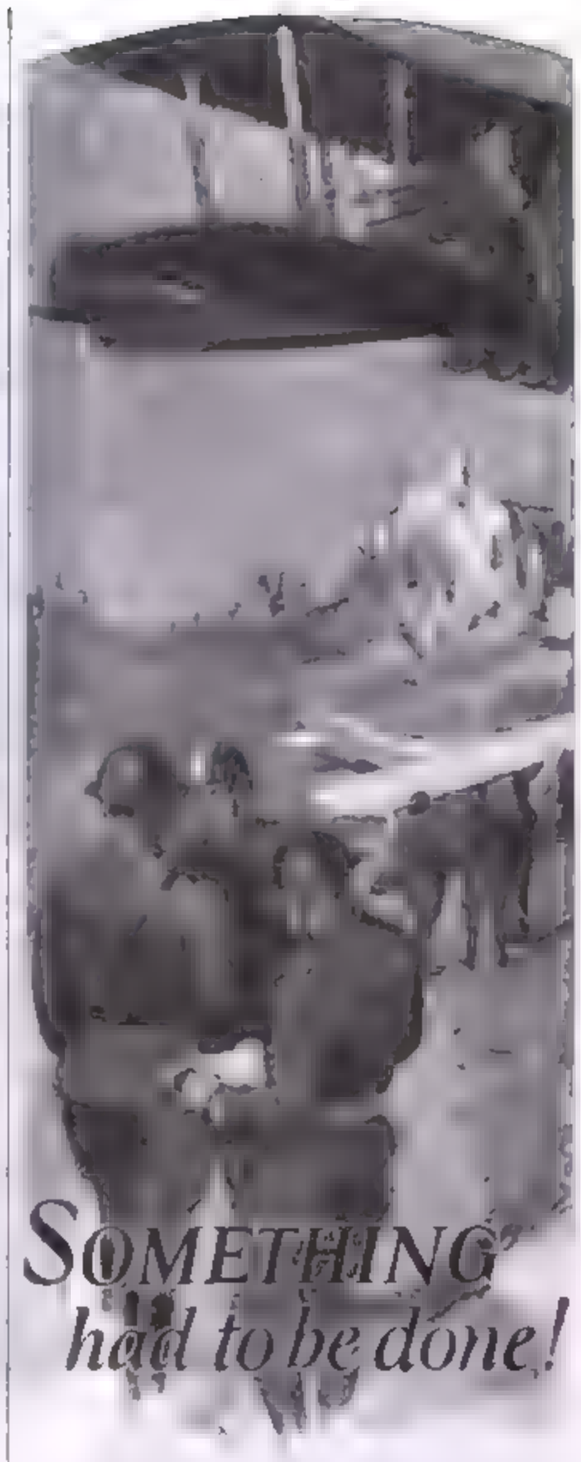
"Well, I'll be swandangled!" exploded Tutt the Lesser, with an admiration almost reverential. "Page Mr. Tutt! May I express the hope that you'll try the case as well?"

"You may—I will," said Tutt the Greater.

V

IT IS a peculiar but universally recognized phenomenon that one who trades upon the weakness of his fellow men always has the same defect in character himself. Thus there is no readier sucker anywhere to be found than the professional confidence man. He who sells gold bricks is ever the first to buy one. The bully is inevitably a coward. The bluffer is always easily bluffed. This apparent paradox is easily explainable. It is not, as might at first seem, a case of *post hoc, propter hoc.* It is just the other way round. It is *ante hoc, propter hoc.* The confidence man does not become a sucker because he is a crook. He becomes a crook because he is first a sucker, and knows

(Continued on Page 101)



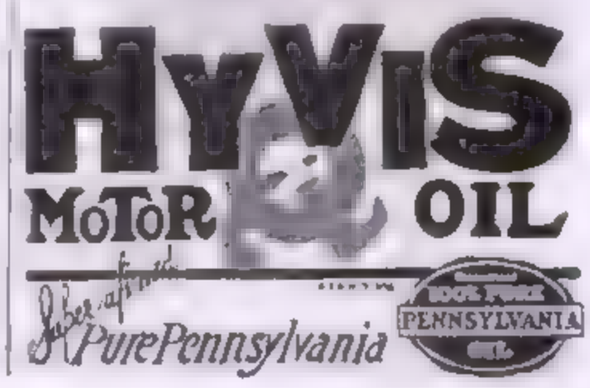
AT the most critical time of the Great War the Government faced a grave problem—finding a lubricant for the motors of the great fleet of airplanes that was under construction. The supply of castor oil—then the only known airplane motor lubricant—was pitifully small.

After exhaustive research a pure mineral lubricant, now known as HyViS, was developed—a scientifically balanced oil made from pure Pennsylvania Stocks. This oil rendered distinguished service in keeping the war birds in action.

After the war the trend towards lighter and higher speed—and therefore hotter—motors in automobiles brought about a demand for this super-lubricant as a motor oil. It was obvious that an oil capable of standing up under the heat of the huge airplane motors could combat the conditions in automobile motors with an ample margin of protection.

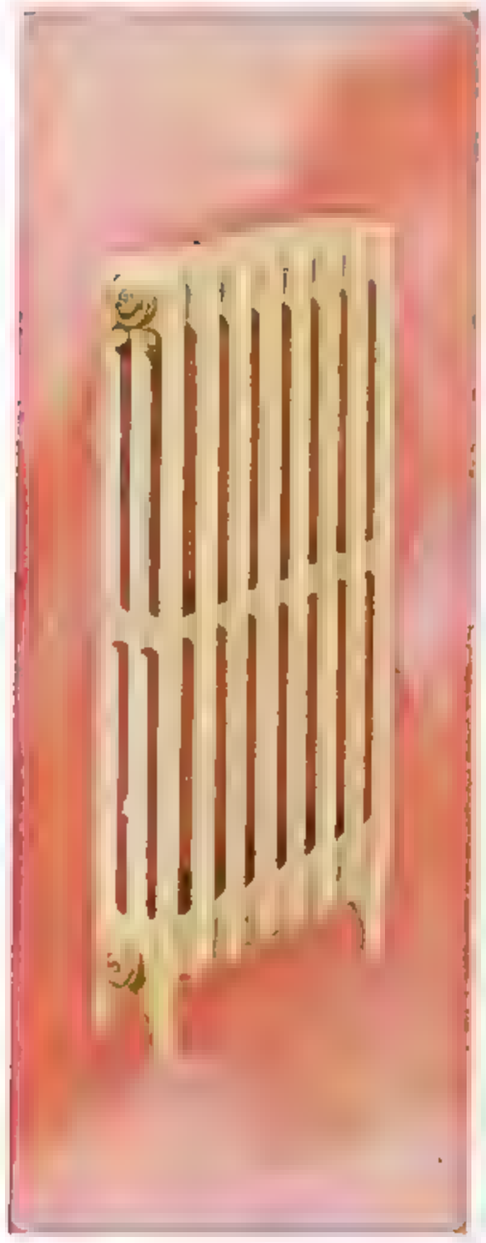
HyViS is marketed nationally thru independent dealers. You may trust your motor to its care for a full 1000 miles. This makes HyViS the most economical lubrication obtainable in spite of the fact that its super-refining process necessitates the slightly higher price of 35 cents per quart.

The Fred G. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Refineries: Warren, Pa.



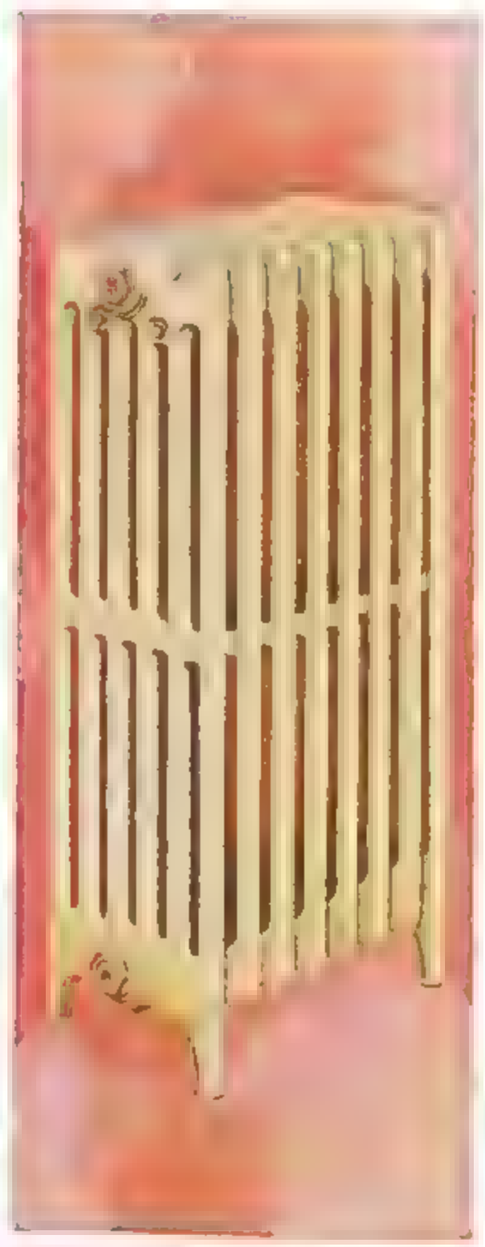
GUARANTEED HEAT ALL OVER THE HOUSE WITH ECONOMY

CAPITOL 3 TUBE



Capitol 5 tube

CAPITOL 6 TUBE



The ultimate radiator—
decorative, efficient

Sweeping before it the tradition that mere bulk makes for heating efficiency, the Capitol won instant success by garmenting the practical with new beauty.

It has well been termed the radiator masterpiece.

In the manner of the newer skyscraper architecture, it reveals a studied emphasis of the verticals, a feeling of perpendicularity. With the lacy grace of its widely spaced columns, it thus gives an air of upright and forthright honesty.

It is frankly a radiator, but so eloquent with dignity and exquisite grace that it needs no disguises, requires no concealment. In the finest homes it has proved its capacity, not merely for more speedy transmission of heat, but for blending into the decorative scheme without unduly accenting itself.

Now—immediate delivery

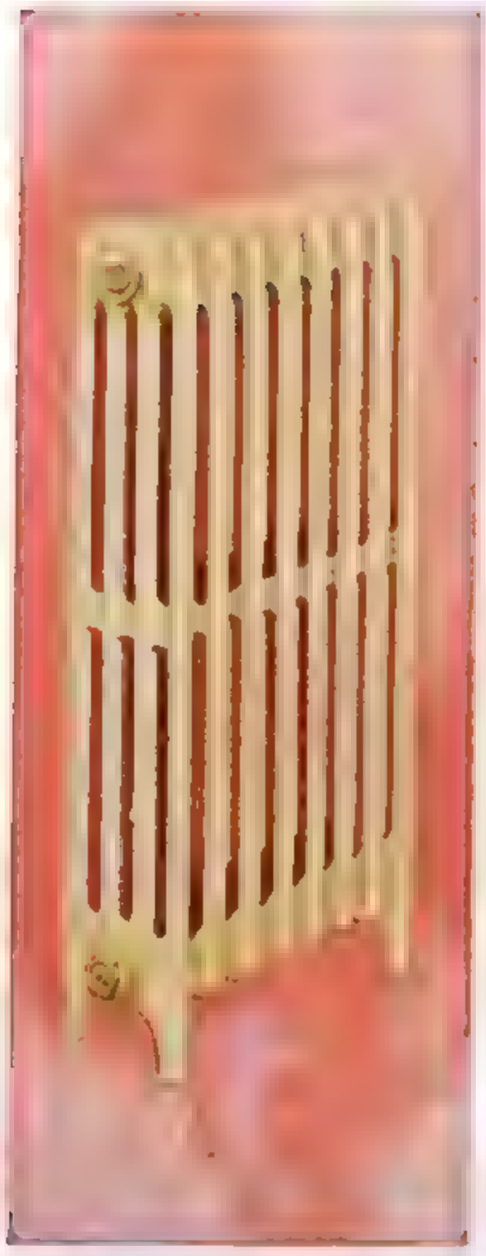
Rapidly climbing production enables this announcement that immediate delivery of any of the twenty-two styles and sizes is assured to those who now consult a Capitol contractor. And, pleasantly enough, an additional reason for asking architects to specify the Capitol is that its advantages of beauty and efficiency are obtainable without paying a premium. Its prices are as low as those of old-fashioned radiators. Write for an illustrated brochure.

United States Radiator Corporation - Detroit, Michigan

6 FACTORIES AND 32 ASSEMBLING PLANTS SERVE THE COUNTRY

For 37 years, builders of dependable heating equipment

CAPITOL 4 TUBE

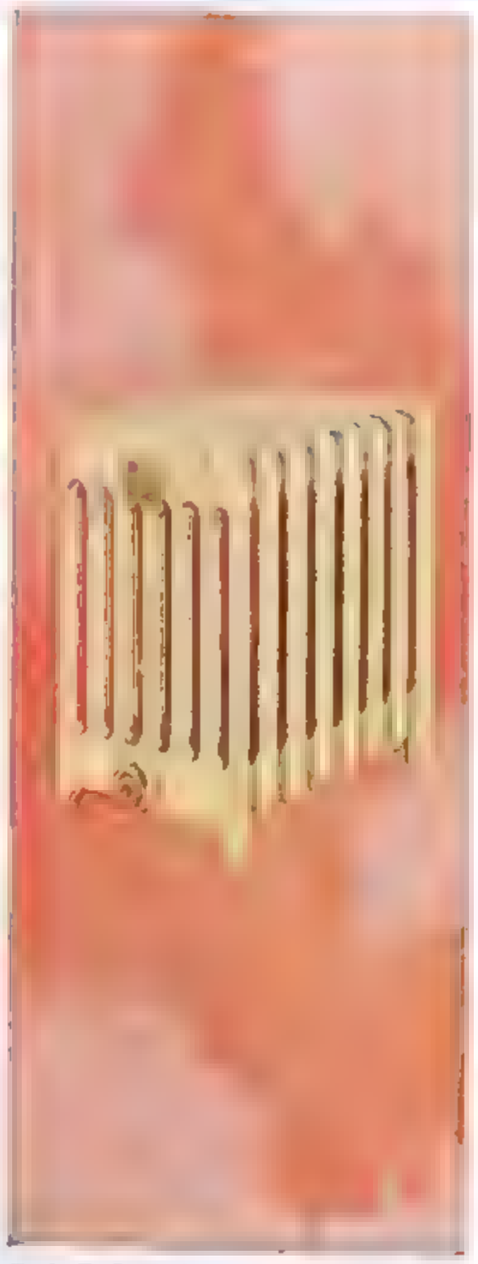


Guaranteed Heating WITH

Capitol Boilers

AND RADIATORS

CAPITOL 7 TUBE (window)



SUPPLIED AND INSTALLED NATIONALLY BY ESTABLISHED HEATING CONTRACTORS

(Continued from Page 99)

from personal experience how easy it is to be flimflammed. The bluffer learned the art of bluffing through being bluffed himself.

It was to his knowledge of this profound psychological principle that Mr. Tutt owed much of his success. Bowser was to him *vox, et praterea nihil*—an empty cavern resounding but to the wind—a grotesque scarecrow stuffed with rags and sawdust. One good push ——

The necklace case crept nearer and nearer upon the calendar. Five days off—three days—one! At ten upon the morrow Dorothy Laidlaw's unfortunate story would become the property of a scoffing world. She had haunted Tutt's office now for a week, and since he was no longer charged with the responsibility of trying the case himself, he had plenty of leisure to administer the encouragement which she needed. Between them they had it all planned out just what she should wear in court. As to their new defense —— Although Tutt had studied the necklace with the utmost intensity, both with a microscope and without, and in every light, darned if he could see the slightest flaw in any one of the brilliants. For once he felt that Mr. Tutt was riding to a fall. The girl was sitting outside even now with her Austin, a handsome lad, quite as engaging in appearance as she was. Babes in the legal woods! "Poor kids!" thought Tutt. If there wasn't any defense, what would Mr. Tutt do? And then at exactly 3:29 P.M. Willie Toothacher came in and announced that Mr. Tutt desired his immediate presence, together with that of their client.

The old lawyer seemed in the highest possible spirits, an inscrutable smile hovering around his wrinkled lips. "What am I going to do? You'll see, my dear. Only a bit of stage play. That chair, please, against the light, with Mr. Ross beside you. No, you won't have to say a word. Only sit pretty. You, Tutt, at the table, looking the learned, confident, prosperous attorney that you are. Me at my desk. And we'll put our friend Bowser—that's a dog's name, isn't it?—in that very uncomfortable chair—the front legs have been sawed off a little—with his back to the wall, facing the window. Yes, he's outside. I've already kept him waiting twenty minutes. Don't bother to get up when Willie brings him in. Treat him rough. I'll do all the acting myself. But when I cluck—tck—all of you smile as if you hadn't a trouble in the world. Smile, smile, smile! Yes, just like that."

He lit a stogy and pressed the bell. "Mr. Bowser may now come in," he announced to Willie. And like a bull in the great ring at Seville, Mr. Bowser entered, blinking at the blinding light from the windows and swaying his head from side to side at the unexpected number present.

"Sit down, Bowser," grunted Mr. Tutt, and Judge Bowser, unused to being thus cavalierly treated, glared at the assembled company and sat down.

"May I ask what you want?" he inquired.

Mr. Tutt regarded him whimsically. "We are going to give you a last chance to save your clients costs."

Judge Bowser made a movement as if to arise, but the slant of the chair seat made it difficult and he sank back. "Nonsense!" he blustered. "If you want to settle, I am willing to discontinue, but that's all."

"Very well," said Mr. Tutt ominously. "If you are willing to publish to the world that Simon & Schaeffer were willing to take advantage of Miss Laidlaw's ignorance and distress to make 400 per cent profit out of her ——"

"Why not?" inquired Bowser. "The firm is not an eleemosynary institution."

"—— and to se.. her back her own necklace ——"

"Bunk! You know that's not so, and that we can prove it!" cried the judge.

"Oh, very well! If you can afford ——"

"Look here!" interrupted Judge Bowser, shaking his finger at Mr. Tutt. "My clients had a right to make any profit they chose. They did not sell her back her own necklace. We have nothing to conceal. You can't bluff us! It's you who can't afford to go into court! Don't you suppose I know all about Mrs. Ross and what she'll do if she ever finds out ——"

Suddenly Mr. Tutt clucked. Instantly a smile irradiated the circle like a coruscation from the cause of all the trouble itself. "She knows all about it," remarked Mr. Tutt pleasantly.

"She —— What—how's that?" stammered Bowser.

"She knows everything there is to know already."

It was clear from Judge Bowser's expression that this was bad news. Then his jimberjaw shot farther forward. "Well, even if she does, it makes no difference," he retorted. "Whether or not she is aware of the deception, this young woman ——"

"Steady there!"—from Austin Ross.

"—— is entirely irrelevant," finished the ex-judge mildly.

"There seems to be one thing that you have entirely overlooked," suggested Mr. Tutt, after a noticeable pause. "Have you considered the effect upon your clients' business of allowing it to become known that they took twelve thousand dollars under circumstances which were, to say the least, peculiar, from Miss Laidlaw and gave her in return a necklace composed entirely of defective stones—a string of junk?"

"Rot!" snorted Judge Bowser most inelegantly. "Defects? What sort of defects?"

"Flaws, cracks, scratches."

"That necklace was as good as any in the city of New York," declared the judge indignantly. Again Mr. Tutt clucked. The smile that shone around the circle this time was a grin. Bowser wavered. "Anyhow, there was no warranty. *Caveat emptor*. She knew what she was buying."

"There is always an implied warranty against latent defects, as you well know," returned Mr. Tutt. "Miss Laidlaw is not an expert. She relied on the stones being marketable."

"Marketable!" Bowser shouted.

"Exactly—marketable. These stones are honeycombed with flaws of every description. They're rotten. There's not a single perfect one in the lot."

Judge Bowser arose with dignity. "You make me laugh!" he said. "If that's all your defense amounts to, you can save yourself the trouble of going to court."

He picked up his hat, turned contemptuously and took a step toward the door. Then he stopped and stiffened. His jimberjaw sagged. His shaggy brows contracted. "What's that?" he demanded, pointing at the diagram that in a riot of decomposition stared at him from the opposite wall.

"That's a diagram of the worthless trash you sold to Miss Laidlaw for twelve thousand good dollars," replied Mr. Tutt. "How do you like its looks?"

"What are those green and purple splotches?"

"Those are the flaws in the stones—slightly magnified, to be sure, but each and every one exactly as it exists—as we shall prove by our experts tomorrow morning."

"Poppycock!" Judge Bowser seemed unable to tear his eyes away from the pyrotechnic display upon the wall. "And—er—what do you purpose to do with that thing?" he inquired superciliously.

"Put it in evidence."

"You can't. It's not admissible."

"Oh, I'll get it in somehow," Mr. Tutt assured him dreamily. "There's more than one way to kill a cat. You see, it's drawn accurately to scale. Fulfills all the legal requirements. Oh, yes, I'll get it in somehow."

"The hell you will!" barked Bowser, and stalked out without further comment.

The rest of them looked at Mr. Tutt. "Cluck!" said he, and they all smiled.

"What are we going to do now?" asked Dorothy anxiously.

"Go to trial—maybe," answered the old man; "and maybe not."

"But does my stepmother really know?" inquired Austin Ross.

"Yes, I told her the whole story last evening," said Mr. Tutt. "She tried to bulldoze me a little at first, but when I explained to her that most of her friends, if they learned of it, would be inclined to prefer Dorothy's conduct in the Gibbs matter to her own, she took a different tone. Saving your presence, she struck me as being a good deal of a bluff. Anyhow, everything is all right by her."

"But what is our defense going to be?" insisted Tutt. "We haven't the money to pay—and that's flat!"

Just then the telephone buzzed and Mr. Tutt put the receiver to his ear. "Sish! It's Bowser!" he whispered from behind his hand. "Yes, judge? You'll discontinue without costs provided we return the necklace? Not on your life! We like it. . . . What? Oh, of course we expect to pay for it—sometime—when we're in funds—and it's quite convenient. . . . How's that? You're willing after all to let the matter drop for the present? Very good. Thank you. . . . Yes, you can send the paper over right now for my signature. Goodby!" He hung up and looked around at them. "Your credit with Simon & Schaeffer is still good, my dear," he said to the girl. "You can pay when convenient."

Austin Ross held out his hand to Mr. Tutt. "That's what comes from having a good lawyer—one who isn't afraid of anybody!" he declared.

"You should thank my partner here, not me," replied Mr. Tutt. "It was his case."

Tutt wrinkled his nose. "And a fine mess I made of it!" he candidly conceded. "Bowser had me bluffed to a standstill."

"Just as I was by McCracken," smiled Dorothy.

"And both of us were by my stepmother!" added Austin.

"Scarecrows—all of them!" said Mr. Tutt. "Just like most of the people we're afraid of! The only way to treat a scarecrow is to go right up and see what is inside it. Don't ever let that young man put anything over on you! If he tries to, come right to your Uncle Eph!"

"I may come even if he doesn't," she laughed. "Anyhow, I've nothing to worry about any longer. Thanks for all you've done for us."

As she got up to go the necklace at her throat seemed to gather all the sunlight in the room that did not already shine in her eyes and to throw it flashing back just as did her smile. Each of the blue stones twinkled and glowed as if containing a mysterious hidden fire.

"Do you really expect us to believe that those diamonds have any defects in them!" growled Tutt with polite sarcasm. "They don't look it."

Mr. Tutt paused in the act of lighting a fresh stogy. "Practically every diamond has a defect of some sort. There are very few absolutely perfect. These are no exceptions. They have—so to speak—defects."

"But not such as to make them unmarketable!" countered Tutt.

"That is for the jury to say," Mr. Tutt reminded him. "It's purely a question of fact."

"And possibly of bluff?" hazarded young Mr. Ross. "You had friend Bowser absolutely groggy!"

"I'm something of a scarecrow myself," admitted the old lawyer.

"It must be such fun to be a scarecrow!" exclaimed Dorothy as they shook hands.

"Only if you are stuffed with straw," said Mr. Tutt.

Is There Really A Climate-Proof Smoking Tobacco?

Here is some international testimony on the subject

Mr. W. L. Peers is an aviator who certainly has "flown wide," to borrow an expression from his own pleasant and enthusiastic letter.

He writes us that he has smoked Edgeworth under practically every climatic condition in seventeen sections of the world, outside America.

As these localities range from England and France to South Africa and China, we think you'll agree that he makes out a pretty good case for climate-proof Edgeworth.

Also, Mr. Peers is a twelve-year member of the Edgeworth Club. Here's his letter:

Bolling Field, D. C.

Messrs. Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen.

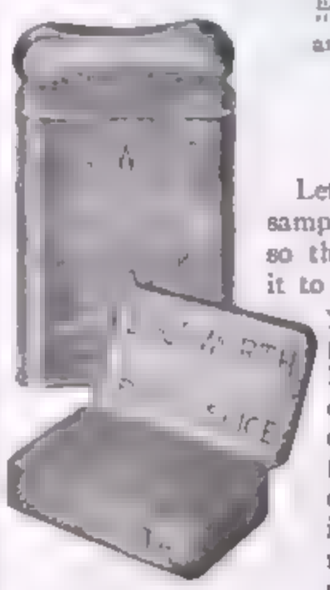
Having been a constant user of your excellent Edgeworth for approximately twelve years and having smoked it under practically every climatic condition in the following countries: England, France, British West Africa, South Africa, German East Africa, Mesopotamia, Persia, Palestine, Egypt, India, Afghanistan, Beluchistan, Waziristan, Ceylon, Burmah, The Straits Settlements, and China, I feel it an honor to go on record as a supremely satisfied user of this tobacco.

Of course it was not always possible to obtain the "Old Blue Can" in all of these countries, but where this difficulty was encountered, my fondness for Edgeworth could not be satisfied by an inferior product so I arranged with my people in Richmond, Virginia, to purchase a dozen or so cans at a time and forward it to me by parcel post.

I was considerably gratified on my arrival at this field to find that the majority of the men here, both commissioned and non-commissioned were smoking pipes, no doubt users of Edgeworth. I consider that this showed excellent taste on the part of the men at this station.

May your organization and your Edgeworth always "Fly High, Wide and Pretty."

Yours for pipe satisfaction,
W. L. PEERS.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length (254.1 meters) 1180 kilocycles.

Some Apples Are Naturally Green—

Flat head front button

BUT NOT YOUR ADAM'S APPLE! When that particular spot in your neck turns green, there's only one thing to do. Throw away the collar button that caused it and get a Krementz. The green spot will disappear. Your collar button troubles will be over for life.

For front, with round head

Krementz Collar Buttons are guaranteed not to tarnish and to wear a lifetime. This guarantee is made possible by the extra heavy 14 kt. rolled gold plate and the special Krementz process of manufacture.

Back button—medium height

Buy them in sets of four—$1. This gives you two collar buttons for reserve in case of loss. At shops everywhere—always!

Very low button for the back

KREMENTZ & CO.
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Krementz Collar Buttons in a handsome case. A very useful Gift! Write for booklet illustrating Krementz Jewelry

Krementz
COLLAR
BUTTON
25¢

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

And I hardly dare suggest
What he knows about Miss Best;
She should have some deft reminders
Milkmen's horses don't wear blinders.
Ah, you hardly would suppose
What a lot that old horse knows.

And he knows the traffic rules,
Whinnies when approaching schools,
And correctly turns his feet
The right way of a one-way street,
And he never fails to know
Red means Stop and Green means Go;
Ere he turns, with air aloof,
Always he puts out his hoof.

And the milkmen still relate
How he once outwitted Fate,
How the Milkman's faith was kept.
When the Milkman overslept
The old horse snorted loud and clear,
But the Master did not hear;
The old horse whinnied for his chum,
But the Master did not come.
Then the old horse raised his head—
"Duty must be done!" he said,
"Danger looms"—thereat he shivered—
"But the milk must be delivered!"
Down the street the Milkman's horse
Pushed the milk cart on its course,
Halting now at 37,
Then proceeding to 11;
In his teeth he took some bottles
To the door of Mrs. Wattles,
Grade A and a pint of cream
To the door of Mrs. Bream;
And he left the monthly bill
At the door of Mrs. Hill;
When he came to sweet Miss Best's—
So at least the tale attests—
Neighing in a manner pleasant
He left some kumiss for a present!

This is the tale they tell us when
The Milkmen hear that Business Men
Would overturn their craft by force,
And motorize the Milkmen's Horse!

—*Morris Bishop.*

Summer's Longings

IF ALL the gods would just turn to
And turn me to a cow,
I'd be so very, very glad;
I couldn't tell you how
Extremely grateful I would be
If they would make a cow of me.
Not permanently so, you know,
But only for a month or so.

The cow, you understand, is such
A very restful beast;
The problems of the universe
Trouble her not the least.
She has enough to eat and drink,
But has no thoughts she has to think;
And all that mars her peaceful day
She switches placidly away.

Duty, ideals and such-like things
Never disturb her fun;
I don't believe she ever did
What she should not have done!
Her acts and feelings all are mild,
She does not have emotions wild;
But standing in the cool soft mud,
In tranquil peace she chews her cud.

Just think how restful to be now
A calm, unmoral, stupid cow!

—*Sally Elliott Allen.*

WISE MONEY

(Continued from Page 11)

underneath were mere bagatelles—always keeping the color of the eyes in mind, the blend must be correct. Then she was stood upright, and Estrelle began to drape from an endless bolt, clipping yards recklessly. She had a little apprentice, a human pincushion, alongside, and she plucked the pins from her like lightning.

They stand off, Estrelle and her lieutenant. Ah! Another pin! And then, just as it attains perfection, it is lifted off over Anne's head and leaves her shivering with delicious apprehension. The pinned poem is tossed to the lions—the little *mesdemoiselles modiste*. Their needles begin to fly. Two hours!

Now we summon the *coiffeur* and the manicure. Estrelle has a pensive moment regarding Anne's hat—the little helmet Anne has decorated with her art.

Anne is not bobbed—what good fortune! The chapeau will be almost plain, but pronounced in line, which demands a soft and simple arrangement to suggest floating wind-swept hair. Estrelle whispers to the *coiffeur*, who nods, smiling, as his fingers fly. He is ravished by this creature and he tells Estrelle in Gallic dumb show.

While all these pumpkins are being converted into coaches, Anne is permitted a short period of rest in a small boudoir. There comes a cup of broth to stay her, and a gentleman in a green smock from a booterie. At length the moment arrives when the Russian *motif*—with silver fox—built up from the violet of her eyes—falls about her, as on wings of song. It was the subtle significance of the novice, life at its threshold. And so to the Ritz.

Getting down and going in, she floated on scented air, across soft carpets, through corridors of mottled marble, among flowers and brass-bound lackeys, and eyes, eyes, eyes, and silken knees. Soft music drugged the senses. There was the line of wistful little beauties, sophisticated juveniles studiously dissembling the while they waited for someone to come along and take them in. And there were impeccable young men doing likewise; and old stagers and stodgy dowagers through whose ranks moved bored diplomats and supercilious nobodies, and inflated persons just back from Palm Beach and still peeling. One romantic old codger with powdered temples and a gingerbread tan revolved like a turntable as Anne demurely passed by. And others paused to stare, the men inspecting her from her topknot down, the women from her feet up. Everybody who made any pretensions of being anybody drifted among these alleys on a windy afternoon in winter. She wondered, in the back of her confused brain, just what does a well-turned-out female without baggage say for herself when she walks up to the desk and announces she has come to stay.

She said, addressing a faultless young man behind brass ribbons, "I am Miss Calvert ——"

It appeared that he already knew it, or pretended he did. "Ah, yes, Miss Calvert," he said, bowing; he had the exquisite impersonal politeness of the perfect hotel functionary. He snapped his finger peremptorily and said, "Mr. Wenton!" And Mr. Wenton—a pea out of the same pod—vaguely inspected a card the other gentleman was palming.

"Your rooms will be ready in half an hour, Miss Calvert," he said. "There has been a little delay because of some very special orders."

But the supreme moment came when she summoned Haley Johns, by telephone, to meet her at the Ritz for tea. "Hurry!" she begged him.

Anne, who has been especially constructed, at no end of trouble and thought, by the Supreme Designer, as a wife for a superlatively rich man who would be able to give her the right setting, had fallen hopelessly and delightfully in love, while she was painting Christmas cards, with Haley Johns. He was a young playwright, just going into his first rehearsal; and though the play coming out of that first rehearsal was to be Land's End, neither of them knew the significance of it at this time. He was an unproduced playwright, as the trade saying goes, and it would be years later that he would learn, in the words of a cynic, that in his profession one must write ten plays to sell three, and then the one to be produced would be from the other seven. Now he was merely an exceptionally good-looking young man, hopelessly and delightfully in love with Anne. And loving each other in that way, it seemed to both of them that love was a miracle which had just occurred for the first time on earth, having waited for them to arrive.

She drew him over to a table, as he held back. "If you are going to tea with me, we will go to a cafeteria," he said humorously, nevertheless positively. "What on earth have you got on?"

"Just something I stepped into to come here," she said. "I really couldn't go to a cafeteria in this. Look!" She pushed open the flap of her bill fold and let him look once.

The impresario of the *thé dansant* was really an interior decorator at heart and had an eye for Anne—he was waving them to a point of vantage. Haley, still dazed, dropped into a chair across from her, and heard her ordering.

She told him in detail the story of her day, beginning with the fateful rape on her door that had lifted the curtain and ending with her telephoning him from her own apartment at the Ritz. He heard her through in silence. Gradually that odd involuntary smile that she herself had been carrying around with her all afternoon without suspecting it preempted his face too. When she came to the end, she cried out "There!" as if challenging fate to call her a liar; and she closed her eyes with the tips of her fingers, and then suddenly tore off this delicious bandage and looked around to see if she were yet awake or still dreaming.

"It's a grand first act," said Haley Johns, smiling wistfully—he had always so hoped she wouldn't grow rich on his hands. "Have you ever seen him before?"

"Yes," she said; "in Camelot's one time, when I fetched my cards. I thought he was King Edward come back to life—he looks the part."

"Did you ask Camelot?"

"No."

"It might be a good idea," he said.

She tapped the pigskin wallet through the mesh of her bag. "These are pretty good credentials," she said, laughing. They were rising to dance. "Who is that person with the Palm Beach make-up?" asked she, gazing dreamily over his shoulder; she indicated the elderly gentleman with the powdered temples and gingerbread tan, who had returned.

"That's Bancroft Wildenning," said Haley, apt directory of first nights along Broadway. "He's a candidate for governor—he always gets a hand when he walks in. . . . Why?"

"He stares so," said Anne petulantly.

"Have you had a good look at yourself lately?" asked Haley.

"Yes," she said, dimpling and squeezing his arm against her side. "In your eyes, beloved." Her laugh was music.

They were idling over the tea things again. He was examining one of her fifty-dollar bank notes. It was of virgin newness, not even a wrinkle to suggest its divine faculty of currency. He picked at the silk floss, managed to raise a thread and tweak it out. The fifty was genuine—that is, if it hadn't been printed on a washed

(Continued on Page 107)

Just a few years ago the fireplace in many homes was a cold feature of interior decoration and nothing more. Then came the Humphrey Radiantfire with all its warmth and cheer and a glorious old tradition was revived.

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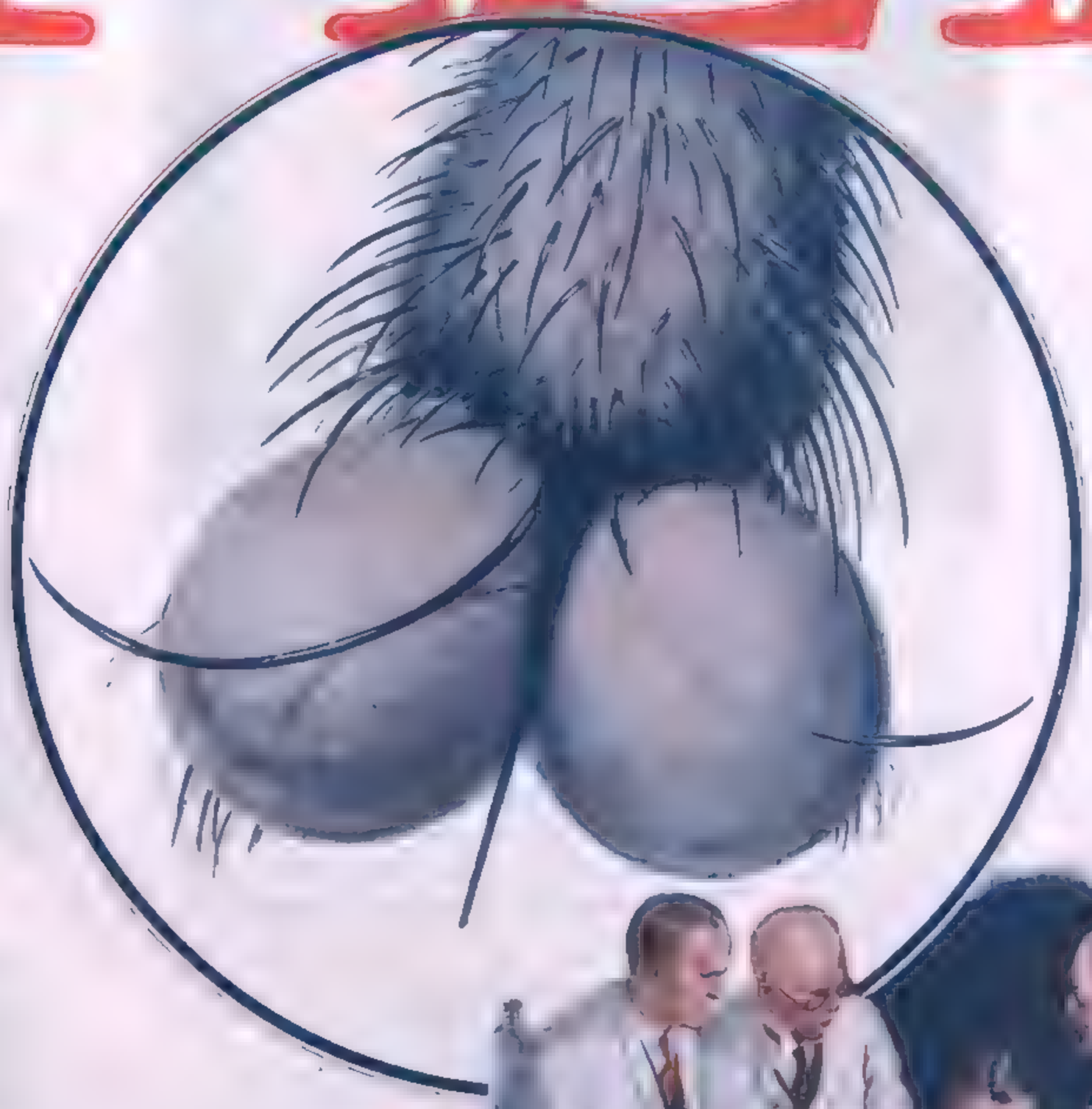
Wherever there are flies use

FLY



Feeding upon the feces and sputum of sick people, the biting fly may poison an open wound just by contact with its hairy, germ-moist feet or mouth. Today it is known that the sucking fly may contaminate foods and infect wounds by contact just as surely as the biting fly. The above enlarged micrographic photograph shows the hairs and mushy pads of the fly's foot. To these contamination easily clings.

TOX

Winged Assassins Succumb to Science

Flies are filthiest insect known—Alive with bacteria—Contaminate food—Infect wounds—Transmit deadly disease

FLY-TOX kills flies, mosquitoes, fleas, ants, roaches and similar disease-carrying insects and bugs

FLIES have caused more deaths than all wars from the beginning of time. (1) Uninterrupted, the progeny of a pair of flies in a single season totals millions. (2) They deposit their eggs in any kind of feces, in decaying garbage, and in rotting meat.

When breeding in decaying flesh, the larvæ absorb numerous types of bacteria, including protozoa or parasitic worms and their eggs. Cao, the Italian investigator, reports that some of these bacteria actually multiply within the fly's alimentary canal.(3)

The fly that visits our houses is attracted by the food or various human secretions. Flies are especially keen for unhealed sores. They bite or suck at the wounds and imbibe pus. They attack a baby's eyes and lips.

The biting fly perforates the skin. The slight exudation of blood becomes quickly contaminated with germs from the fly. If a scab forms over the fly bite, the dry incrustation seals the wound. That forces the germs into the blood stream. Though an infection of this kind may only result in fevers, and minor illnesses, it is possible for flies to transmit the germs of forty different diseases into the human body in that way. Moreover, flies can carry germs taken from sick people or infected meat, at least twelve miles. (4) Typhoid fever that causes epidemics is often transmitted that way.

Whenever a fly alights and remains a few seconds it has left a mark. It may be a deposit of feces or what entomologists call a "vomit spot." (5)

Nearly every year somewhere there are epidemics, typhoid and other fevers or diseases like infantile paralysis that attack and cripple children. Doctors declare that the seeds of these germs are sown by the fly. A national health magazine estimates that each year in the United States forty thousand deaths are directly caused by flies.

But it is possible to kill flies, to rid every home of this danger. FLY-TOX kills flies with marvelous ease and certainty. Contact with its stainless, cleanly fragrant spray is certain death to flies, mosquitoes, and other disease-carrying insects.

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(Continued from Page 102)

dollar bill. They do that, just to get genuine paper.

"How many did he give you?"

She said she hadn't dared to count—didn't think she would.

"And he has moved you in here for the time being?"

"She has, yes," she said. She nodded, her eyes closing like a mechanical doll and a roguish smile playing about her lips. "Isn't it unique?"

"Did you notice the bread line outside?" he asked. "They have their fairy tales. Sometimes there is an aunt, sometimes not. By the way, how about your aunt?" There was a momentary cloud in his face. "Are you going to ask her if by any chance this fellow is telling the truth?"

"One of the conditions is that I do not approach her until we meet by accident on the itinerary," said Anne. She loved this scene with the cautious, old-maidish Haley. "Remember," she said, "he came in her carriage, on my birthday."

"There might be another moth-eaten bus of that vintage extant," he said. "Sounds improbable, but it may be true. You are going aboard ship with his duenna?"

"Certainly."

He put aside his worries by force. "Naturally, there will be some indication from her before you leave," he said. "It certainly makes a grand first act," he repeated. "You don't know how funny it is. . . . Let's walk home."

Home was where her *trotteur* costume had been sent, away across town. They lingered on the long blocks to Beekman Hill overlooking Kipp's Bay, an obvious pair of lovers, their hands clasping now and then. It was dark when they toiled up the steps and she put her key in the lock; she slipped in and changed back to her old clothes. An enthusiastic Raphael and the familiar smell of fried potatoes and kerosene assured her it was the same world she had left this morning. In the little dress someone had given her and the helmet hat she had decorated with her art, she tripped along beside Haley to an Italian's for dinner, where they lingered late, talking over his rehearsal that began on the morrow.

II

"I AM in rehearsal," explained Haley Johns—although his brow was troubled he had to vaunt himself by giving just a shade of importance to his tones. "You know what that means as well as I do."

He looked up at Oliver Armiston, in whose study they were sitting. Parr, the police deputy, sat in his accustomed chair, listening, absorbing, saying nothing.

"Ten to twenty hours a day!" cried Haley desperately. "Luncheon is usually a can of coffee—a boy brings in a dozen of them on a pole, like a Chink coolie. And for supper, usually a hot dog. Halfway through a bite Fieldstone will say, 'Here, give me a new line for that.' And when I stammer and stutter and eat my pencil, he will sing out, 'Oh, you are one of the kind that have to be locked up in a room, eh?' Or, after Fieldstone has put them through a scene for an hour or two, they will turn on me as if it was my fault and say it won't do at all, that I'll have to do better than that. And everybody sits down and waits for me to do the right thing. I crawl into bed about four A.M., and the telephone rings at eight, calling rehearsal for ten. And when I arrive you'd think I was money from home. They think I've been sitting up all night rewriting the whole thing. They start in as if they'd never seen it before."

Armiston smiled. He had seen it—beautiful lines of his own, polished, scintillating, crumble to dust in the mouths of actors.

"And this other thing haunts me. I can't sleep. I thought you wouldn't mind if I came here and poured out my soul." Haley made a wry attempt to smile. The man's nerves were on edge. He was ready to go to pieces. If he could have afforded it, he would have luxuriated in a nervous breakdown—that's the way plays are put on.

"She went over on the Berengaria, didn't she?" asked Oliver.

"Yes. I saw her off. They had a cabin on the boat deck."

"They?"

"Yes—her companion."

"Oh, she had a companion?" Oliver affected an especial interest. "Who was the companion?"

"A Mrs.—ah—oh, what was her—a Mrs. Gore. You'll find it on the list."

"A paid companion?"

"Yes," said Haley Johns. "A very superior sort, you understand. Anne was tremendously pleased with her. She is really a social secretary. Anne picked her from a number of applicants."

"You are not pleased with her?" said Armiston, eying Haley.

The distraught young lover, resting his head on a hand, looked up, his tired eyes glittering.

"Everything is too pat," he said. "There isn't a chink or crevice anywhere to pry open with suspicion. Anne laughs at me. She calls me 'queasy.'" He smiled as if for the moment sharing her gentle derision of his fears. "But she packs and goes with a woman she has never seen before, at the behest of a man who is a perfect stranger, after a single interview."

"She didn't see him again after that first interview?" asked Oliver in surprise.

"Oh, she saw him, yes; but not to speak to. I was with her. It was in the Avenue. The Chevalier was driving with the old woman. They were pulled up by the traffic and it happened we came face to face with them. Anne cried out—forgot herself—she was going to speak. You know she had come to have a very different feeling for her great-aunt. That business of the Christmas cards humiliated her, of course, but I don't know of anything that could have happened to put her in a forgiving mood toward the old witch quite so quickly. After all, it is her own blood. And all this money and favor suddenly showered on her. She tried to get to her aunt two or three times. But it was impossible. When she saw her there in the Avenue there was only one thought in her mind—at least to give her a smile to let her know she understood. But this De Fressy—he's a dead ringer for old Edward! I never saw a likeness so startling—he shook his head sternly. Anne wilted. He had her under perfect control."

"Hypnotic?" asked Oliver with a smile.

"Yes—the hypnotism of an idea," said the playwright. "She believes him, and obeys him utterly. It's odd. She has been wary of men—she had some annoying experiences, making her own way, a little orphan girl in a great city." He smiled whimsically. "She is too good-looking. It makes her cautious. But she is sold on this man. Even that rebuff was meat to her. She said to me, 'Isn't that proof enough for you, Mr. Queasy? He is driving with her!'"

"She hasn't any qualms about accepting all these favors?" asked Oliver.

"None," said Haley Johns. "She would inherit eventually. The bitterness grew up when the old woman refused to help her father when he badly needed it. He had made rather a mess of his affairs, I think."

"You hear from her?" pursued Oliver, more or less bored, but polite. He glanced at the police deputy, wondering if any of this registered in that brainpan. The Chevalier was not unknown to the man hunter. But Parr gave no evidence of interest. He had happened to be there, idling away an hour, when the perturbed lover came in imploring help from his old friend and patron, Oliver Armiston. Haley, who was not a New Yorker, had no idea he was emptying his soul of its tremulous fears in front of a great policeman. He was sunk in his own affairs.

"Oh, yes, I get letters by every boat," said Haley. "She writes every day," he confessed. "Everything is lovely. The girl is seeing Europe for the first time, under unusual circumstances. They are following the crowd. This time of year it is the South of France—the Riviera. They all go through the same chute. They do things the same hour of the day, same day of the week, same week of month. There is such a thing as a solecism in globe-trotting, you know."

The inveterate playwright here took out his notebook and dutifully set down an idea for a future masterpiece. "Well, Anne seems to be everywhere on time—a little ahead of time in fact," he went on. "One rather annoying thing—she isn't stopping at the hotels." He broke off abruptly. He turned a paper weight over and over in his fingers. As he set it down he glanced quickly from Oliver to Parr. Both were looking expectantly at him.

"It's odd," he said with an evident irritation. "There is always a villa—everything ready for her—servants, carriages, program. They seem to have gone to the trouble to map out every hour in the day for Anne. It is as though they were afraid there was something she might miss that she ought to see, or fail to do something she would be expected to do. It's like a solo Cook's Tour—with this Mrs.—ah—Gore—as her *carte-blanche* courier. It was all very exciting at first—exclusive, a little remote—like a queen being moved in this ostentatiously unostentatious way across the South of Europe. I think it is beginning to pall upon her. This walled-garden business and the carriage—it's bound to make her conspicuous. For an old witch to travel that way, all right. But not for a good-looking girl." He said with a heavy scowl, "It's too much like a Turk's seraglio."

The telephone at Oliver's elbow rang. Haley Johns started nervously—he was on edge. Armiston passed the instrument to him. It was the theater.

"I'll be along after a while," he said shortly, and hung up.

"Where is the aunt all this time?" asked Armiston.

"Here—here," said Haley Johns. "She hasn't made a move." He paused. He took to playing with the paper weight. "What do you make of it?" he demanded. "Am I the only idiot?"

"These old women lie awake nights devising crazy schemes," said Oliver. "I don't think I'd worry about it. Anne, of course, has friends? One always picks up friends. . . . Does she say? She probably encounters the same crowd every place she goes."

"I think that is bothering her," said Haley. "It's like being a prisoner—this aristocratic aloofness. Anne loves people. She is constantly seeing the same ones, again and again, and yet she has practically no opportunity to come into personal contact with them. She is whisked off. For instance," said Haley, "the afternoon we took tea together at the Ritz, I pointed out Bancroft Wildenning to her. The old sport is very imposing, you know. When I went aboard ship to see her off, Wildenning was sailing. She was delighted. She thought she would be sure to meet him. But she didn't. I don't know why. It just happened she didn't. She was driving one afternoon at Mentone with this Mrs. Gore, and they ran into him again; and again at Cannes, and some place else. That's the way it goes. She is constantly picking up these people as if she were following them. Wildenning is running for governor, isn't he?"

"He'd like to, if he can get the nomination," said Parr, speaking for the first time. He relapsed behind his cloud of cigar smoke.

"Well," said the playwright, rising and preparing to go, "it's done me good to empty my soul of its worries. I don't feel quite so queasy," he said with a laugh. "Now I'll go back and rewrite my third act without being locked in."

The closing of the street door and the fleeting shadow of the playwright past the street window had the effect of bringing Parr, the police deputy, to life, as if he had only been playing possum during the recital. He sat up and took down his telephone. He set it at his elbow for action. This private wire had been installed here during the run of the Insurance Widow case, which he conducted from this room;

"A year ago that swim would have winded me."
"What put you in shape—cut down the heavy smoking?"
"No—where I live, the gym is so handy, a man has no excuse for not keeping fit."
"Where's that?"
"At The Allerton."

ALLERTON

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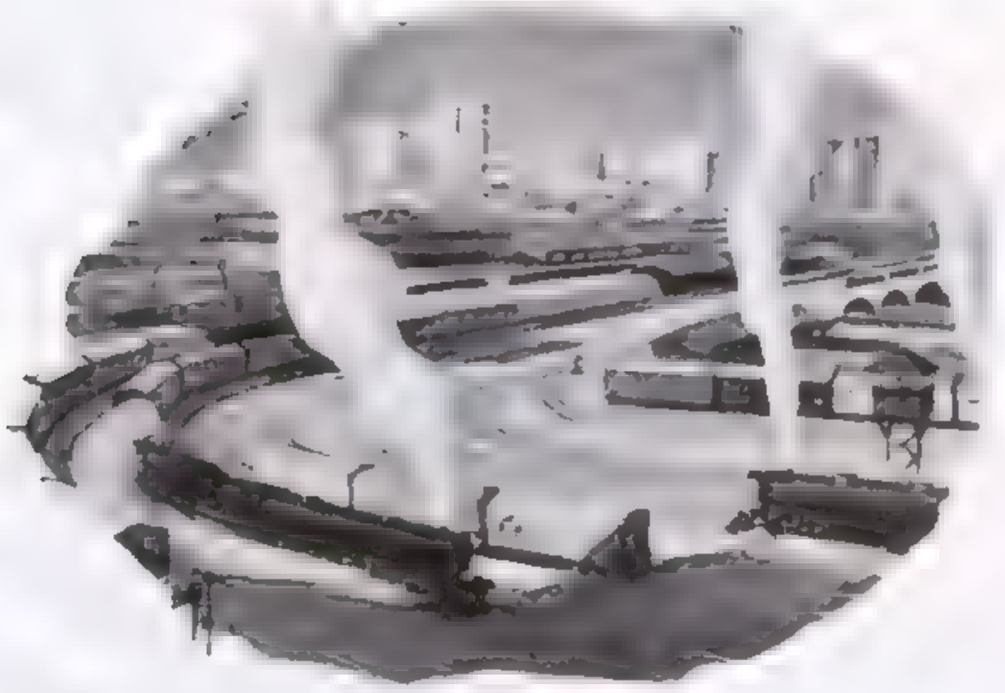


One hundred and fifty trains stop at Jacksonville every day, to carry on the commerce of the Southeast. Millions of dollars' worth of products are brought by them from the North . . . consigned to hundreds of branch houses here . . . awaiting distribution through a territory that covers thousands of square miles. And from this fertile, prosperous territory, vast quantities of timber, vegetables, fruits and valuable field crops pour ceaselessly into Jacksonville . . . to be shipped from here to the ends of the earth. Forty-two ocean-going steamship services load and unload their cargoes regularly in Jacksonville's deep-water, five-miles-wide harbor.

Surrounding Jacksonville on the north, west and south is one of the richest agricultural districts in the world. Its fertile soil supports an enormous stand of timber. It possesses vast mineral wealth. Brought under cultivation, it grows two and in many instances three crops per year.

If you have money to invest, profitable fields for investing it await you in the business capital of this territory! If you wish to start in business for yourself, you can find no better place in which to do so than this flourishing, rapidly expanding city!

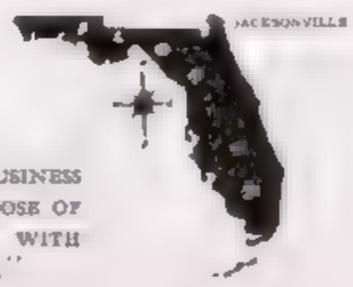
But come to Jacksonville and form your own impressions of its opportunities. Let the business men of Jacksonville explain to you in person why they have made money here. A trip to Jacksonville may start you permanently on the way to greater success. Whether you come for business or pleasure, you will be delighted with Jacksonville's year-round healthful climate, its facilities on every hand for recreation and sport. Write us for any further information you may desire, and ask us to send you booklet with hotel rates. Address Believers in Jacksonville, P. O. Box 318, Jacksonville, Florida.

The varied character of Jacksonville's business is indicated by the range of industries that have come here recently. These industries include yacht and motor-boat building, coffee roasting, soap, candy, glass and artificial marble manufacturing, and a flourishing insecticide plant.

Canning factories are coming into great favor and profit, shipping every year hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of grapefruit and other subtropical fruits to Europe as well as the North

Many new industries are badly needed by Jacksonville at the present time. A list of such industries, some of which require little capital to establish, will be furnished you on request. This list undoubtedly will interest you, whether you decide to locate at Jacksonville or are merely concerned with Jacksonville's opportunities for profitable investment.

Believers in Jacksonville



"AN ASSOCIATION OF REPRESENTATIVE BUSINESS MEN INCORPORATED FOR THE SINGLE PURPOSE OF COMMUNITY ADVERTISING AFFILIATED WITH JACKSONVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE."

and he had conveniently forgotten to remove it since. He looked oddly at Oliver.

"Do you get it?" he asked.

Oliver Armiston, the extinct fiction writer to whom Parr was wont to come in cases where his own nutcracker methods failed, shook his head. Decidedly he did not get it. Armiston had heard Haley Johns through more from politeness than from interest.

"He is a bit queasy, if that's what you mean," said he. Something in the level intensity of Parr's look caused Oliver to search himself for doubts. "The Chevalier—yes," he said skeptically. "But his sins are mostly vanity and his pay is always in flattery. He hasn't a police record, surely."

"There have been times," said Parr whimsically, "when I have thought of opening a little account for him."

"His specialty is rich old women, of course," went on Oliver. "He flatters them and serves them very well. From what I know of Miss Euphemia, he would be a prize for her. As for Anne ——" He studied Parr, who had the unmistakable air of Parr about to go into action. "Anne takes a good deal for granted, yes," said Oliver. "We all do. That's life. That's what the Clearing House Association operates on—trust—faith. Especially when there is an earnest of good intentions in the form of cold cash." Armiston smiled feebly. "No; everything dovetails very nicely. Anne is perfectly justified in accepting facts at their face value. Up to the incident of the private villas ——"

Oliver paused, his face clouding. He picked up the paper weight, the crystal Haley Johns had gazed into in a moment of abstraction over that same thought.

"That business of the villas," he said distastefully, "would be perfectly logical for the old woman. That's probably the way she is used to traveling. But for a young girl like Anne—especially a beauty—I grant you it has certain unpleasant implications. Now if it got into print ——"

He broke off suddenly and took down the files of one of those papers that record the doings of the slice of society that hives in the *de luxe* hotels, moving about the face of the earth with the seasons. Just now these people were on the Côte d'Azur. Shortly they would go over to Biarritz for the little season after Easter; then up to London for Mayfair; then back here for Newport and the White Mountains; then across again for Deauville and the North Cape; then the *de luxe* ships would be booked solid with them for another crossing, for Lenox, Aiken, or their James River plantations, when the frost is on the pumpkin; New York for the opening of the opera season; then Palm Beach, to acquire the tan—and the Riviera to start the cycle all over. They moved *en bloc*, as stables of race horses, with jockeys, handlers and hangers-on move from summer to fall to winter to spring runnings. One Preston Black was identified with the paper.

Oliver turned the pages of the paper. Parr lifted off his telephone and said softly to a waiting ear, "Morel, check up on Lonnie Bell. He has hooked up with another rich old woman, Euphemia Calvert. See if she is going to sail soon."

"Shall I bring him downtown, chief?"

"No," said Parr. "Have Pelts trail Joe Forline—I'd like to know how the wise money is wintering." Here Armiston looked up from his studying of gossiping pages. Parr continued: "Locate Chiarsky, so I can cable him this afternoon; I think he is at Toulon. I'll be here for another hour."

He hung up and went into the silence, his hands folded across the equator, his eyes shut and his cigar smoking itself, like a kindly volcano.

Lonnie Bell was the Chevalier, of course. Whatever aspirations that august personage may have nursed in his breast of basking inadvertently in a royal bassinet, he had been born, without a blemish, plain Lonnie Bell. But he loved to have people walk out of his presence backward, and his imaginative history trailed him wherever he went. Joe Forline—that was a name out of the past. Oliver hadn't heard it in years—Joe Forline had been a prize fighter—yes, a champion in some category of that ilk. One seldom hears of a champion after he is unchamped. Oliver was puzzled. Chiarsky—Chiarsky, of course, was Parr's French correspondent—Parr and Chiarsky did each other little favors in the man-hunting line, told each other where the good shooting was, and the best cover. Wise money—what was wise money?

Oliver continued to turn the pages of his files. Sometimes he wondered why he subscribed for this sheet. Now he knew—it kept one sophisticated, to put it gently.

"Find her?" inquired Parr at length, coming to and brushing off the ashes.

"Oh, yes—every week," said Oliver. He continued to dig.

"Find him?" asked Parr. Only his eyes moved to point the query.

Oliver turned and stared. "Him? Who?" he demanded.

"Bancroft Wildenning," said Parr.

There was a long pause.

It was odd the way this pair worked together. They dovetailed perfectly. But Parr worked back, from the *mise en scène;* and Armiston, the imaginist, worked forward.

It was, of course, inevitable. Parr had the whole record of crime, as a social experience, card-indexed in the back of his head. In the vast majority of cases he never left his desk. He merely picked out the right cards. That was what he was doing now—picking out the right cards. Criminals usually did exactly what he expected them to do. It was only when they didn't that he had recourse to his friend Armiston. Oliver shook his head. "I know her, Parr," he said. "She's not the type."

"I know him," replied Parr, drawing meditatively at his cigar. "Neither is he."

He challenged his friend with a look. He let this remark ride, as the argot has it. He picked up his telephone and said to that waiting ear, in the odd muffled tone he always used in telephones:

"I think we'd better pick up Preston Black and bring him in. Gently, you understand. Tell him we are having a little party. Fetch him over here."

Fetching them over here had certain advantages. Fetching them downtown was apt to start eight-column headlines screaming across front pages of the newspapers, because your newspaper reporter watched Parr's door like a hawk, to pounce on what passed in or out.

"Are the two names keyed?" he asked.

"Keyed? You mean —— Oh, yes, yes! I believe they are." Oliver turned the pages rapidly, checking up the week-by-week happenings of the Côte d'Azur. It was a fact, those two names always, quite by chance it was made to seem, appeared somewhere in the same column. It was an old newspaper subterfuge.

There is an old saying that a man never goes to the devil alone, but always takes somebody with him. If you read your newspaper with a discerning eye you will frequently find him and the somebody keyed in the news for some time before the event actually happens. Thus the course of a guilty partnership or an unsavory liaison will proceed for a long time in print, its characters quite unconscious that they are being observed, much as a mole whose industrious progress can be traced by the cracking of the earth when it digs too near the surface. And yet to the casual uninformed reader there is no visible connection between the two names at all. Thousands of coincidences appear every day in the news. But these coincidences do not repeat themselves again and again unless there is a reason. It is after the fact that the repetitions become damning.

"Is it not a fact," one can almost hear the lawyer snarling, as he eyes the man in the box contemptuously—"is it not a fact that this woman sailed on the same ship that carried you to Europe? Yes or no! Is

(Continued on Page 110)

Hundreds of Alemite Service Stations are now equipped with the new Alemite Airline Lubrigun. Operates by compressed air. A big time and labor saver. Motorists quickly appreciate its speedy, thorough service.

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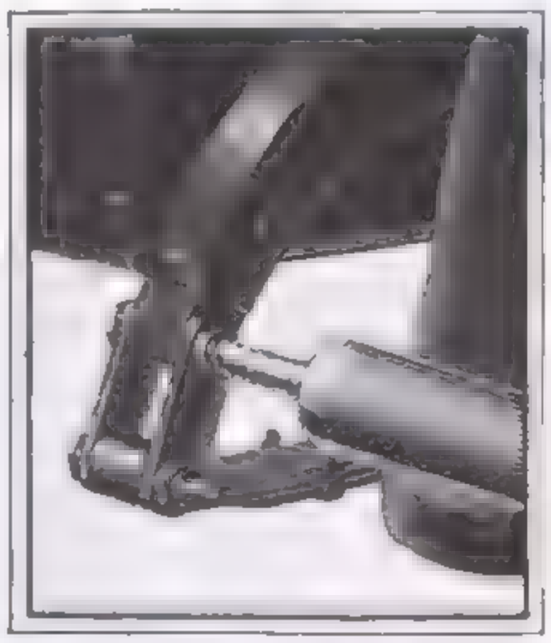

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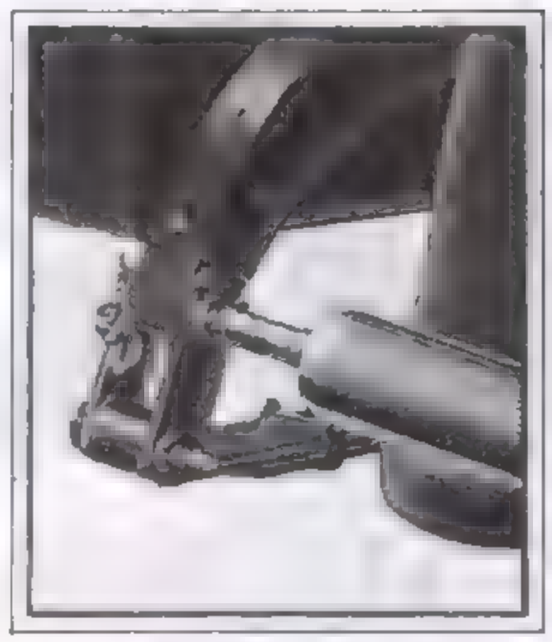

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Regular lubrication will save you enough money to pay for your gasoline

by eliminating 80% of your repair bills

A check-up was made recently on 100 repair bills sent out by a number of garages. And, according to these garage men, 80% of these repairs could have been saved if the owners of the cars had lubricated them regularly and properly. The average cost of these repair bills was enough to pay for a year's gasoline for a normal driver.

And in addition to actual cash saved, regular lubrication—"every 500 miles"—means an easier riding car, a more dependable car, a longer lived car, and a car with a much higher trade-in value.

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Your car is no doubt already equipped with the Alemite High Pressure System, and with this you can easily lubricate your entire car in ten minutes or less. Besides, there are 40,000 Alemite Service Stations who will do this for you at small cost and in a few minutes' time.

Stop paying your share of the nation's two billion dollar repair bill

Alemite your car "every 500 miles" and dodge that big annual repair bill. With the Alemite System, lubrication is both easy and positive. If you do the work yourself, it merely means attaching the handy Alemite compressor gun to the fitting on each bearing—a twist of the wrist does the trick. You'll get real satisfaction in seeing the old, worn-out, gritty grease ooze out of those bearings, and in knowing that fresh, clean lubricant has been forced in.

Warning!

Just one word of caution—beware of cheap greases. The best lubrication system in the world can do you no good unless you use a good grade of lubricant. So, to protect your interests and ours, we have stocked dealers everywhere with genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant. Unless you already know a brand that you can absolutely rely upon, insist that your service man use genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant.

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On a short flight a pilot may "get through" on a dry bearing. But on a long flight he has to depend absolutely upon the *reliability* of his lubricating system.

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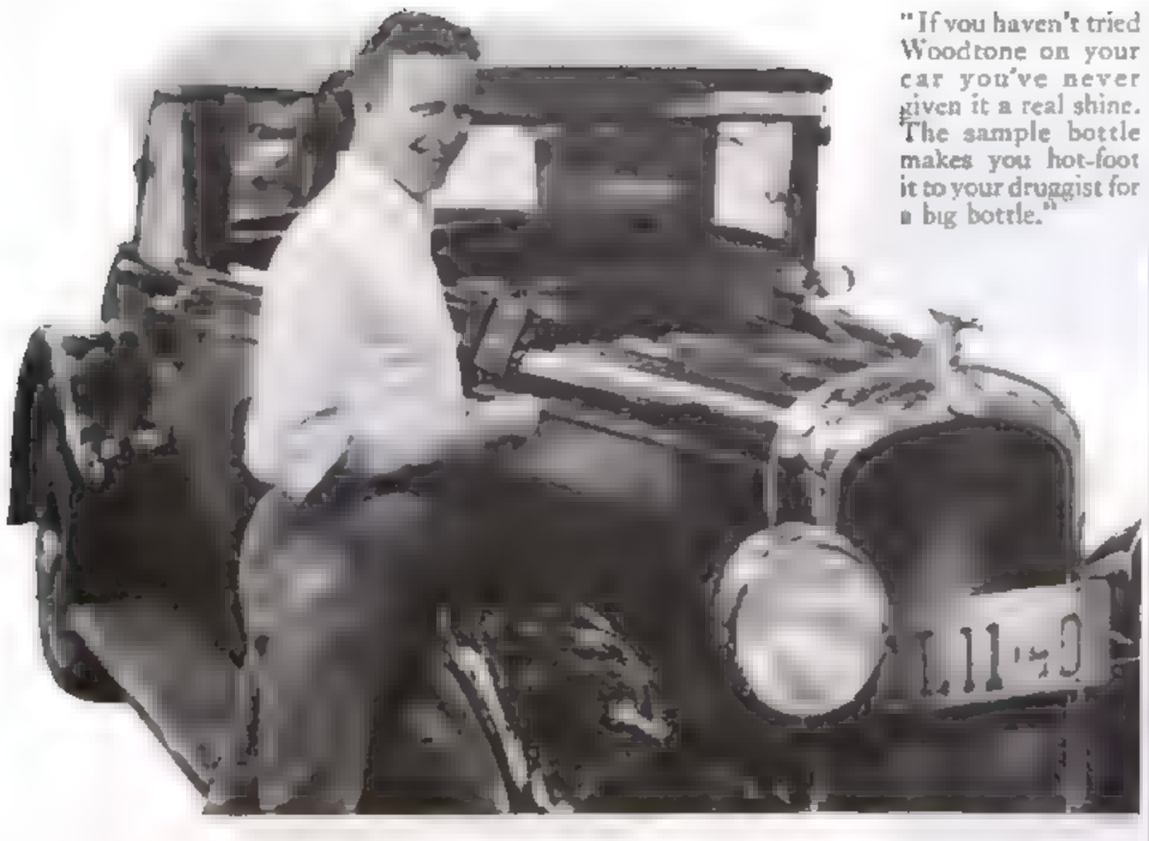

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You have made a greaseless polish that really cleans the surface and brings up the lustre so easily. Woodtone has saved me $180 for repainting the old "Wills." More power to you. *E. T. M., N. Y. C.*

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My car has been driven 36,000 miles. Woodtone made the body look as though it had just come from the paint shop. *F. A. B., Denver, Colo.*

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Used Woodtone on the Opex finish of my Franklin. I'll say it's fine stuff. Never before secured such results with so little labor. *C. D. M., Washington, D. C.*

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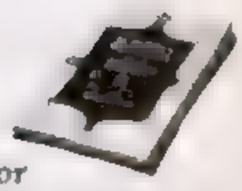
Woodtone will save me a $60.00 paint job on my 1924 Dodge Roadster this spring. The old boat looks 100% better. *W. C. R., Jeddito, Ariz.*



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(Continued from Page 108)

it not a fact that this woman and you were in Paris at the same time? Is it not a fact that she arrived at Nice one hour before you did, and departed on the same evening? Was it a coincidence that when you paused to brush the dust of the Grande Corniche off your clothes at Antibes, this young lady was nicely establishing herself there in a little villa with a walled garden? And will you please explain to the jury how you happened to move on to Beaulieu shortly after her carriage departed for the same destination? Here it is, in black and white, sir, in papers which go so far to report your smallest doings. We do not ask you why the young lady occupies a private villa—with a walled garden—while you occupy a suite at the hotel just around the corner. We will ask the jury to answer that, up in their little room."

And so interminably, through keyed coincidence.

Armiston turned back through the weeks of suave recurrence of crossed lines in the itinerary of these two people, who, he had every reason to believe, were utter strangers to each other. Now that he was looking for it, the burden of the implication was unmistakable. The first entry was of February thirteenth; it ran:

Bancroft Wildenning occupies Suite A on the boat deck. He is returning in April, after doing the usual. We addressed him circumspectly as governor and he accepted the soft impeachment with the smile of a cat that has already swallowed its canary. Downtown, Schlimmer is offering two and a half to one in any amount that the governor will be nominated. Wise money is taking the short end, as usual.

At a respectful distance in the same column was a mere mention of Miss Calvert, daughter of the late Alexander Calvert, the artist, sailing to join friends in the South of France.

"Wise money!" Armiston weighed on his tongue's end this new and sardonic term that had been creeping into the news of late. "'Wise money is taking the short end, as usual.'"

Then he recollected. Wise money always took the short end. Wise money always wrote its own ticket.

Wise money, in the expressive argot of the sporting world, was the half-legendary syndicated gang of sure-thing gamblers who made their killings on fixed prize fights, faked baseball games, doped horse races and—quite recently—set-up political campaigns. Their methods were simple but effective—they picked their favorite and paid him his share before he stepped into the ring—paid him to lose! Where they couldn't bribe a principal to "lay down" for them, they counted on being able to drug him with a pill in his morning coffee. Once the stage was set for the killing, they laid their bets wide and thin straight across the country, to avoid too much noise in any one spot. Professional sports had always been trying to exterminate this element. But under the shrewd guidance of the notorious Joe Forline they had now become so bold that the taint of suspicion was attaching to the entire business of professional sport.

"But why always the short end?" said Oliver. He was playing with a new idea.

"The sucker bets on the favorite," said Parr. "Wise money always takes the short end."

Such was the creed of the professional gambler. Even when he went into Wall Street to ply his trade, he always sold short.

"But how do they fit in here? She's got nothing for them."

Parr looked up in astonishment. "He!" he corrected. "Wildenning." He wore the odd smile of one having the cards fall just right. "They are after Wildenning."

"Wildenning?" Armiston shook his head. The man didn't mean enough.

"They are out to kill him politically," snapped Parr, "and clean up in the bargain. Joe's been hired for the job. By whom? Ask me—I don't know!" He eyed his telephone fiercely. "But I'm going to find out."

"That gang of blackmailers can't throw mud at him and make it stick," said Oliver. It didn't sound plausible.

"All it takes is a whisper," said Parr, with his odd smile. "A few keyed paragraphs—there you are! I expect our friend Preston Black may help us out, with at least a conjecture."

"It isn't big enough—he's too local—a governor."

"There is a half billion in water-power contracts coming up to the next governor," said Parr. "Half a billion isn't so local."

"And then," persisted Armiston, "they would plant a notorious woman on the job—someone who knows how to play up to the quarry."

"On the contrary," said Parr, "they would plant an innocent—one without the slightest idea what she was being used for. That would burn the calumny the deeper. Your friend Anne is die-sunk for the part. Why, she's even got a 'property' aunt! This gang is wise, I tell you. That's why they are called wise money."

His telephone muttered discreetly. He took it off. "Oh, you've got Joe, too, eh?" he cried. "Good work!" He chuckled. Thus he picked his cards out of the index. He looked around, arranging the room for his party. "Fetch them both in," he said. "Make it a surprise party. Better trot along the Crown Prince, too, I guess, and make it unanimous. But above all, no newspapers on this job!"

III

"MADAME, it is the best of news! There is not a moment to be lost!"

It would be Gore—the excellent, the exceptional, the always dramatic Mrs. Gore—who would come hastening into the room almost but not quite raising her voice in her excitement—almost but not quite breaking into a run. She shot back the curtains with a grand flourish.

"Fresh words arrive! By messenger, knocking at the gate, madame! At last! The moment of confrontation is at hand!"

Except for a hardening and slight trailing of her final *g*'s, Gore spoke English like a native; she had been in Russia up to the time of the Kerensky fiasco; she had been in France during the war. And tossed by fate, she had come to the shores of America in time to be discovered by Anne among the selected applicants for the post of companion on this sentimental journey.

"We are leaving," pouted Anne, stretching luxuriously on her couch. "Gore, there are a thousand things I haven't seen yet, and I have only one pair of eyes. You are not going off half cocked again, Gore?"

Apparently not. This message seemed authentic. That was a curious thing about the commands, which always arrived at awkward times—they invariably bore the earmarks of authenticity. Aunt Euphemia seemed hovering just around the corner. But she was never there. But this time, for sure, it seemed authentic.

"Hasten, madame, the car is at the gate. We are all packed!"

Anne dutifully prepared herself for yet another volleying journey up or down the coast. The Chevalier, on the occasion of that first momentous interview that had blossomed into truth so magically, with glorious actuality, had assured her that some time, some place, toward the end of the journey, the meeting would take place, "under circumstances especially favorable to a reconciliation."

It was evident from the many false alarms they had experienced that the much-desired pleasant concatenation of contributing coincidences had not yet occurred. But to look at Gore at the present instant, one could not but feel certain they were approaching the long-delayed confrontation. Anne smiled. Gore never lost enthusiasm. No matter how many disappointments they encountered, at the very next alarm Gore was as eager as a fire horse at the clang of the gong. This morning, as Gore finally stepped into the car and took her seat beside Anne, she wore a look of positive

(Continued on Page 112)

Every tooth reached —every crevice cleaned *by*

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The most important step in tooth protection is to secure a tooth brush that reaches *all 32 teeth.* Not all brushes do this. But the Pro-phy-lac-tic does, with its curved bristles, its big end tuft and curved handle.

First, it has bristles which are arranged in a decided curve, a curve which is a perfect fit for the curved surfaces of the teeth. Each of your teeth has rounded edges, and along the bristle curve of the Pro-phy-lac-tic you find a surface to fit every crevice and cranny of your teeth.

Then there is the big end tuft, almost a separate brush, ideally suited for getting at the hard-to-reach back teeth. And finally, you have the bent handle which gives the brush a curve suited to the shape of your jaws. This makes brushing easy and comfortable, for every tooth is equally accessible.

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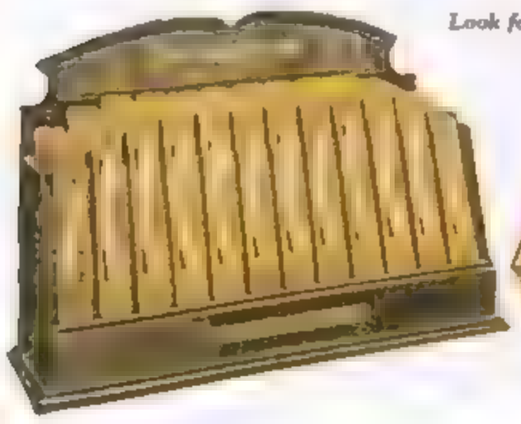
Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three bristle textures—hard, medium, soft—with white or colored transparent handles—red, green, or orange. With four rows of bristles —60 cents.



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WHEN you plan the children's back-to-school apparel, put good shoes first on your list. No other item of clothing affects health as shoes do.

On your selection of shoes depends whether your children will keep their naturally healthy perfect feet, or whether in adult life they will suffer from foot troubles and other ailments traceable to faulty shoes.

The large illustration is of a Girls' Buster Brown Patent Leather 5-eyelet lace oxford, trimmed with Black Grain. Comes also in Misses' and Child's sizes. Style No. F367 Also in Tan Calf with Tan Grain trimming —F368

You can be sure of your children's foot health when they wear Buster Brown Health Shoes. These shoes have exclusive health features—important features that it is impossible to build into cheaper shoes.

Take your children to the store that sells Buster Brown shoes. Slip their feet into a pair. Then watch their faces light up as they enjoy a degree of smooth comfort and freedom they have never known before. They—and you—will be delighted with the stylish patterns.

Child's Buster Brown Patent Leather blucher oxford, plain toe, damp proof Spartan sole A smart, comfortable dress style for little tots. Style No. F288. Also in Coffee Elk—F289

A Fancy Whitpet Grain blucher oxford with brown calf trimming for little men. Has wing tip, triangular brass eyelets, damp proof Spartan sole. A smart, sturdy, mannish pattern. Style No. F308

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16 Great Specialty Factories—Daily Capacity 60,000 Pairs

Buster's Picture *in Every Pair*

(Continued from Page 110)

triumph in having got everything started again.

They were crossing the frontier into Italy. They rolled over the hard drive of the ancient Pont St. Louis and came to a stop at the customs barrier at the village of Ventimiglia, where, under one roof, the doubting functionaries of two nations vied with each other, with shrugs and startled cries and muttered ejaculations of disbelief, as they pried into the blushing privacies of bags and boxes before the startled eyes of shuddering tourists.

"Look!" commanded Anne, clutching the arm of her companion, as she hastily withdrew from sight behind her curtain. "He still pursues us!"

It was Bancroft Wildenning. But he was not pursuing them. He was running away. He was backing out of a line of waiting cars as they drew up, and he rolled on by them toward France, superbly unconscious of their presence, if one could judge by the close attention he was giving his companion, an elderly beau of the boulevard type that come here in droves for the sun in winter.

"I believe he begins to tire of me," laughed Anne, glancing back at the retreating car. It would be a great relief, she was thinking, if they could get into the habit of passing each other going in opposite directions, instead of seeming to keep a tryst at every turn.

There were other tourists from home, whom she encountered in her peregrinations along this beautiful shore among its famous *villes d'hiver*. She had picked up many pleasant little nodding acquaintances from casual repetitions of meetings. That was inevitable. The vast throngs of pleasure seekers moved constantly back and forth along the Côte d'Azur, and they had little choice of route—there were the old road, running along the heights, and the newer road running along the sea, the Grande and the Petite, and now shortly, the newest, the Moyenne Corniche, not yet open to traffic. There was almost a tidal ebb and flow. It was the saying that one pauses at Cannes to amuse oneself; at Nice, to be amused by others; and at Mentone, to recuperate from the two occupations—and there was always Monte Carlo beckoning with play.

But of all the familiar faces in the constantly changing throngs, it was only the rubicund visage of the distinguished Bancroft Wildenning that embarrassed her by its persistent recurrence. There were times when one might easily believe from the look that he bestowed upon her that the embarrassment was mutual.

"Ah, the Baron Chiarsky accompanies him this morning," mused Gore in her deep contralto, as she followed the disappearing carriage through the slits of her long eyes.

"He is some very distinguished personage, Gore?" said Anne, still a little nettled at Wildenning's obvious effort not to seem to see them this morning.

"Yes, mademoiselle—but very!" exclaimed Gore dramatically.

"What does he do? A financier? A diplomat?"

Gore's eyes opened wide in amazement.

"Do?" she repeated. "He is a gentleman—oh, immensely so!"

Gore, shrinking behind the panels so as not to be seen, was forever pointing out gentlemen and ladies—very distinguished persons. Her one dread was to be discovered, recognized in the shameless occupation of making a living by work, as a traveling companion—*dame de compagnie*. Gore had been born to the grand manner, and the world was very small for her, especially here, during the season. She seemed constantly hiding, but even at that she was found out now and again. Anne had surprised her in sly talk with strangers here and there, usually at the garden gate of one of the villas that served them for stopping places. Once, during the *fête des fleurs* at Grasse there had been a persistent Greek who might have stepped down from Olympus itself. In reply to Anne's questions, it appeared he was a very distinguished person who, to Gore's great misfortune, had pierced her mask and was offering to call and pay his respects, which she was in no condition to accept, being sunk to the level of an upper servant—madame would pardon the reminder.

Bordighera, toward which they had embarked with so much renewed anticipation this morning, proved to be but another false alarm. Everything awaited them in perfection—excepting only Miss Euphemia. It was evident that the circumstances here still were not favorable to that long-deferred moment of reconciliation.

The marble villa inclosed in a velvet garden hung on a hillside high about the steep, stepped streets of the town, with the sapphire Mediterranean painting an indefinite horizon. The wind had been more than the merely "bracing" of the guidebooks the last day or two, but here it was tempered to a delicious suavity. One could imagine no more delightful spot to sit and wait for someone who was sure to come. There were new dishes to spur the jaded palate, as if at the frontier one changed his appetite with his money. There were fresh adventures in *hors d'œuvres*—Anne found herself spreading tuna eggs, like butter, over ripe black figs, coaxing dainty sea urchins forth from prickly black shells, and actually withholding her quiet North American resentment at sight of snails emerging to tempt her from a foundation of rare herbs.

Luncheon had been laid in the garden, the table set in a sun trap of roses, with date palm, olive and tall cypress on guard. Gore seemed only half-hearted in her regrets for this latest fiasco.

"I believe you are glad," said Anne, laughing.

Gore shrugged. Her somber gaze was intent on the castled shore line that marched off to blue infinity.

"Such peaceful beauty is here, madame," she said, with a sigh. "Another respite. I dread to have it all come to an end."

She arose to go; there were boxes to be opened, orders to be given; no detail escaped her. Old Cesare the major-domo whisked away the ruins of the feast and Anne resumed her commentary to Haley Johns.

"The finances are still a puzzle—things flow on like a song," she wrote.

There were no bills. It was like being franked through paradise. A little more consorting with one's fellow travelers —— But one couldn't have everything. Evidently there was a courier, with an invisible cap, who ran ahead to prepare for the coming, and a lord chamberlain with the moneybags who came pattering behind to pay the freight and scatter largesse. Some sort of system must have informed such perfection of detail. There were obviously blanket orders that Anne should want for nothing. But it was pleasant to think that each little fresh surprise was the contriving of a loving old aunt actuated by a tender and contrite heart.

"No answer yet to my cable of ten days ago," Anne wrote. "You were to tell me when she sailed, and by what ship. No letters for two weeks. Is success, then, so demanding?"

Success, it appeared, had come to Haley Johns. His Land's End had opened and clicked into a hit overnight. Probably the suddenness of it left him a little breathless. She knew one poor artist who, when the crash of triumph finally came, was unable to think sanely for weeks. She hoped Haley suffered from such a delirium.

There was a sudden rustle in the path behind, and Gore appeared, tragic, like Lady Macbeth. At the back waddled Cesare, the old major-domo.

"Madame! Madame!" cried Gore. "There has been a terrible blunder! It is not here we are expected! We should be at Cap Martin!"

She turned beseechingly on Cesare, who, not at all perturbed, smiled from one to the other and bowed.

(Continued on Page 115)

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are the older ~

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Architects: Miller & Pfleuger
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BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

(Continued from Page 112)

"Madame," he said, "it is so easily mended. I have already summoned your conveyance."

"We depart?" cried Anne incredulously.

"Unfortunately, yes, madame." Gore's distress was acute. When Cesare turned his questioning gaze on her she averted her eyes nervously. But there was something imperative in her tone that irritated Anne.

"It pleases me here," she said sharply. "I think I will send you back to make the confrontation for me."

At the mere suggestion Gore turned a shade paler. "Ah, no, madame! But it is impossible!"

It was Anne's turn to shrug. She said with a flippant humor, "We should have followed Mr. Wildenning when he indicated the direction this morning. He reversed—now we do the same."

"Madame, what do you say!" Gore was positively aghast, had lost her air of deference. It took her some seconds to recover herself. "But of course, madame, you jest," she said.

There was the scurry of packing. When they emerged there was the clang of a bell, and the household lined up in a double file for them to run the gantlet. Cesare was tendering a portentous document on a silver tray. Gore haughtily waved him aside.

"We do not concern ourselves with money," she said scornfully.

"Unfortunately, madame," said Cesare, bowing again, "it is my profession to do so."

"This is to be sent," she commanded sharply, thrusting the long *addition* back at him.

"Where, madame, if you please? And to whom?"

True, where and to whom? She looked helplessly at Anne. Anne took up the document.

"This is outrageous!" cried Gore. "Make complaint, madame, at once!"

"To whom?" asked Anne.

Everything had been spontaneous, automatic, seemingly eternal, up to this moment. Even on her little side trips, on foot or by muleback, when she bought curios; even when she carried off hats and gowns, there had been no talk of payment. The major-domos, the shopkeepers, the curio dealers, the whole Riviera seemed to know who paid her bills. All Anne knew was that it was done.

Cesare, imperturbable, and doubtless implacable, too, waited, smiling. The double line of servants, pretending not to hear, were relishing the spectacle. Anne let her eye run down the column to the sum—the *addition*. With an effort she suppressed a shudder. Miss Euphemia, in rusty black and a moth-eaten carriage, was her banker!

They had been here, by error, less than two hours. But it seemed the courier of the magic cap who ran ahead to make the welcome had left nothing unthought of. And on the Rivieras, on both sides of the Roya, at the height of the season it cost money to think. The hotels were full and sky-high. And as for private villas with walled gardens and a fresh cartel of especially trained servants to go with each —— Anne felt a curious constriction at the heart. All eyes were on her. Gore was pretending best.

Anne opened her bag and took out her pigskin bill fold, that first object of magic, the sesame. She had almost forgotten it, it had been so useless. She could feel an involuntary craning of necks.

"I have only American gold certificates," she said crisply.

"*Très bien, madame,*" he said, bowing profoundly.

She dealt a hand of bank notes, as if they were cards, to Gore. Gore passed her back several, with a warning shake of the head, and she turned contemptuously on Cesare and gave them to him. She was not accustomed to touching money or paying bills, and she dusted off her fingers.

"Sign," she commanded, "if you can write your own name."

He could do that. He bent over a little marble table, and Gore, drawing on her gloves, addressed him between set teeth in rapid speech that was neither French nor Italian. His eyes glowed with bright little daggers when he looked up and presented the receipted documents. He bowed with a great show of humility.

The double line of servants bowed and bent knees for pay for services not rendered. When they were settled in the tonneau, their boxes and bags bestowed and ready to go, then Cesare, bowing his *adieux*, replied to Gore in the tongue that was neither French nor Italian. Gore didn't hear him. They started for the frontier.

"I can tell you where we will be if we have another false alarm like that," said Anne. "We will be on our knees before the American consul begging steerage passage home."

With delay at the customs, they reached the Cap by dusk. When they entered the woods the chill of the heavy shade caused Anne to draw her cloak about her. When she had been here earlier, the splendor of Cap Martin had seemed almost mythologic. Now it was with a sinking of the heart and a foreboding that she looked up to recognize the magnificent carved gates which opened as by magic for them to enter. Down the deep vista, through echelons of tall cypress, she caught a glimpse of the marble palace, the shadows of somber pines closing about it; and through the trees, across the velvety lawns, the sapphire sea and sky still shone in the evening light.

"Ah, how it is beautiful, madame!" cried Gore.

"I bought one of these for luncheon," said Anne. "I don't believe I could afford two in one day." She added, troubled, "We had best make sure of our welcome."

Somehow she had no expectation of an aunt awaiting her. She did not ask herself why at this juncture. Lights gleamed in welcome from the luscious interiors. Pierre, the major-domo of this establishment, awaited with a smile—two smiles—and a horde of lackeys at his back for the baggage. There was no doubt their last account here had been taken care of, with proper edgings of *pourboire*.

"Madame!" he cried with triumphal emphasis, bowing to Anne; and "Madame," he said with a shade of diminution, bowing to Gore.

"We are expected?" asked Anne.

"Madame, yes, yes! All is prepared!"

"By whom?" asked Anne tartly. "Is my aunt here?"

"*Comment*, madame?" Pierre made a gesture of excusing himself of his deep ignorance. He had received their wire. Did they expect someone?

"We will go to a hotel," said Anne.

"Hotel? It is impossible, madame!" cried Gore, scandalized. "There are none."

"*Cocher*," commanded Anne, "*allons. En chemin* ——"

The chauffeur, who was not a *cocher*, glared villainously.

"A moment, madame!" protested the ever-ready Gore. "It is late. We have no reservation. We would travel hopelessly from door to door. We are expected here for the night." Turning to the major-domo: "*Pas ça?* In the morning, if it please you —— Oh, I beg of you, madame." She gave a sly signal to take out the bags and boxes.

Anne descended and entered. It was beautiful. As she walked down the great hall to the portals giving on the shore, she had the same thought as when she saw it for the first time—she had never known the true extravagance of luxury before. Some line from Sappho would fit this classic spot. She was thinking, as she furbished herself for dinner: "Who would be trying to make a fool of me?"

Gore, very *au fait* of the punctilios, awaited Anne's nod when dinner was announced. As she sat down opposite, Anne gave her more than casual scrutiny. There was no doubt Gore had the manner.

Pierre, with two footmen, attended them. The overhead must be staggering—heretofore the flavor of the extraordinary had inveigled her, but it had been impersonal, more like a sumptuous scene of the stage than real life. But now that a cog had slipped somewhere and she had been permitted, through someone's conniving, to see—and pay—one of the bills, all was changed. The display stood forth as a sheer prodigality—money! And it so ill-consorted with the dingy traditions of Aunt Euphemia. The Calverts had money, yes; her father, even, had his life of feast and famine—but here was an excess of waste, a superabundance that cloyed.

"Pierre, let me have the receipted bills for my last visit."

Everything came to a stop. Even the lackeys paused, stiff-necked. She could have sworn a look flickered between the major-domo and Gore.

"My lady, please! They are not here. Is there some error?"

There was nothing to be had here. Anne rose. Pierre was signaling the flunkies, who had forgotten to freeze into ceremonial attitudes, and Anne and Gore passed out through the stately silence.

On the walk by the rocks Anne said suddenly to her companion, "Something is wrong. What is it?"

Anne's level gaze disconcerted Gore. She dropped her eyes and pretended to examine Anne's beads. Then Gore's eyes explored Anne's face, but never met her eyes fully.

"Madame, I think you distress yourself too much." The *dame de compagnie* had a deprecating smile. Her rich contralto soothed. "There has been an egregious blunder, yes. But that is now past. Here we find ourselves content again, awaiting the pleasant termination that impends."

"I wonder ——" began Anne slowly; then abruptly, "Look!" she cried. "That carriage passing! Is that Mr. Wildenning?"

There was the staccato of hoofs, the jingling of harness; quite by chance, Wildenning was lighting a fresh cigar and the flare of the match revealed him.

"There is a great hotel here," said Gore. "Gentlemen of standing like Mr. Wildenning are guests, yes. Perhaps by coincidence he is among them, madame."

"I wonder if he would think it a coincidence," mused Anne. "When he turned around this morning it had all the air of evading a pursuit, whereupon we immediately hasten after him. Another egregious blunder! Gore, who makes our blunders?"

"A stranger who passes you on the road —— Madame jests, surely."

"Then who pays our bills, Gore? Who spends this money like water? Let us sleep over that."

Gore accepted this as leave to retire. Anne continued to walk the somber moonlit paths in the wood for a little while before she went in. But there was no sleep for her. Headiness, an atmosphere of expectancy, enveloped her.

That look she had intercepted between the major-domo and Gore at dinner increased her uneasiness. Up to that moment she was irritated, disappointed; now she suddenly was aware of apprehension, distrust. That swift interchange suggested some sort of secret understanding among those people who had been so glibly passing her on from hand to hand during the past few weeks. Gore's unobtrusive solicitude had blinded her. Any detail against Anne's inclinations had invariably been offered with the inference that it was dictated by Aunt Euphemia. Aunt Euphemia! Was there such a person? Had there ever been? What was the climax for which this amazing Cinderella tale had been focused? She was aware of the piqued curiosity that such ostentatious unostentation as her progress back and forth along the Côte d'Azur had excited. It meant more than mere admiration. An attractive unmarried young woman under a chaperonage that was almost surveillance —— She cringed, as if in instinctive recoil from some danger that her mind had not yet quite apprehended.

There were no letters. Her cable was unanswered. To whom could she apply for advice? She vaguely remembered a childhood friend, Stanley Robbins, attached in

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some capacity to the Nice consulate. At least he would talk her own language.

Midnight came, one o'clock. She arose and paced the room. She went down into the garden. The murmur of the waves on the shore, the sound of the wind in the trees, soothed her. The lights of the terraces of Monte Carlo gleamed across the waters. Here all was soft shadow, fabled villas hidden in an enchanted wood. She sat silent for a long time. Then abruptly she became conscious not so much of a new sound but a cessation. It was a murmur of voices so close to her ear that she shrank back, cold with fright.

A man's voice, subdued, but perfectly articulate: "Me, I do not love the smell of a jail!"

He spoke in a nasal French; there was a sardonic implication in the turn of that phrase, *bouquet de bagne*.

Now the low, so-beautifully modulated tones of Gore; liquid phrases that somehow refused to separate into words—*tempo rubato*, Anne told herself bitterly. Gore carried her grand manner even to a garden-gate tryst. It was probably her Greek come to pay his deferred respects—he who had unmasked her at Grasse. What she said to him so intensely had apparently small import to him. When her soft sibilance ceased he waited an interval. Then he said lightly, "You delude yourself. The baron never forgets a face!"

Gore's *tempo rubato* broke again on the night air—more hurried, in entreaty. Anne strained her ears. Not a word. The man laughed.

"They are on our heels, I tell you! Risk your own neck! I go!" And he went.

"Philippe!" Gore cried, terrified, yet hushed. "Philippe!" she breathed cautiously in the dark. Again and again, *diminuendo*, her hopeless whisper trailed his retreating footfalls.

Anne, hardly daring to breathe, crept back to her bed. She felt that her door was softly pushed ajar. Gore tiptoed over to her, looked down on her; with familiar solicitude that Anne knew now to be surveillance, Gore gently drew over the curtain to shut off the moonlight. There is madness in moonlight. Gore disappeared like a wraith. Anne, toward morning, finally fell asleep.

Pierre, snapping back the curtains and letting in the sun, arranged her coffee things.

"Behold, madame, the morning makes carnival for you!" He poured coffee. "Madame Gore she is called to Mentone early, please. She goes for good news, eh?"

But Gore had gone beyond Mentone, which was only a stone's throw. She had taken the liberty to help herself to Anne's remaining gold certificates, all of them, leaving an empty bill fold; and in place, as a souvenir, Anne's cablegram to Haley Johns, unsent. Anne dressed carefully and called her car. Pierre's look was that of a servant who heard nothing, saw nothing, when he bowed her out.

She would go direct to Nice. Sooner or later she would have had to come to the American consulate on her knees, without this final conviction—and it might as well be now. The man at the wheel, whom she had inadvertently addressed as *cocher* yesterday, wore a scowl; and Pierre said something in one of those unknown tongues these people use for secret, evidently to admonish the fellow, for he sat up sprucely. As they drove down the avenue of trees Anne looked back on its classic perfection.

"I wonder if I am to pay for this, and with what?" She smiled. There was no longer any uncertainty: "To Nice!" she cried. "Take the upper road."

"Madame!" he acquiesced graciously.

She looked at him twice. He had been driving her for more than two weeks now. The first fellow had made some slip, so they said, and been dismissed.

But instead of turning for the upper road he entered the plaza of the great hotel at full tilt.

"Halt! *Arretez!*"

"*Par ici, madame.*" He pointed to a place ahead.

Anne sprang out and ran back to a car standing preparing to depart. There was a group of men bowing one another into it, with the extravagant courtesy of some Americans abroad.

"May I see you at once?" cried Anne, addressing Bancroft Wildenning. He was dressed, as usual, for an inaugural. He lifted his hat, as did the others, with one movement. It was like a play; and so elegant was the group that passers-by, even in this *de luxe* hotel yard, paused and stared. The group stood aside and waved her to the Wildenning car. Quite dazed, Anne did as was indicated—she got in. Wildenning's face was grave.

"This is the Baron Chiarsky," he said, presenting the boulevardier. "I have the honor to present Miss Calvert, of New York, baron." The baron was overcome, expressed homage. Wildenning turned to the second of the group, a tall good-looking young American who stepped forward eagerly. But the governor shook his head.

"I am not presenting you," he said sternly. "I am dismissing you." The young man paled. "This unfortunate," said Bancroft Wildenning, not lowering his tones as he stared at the watchers, "has been working with your Russian woman, instructing her what to do." Then, turning on the secretary he was disgracing, "Howard," he exclaimed, "I don't know what wise money pays you to betray me. Whatever it is, it is a dry haul." There was a look of pain in the hard eyes of Wildenning. The secretary cringed before him. "Your family protects you, Howard. You had a great chance here, but you had to sell out. Now go!" he cried sternly. "The police will see you safely aboard your boat at Marseilles."

He turned his broad back on the dumb-stricken secretary, who tried to speak, but only moved his lips. Wildenning sank into a seat beside Anne. Chiarsky faced her.

"Wise money," Wildenning muttered. "That young fellow could have had anything he wanted. Now he is through!"

Anne turned to call to her driver, but Wildenning checked her. "He already has his instructions," he said. And to her sudden start, he added, "The baron is of the police. Your driver is one of his men. Oh, we have been taking good care of you, my child. Now proceed, as we drive along—from the beginning. And while we drive—" his customary smile returning—"baron, I think we must have the top down so our friends can see our good fortune."

They were climbing the hill, looking back on the bleak Annonciade; and they were above Bordighera again, with the steep, stepped streets far below them. And finally they were drawing up at the little villa with its sun trap of roses; and Cesare, a napkin on his arm indicating preoccupied haste, bowing.

And the Chevalier Henri de Fressy, his beard freshly combed, a *boutonnière* in his lapel, his silk hat of ceremony sweeping the ground from his ceintured waist. He said, bending over Anne's hand:

"Mademoiselle, it is a great privilege you bestow upon me, your humble servant, in so graciously accepting me without reproach. I may now announce to you, at last, circumstances are propitious ——"

"This is the man," cried Anne, snatching back her hand, "who is responsible for it all! It is he who came to me as my aunt's representative, to induce me to come here. It was he who put the money into my hands. He was the impresario who paraded me up and down the Cote d'Azur!"

The gentle voice of Chiarsky broke in on her. "Mademoiselle," he said delicately, "let us say it is only a bad dream. See, the poor fellow offers you something. Take pity on him." Wildenning, too, was nodding yes.

"Mademoiselle," said De Fressy, offering his hand to help her out of the car, "a moment, if you will. We may not keep her waiting. She is an old woman. She has just arrived from Naples and will be tired. She is awaiting you in her garden. Come!"

She permitted herself to be led, the two others following behind, to the garden. In the bower of the sun trap sat little Miss Euphemia Calvert in converse with Haley Johns. Haley arose at the approach of the party and stood smiling in his familiar embarrassed manner.

Aunt Euphemia looked up blinking, and cried, "Why, bless my heart, if she isn't here already!"

And Anne cast herself on her knees, burying her face in the old woman's lap, and burst into a torrent of tears.

Cesare set the table for luncheon in the garden, by the rose bower, with tall cypress, olive and date palm standing guard.

"Baron, my dear," said the old woman, leaning on Chiarsky's arm, as they slowly walked along the path, while they waited for the feast of reunion to be prepared, "can't I take him back with me to America?" She reached up and took the Chevalier's arm. "You know, De Fressy was the one who, when he found what he had been used for, righted all the wrong. It was he who healed the breach, persuaded me to come. He has become so necessary to me. He anticipates everything."

She patted De Fressy's arm; the august Chevalier smoothed his beard and looked anxiously at the Baron Chiarsky. Chiarsky shook his head.

"No," he said decisively, "he has abused his welcome in America. He must make repentance over here. He has done well in this affair. But he must do better. Perhaps some other season."

He was interrupted by the arrival of a functionary who proved on inspection to be Anne's late chauffeur—whom she had carelessly addressed as *cocher*—now in uniform. He had to report the incarceration of one Sonia Blandin, alias Gore, who had arrived in France on a forged passport and was wanted for espionage; also of one Philippe Simonides, a notorious Greek gambler. They had stopped to quarrel over an immense sum in American bank notes, else they would have slipped through the cordon of watchers and crossed to Africa. The source of their mysterious wealth was unknown.

"Which, I think, finishes wise money around here," said Deputy Parr, tossing a cablegram over the desk to Oliver Armiston. It was from his Continental correspondent and colleague, the Baron Chiarsky, and it reported in detail that everything had gone according to schedule. "Including, of course," added Parr, "the wedding, with the next governor giving the bride away."

He picked up his ever-faithful telephone. "Bring Joe Forline upstairs for the line-up this morning," he commanded. They went inside. It was a big bare room. On one side, against a black curtain, stood a rostrum, and on this rostrum stood a cringing little old man of evil face. Joe had once been the fastest man on his feet in the prize ring. His beady eyes glared. There is no crook, no matter how brazen, who can face the morning line-up at police headquarters without shrinking.

"Gentlemen," intoned Deputy Parr, in the voice of a ballyhoo man at a honky-tonk show, "here we have Joe Forline—wise money! Crook, grafter, short-card gambler, murderer—yes, Joe, even if we haven't hung it on you yet, we will before you die! Take a good look at him, men. Fetch him in whenever you see him."

He turned to Joe. "Joe," he said, "you are going away from here. And you are not coming back. Get out of town and stay out! If any of my ambitious young men ever set eyes on you, they are apt to think you are trying to escape, and they might pot you. If they do, I'll pin a medal on them. Get going, Joe!"

Joe got going.

"How about Preston Black and his paper?" asked Oliver later.

"Well, he is such a beautifully unconscious stool pigeon," said Parr, "I think we'll let him continue to operate—under reduced pressure, of course. He has promised to give the wedding a very nice write-up."

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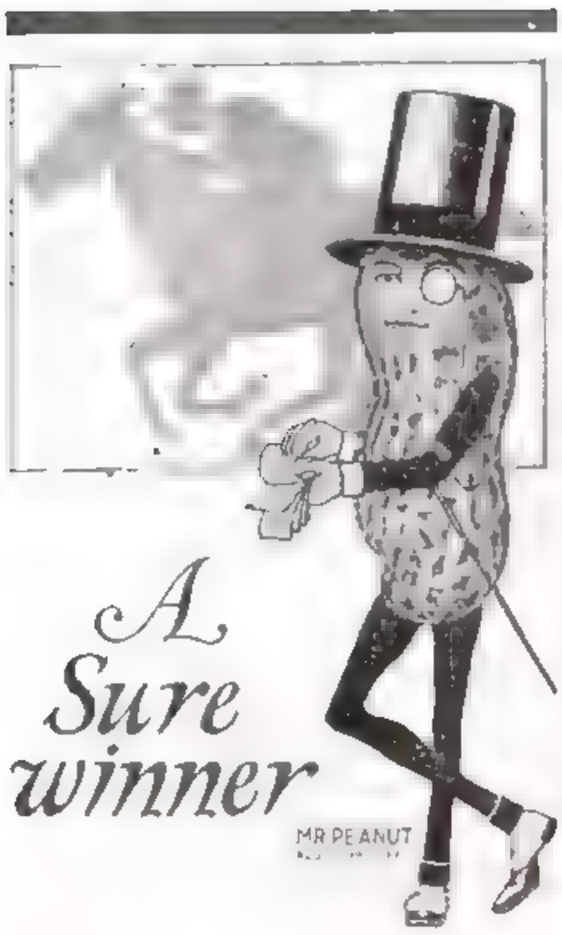

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THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

(Continued from Page 23)

"Not so bad, Lovely, to light your dainty footsteps through the Arctic night," he said.

In his casual, offhand manner he had dropped into the habit of occasionally addressing her with the word that symbolized his first impression of her, and Lynne adored the name, the first term of endearment that had ever reached her ears.

"Call me that always, will you?" she urged. "I like it."

"Nothing else, ever again," he made casual promise. "I'll call you Lovely, because that's what you are. I didn't know the true meaning of the word until you stood before me that first day. Then I knew right off that it had been coined to fit you and had been waiting round, sort of, like a fairy mantle, for you to come and don it."

He dropped his hand on hers where it rested on her knee, and as always at his slightest touch, new and untried emotions stirred in her. In that moment it was in her eyes for him to read, but Harrington was still gazing approvingly at the lantern that he had created. She rose and moved off down the basin. Presently Harrington missed the dogs and knew that she had departed on another of her lone excursions.

Of late he had observed in her that same listening at night, the same uneasiness among the dogs that had presaged their meeting with McNair. There was no doubt but that the dogs seemed to sense some alien presence. Could it be McNair, still lingering in the country, or returning after having visited some native camp on the Liard and securing arms? Unlikely, Harrington thought. Had Villiers decided to follow him into this country? It might be that. Old Van Dorn had announced his intention of returning to these parts, but not so soon as this. He grew restive when Lynne failed to return. Loneliness, he reflected, is relative, depending upon whether or not a man expects companionship. When he had traveled the trails alone, expecting no human companionship, he had accommodated his mental attitude to that fact and had not desired it. Now, after several months of daily association with Lynne, he was conscious of a sense of loneliness whenever deprived of her society for an hour. He was about to take a ramble on his own account when Lynne came racing to meet him.

"Quick!" she urged. "The deer are coming and I want you to see for yourself."

They repaired to the plain. The caribou were moving south from the summer range in the Arctic. For as far as Harrington could see, the vast animal tide rolled across the tundra, thousands and tens of thousands, a sea of tossing antlers, the white ruffs of the bulls flashing in the sun. It was a magnificent spectacle and it seemed without end. For three days the migrating herds swept past without a break.

Thousands of caribou calves accompanied their mothers. Harrington eyed these youngsters speculatively, as earlier he had looked upon the young ducks and geese of the marshes. It would be a relatively simple matter to snare a score or more of these calves on the game trails in the timbered pockets. Perhaps a little earlier in the season would have been better, when they were younger and more apt to prove tractable when captured. It would be an interesting procedure to domesticate them and to establish their own private reindeer herd in the sink hole. Too bad not to try it. But they would be leaving for the outside as soon as the big snows came.

These upland plains were an intermediate point in the caribou-migration route. Many of the animals had summered there after the main herds had passed on to the summer range beyond the Circle. Thousands would remain to winter after the bands now traveling had passed on to the south. Harrington estimated that at least half a million animals passed within view in three days' time. The flashing white ruffs of the bulls presaged an approach of winter. Other wild things, too, were putting on winter garb. The coats of the big hares were turning white. Great flocks of ptarmigans winged down from the crests of the mountains to the westward to winter on the plains. These birds, too, were in the transition stage from summer gray and reddish brown to marble white. Their guttural conversation filled the air of evenings. Wolves—the gray hunters of the North—had come with the caribou to prey upon them. Moose that had sought the high mountains to the westward during the summer months to escape the flies now poured again into the lower country. They traveled, not in the vast herds, as did the caribou, but came singly or in little groups.

Nature, having revealed a North that abounded with food in summer, now seemed prepared to parade an even more lavish abundance of food during the winter months. The bears had not yet sought their winter dens and were still abroad in the berry patches, rolling with fat that would nourish them through the long sleep of hibernation.

"It's time to put up our lard," Lynne announced. "The next heavy storm will drive them into their dens."

They repaired to the choppy country below the edge of the plain, where it broke off to the south. A big black bear fed among the berry bushes on a sidehill. They stalked to within forty yards and Lynne dropped the animal with an arrow that was driven clear through its body, the head protruding three inches beyond.

The girl's prowess with this primitive weapon was a source of wonder to Harrington. He knew that prior to the snowslide that had wrecked the cabin she had hunted with a rifle. He commented upon her having acquired such proficiency with this new weapon in so short a space of time.

"Yes, but it is not a new weapon to me," she said. "Tanlika made me a tiny one as far back as I can remember and I was always using it. Later, even after I had hunted with a rifle for years, Tanlika and I shot small game with the bow to conserve ammunition; so you see I was practically raised with one in my hands. I was out after ptarmigans with my bow when the snowslide buried my guns in the cabin."

They dressed out the bear and packed it home, rendering out the fat and adding a portion of the firm tallow of a caribou to give body and stiffness to the soft lard of the bear. Two more bears were bagged within the week.

The dogs exhibited an increasing tendency to listen at night, to rise and sample the wind as if striving to detect some actual physical evidence of an alien presence that they somehow sensed. On two occasions Lynne departed and remained away throughout the day, accompanied by her pack, and Harrington knew that she sought to strike the trail of some possible intruder into her domain. It was small use for him to follow and locate her, once she had eluded his vigilance and departed without him, for she traveled as tirelessly as a native runner and would cover thirty to forty miles a day.

McNair's actions in the spring had always seemed a senseless sort of proceeding, without point or reason, for Harrington had never been able to evolve so much as a plausible theory as to the motive. That queer glitter in his eyes, possibly, had resulted from a disordered brain and the man's deed could be accounted the act of a maniac. Even so, it seemed unlikely that he would have sufficient tenacity of purpose to invade this region again. Villiers might possibly have decided to come up in here in search of Harrington after finding his dogs still in the Nahané camp on the Liard. Van Dorn had declared his intention of returning to the country of the phantom falls. He had intended to work up some stream that headed against the divide on the Yukon side, lining a canoe as far as possible; then to pack his outfit across by means of dogs, make a sled when winter set in and resume his eastward journey by dog team. There was a possibility, of course, that either Villiers or old Van Dorn might be somewhere in the country. It seemed unlikely that the man who called himself McNair would have returned.

During Lynne's third absence of this sort, Harrington, increasingly restless without her, dropped down the defile to the river and crossed by canoe, intent upon exploring some of the maze of branch gorges that broke through the walls from the far side of the canyon. He mounted up the bottom of a narrow chute between lofty walls, its course bare of all vegetation, and even earth, the rock floor washed smooth by the torrents that had poured down it from the melting snows of every spring for centuries. Now there was but the most minute trickle of water descending. He came out into a wider spot some two hundred yards in length and comparatively flat. Its floor was covered by a heavy deposit of bowlders and coarse gravel. It acted as a natural settling basin, he observed, retaining only rocks and coarse gravel, while all lighter material was swept on through with the rush of spring freshets. In a gold-bearing region it would also act as a natural pocket to trap all coarse gold that might come down. His interest in prospecting, long dormant, was now mildly revived, and he made a tentative excavation in a gravel bed with his staff. A flake of coarse gold rewarded him, then another and another. The gravel was rotten with it.

"If it's as rich as that on top, what will it be on bed rock!" he exclaimed. He made a score of similar excavations throughout the pocket and found every foot of upturned gravel shot through with gold. He hastened back to impart the tidings of the strike to Lynne, but found that she had not returned. Night came on with no sign of her. Harrington prowled restlessly about. His thoughts reverted to those other night hunts staged by Lynne and her dogs, and he recalled the expression that he had glimpsed in her eyes when she turned her gaze on McNair—a look that resembled the greenish flare that springs to the eyes of a hunting cat just as it prepares to pounce. He was assailed by uneasy apprehensions of what might occur in case of a possible meeting between Lynne and some stranger who might have penetrated the country. At last he dropped into a troubled slumber.

An hour later, as he groped back toward consciousness, it was with an impression of lips against his own; and on this occasion the face that floated before his dawning consciousness was that of Lynne. This was the second time that he had waked to this same dream within the past two weeks. It was so realistic that the fragrance of her hair still seemed to hover about him.

"Lynne!" he said suddenly. "Lynne!" The cabin was shrouded in velvet black. He could not see an inch before him and his straining ears detected not the slightest rustle. "Lynne! Answer me!"

She could not have returned, he thought, for she waked so instantly at the slightest sound. The recurrence of this dream troubled him. He must put still greater restraint upon his imagination. Twice of late he had been on the verge of sweeping Lynne into his arms as she leaned against him. Any such demonstration could not be thought of. He was aware of a vast affection and tenderness for Lynne, a sense of responsibility toward her, and he reveled in their comradeship, in the clear if unique workings of her mind. Her beauty was a source of constant delight to him. But this other—the mounting desire to take her in his arms—he must stamp that out entirely. She was too lovely a creature, too sexless and unawakened, for him to permit the

(Continued on Page 120)

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(Continued from Page 118)

least trace of the physical to creep into his relations with her while she was here with him alone. It just would not do at all. She was too utterly dependent upon him. He must do nothing to violate that trust.

Outside, a husky lifted its voice in the tribal call and the pack joined in the chorus Then Lynne had returned after all, but in all probability she had been too tired to wake when he had spoken her name before.

"Lynne," he said softly.

Lynne stirred in her own room, as if just rousing from slumber and after a moment, answered sleepily, "Yes. What is it?"

IX

FOR several days Harrington was busily engaged in exploring other branch canyons, and in a number of them he found settling basins similar to the first—long flat stretches where the heavier gravel had been caught. Some of these proved to be equally rich in gold. But Lynne remained strangely unexcited.

"There's not sufficient water coming down those canyons now so that we could work that ground," he said. "It would have to be done in summer, after the spring freshets are over, but while a good head of water is still flowing. We could build sluice boxes during the winter. As rich as that dirt is, I could shovel a million into sluice boxes myself in one summer. It is richer than the Klondike."

"Yes. There is gold in most of those canyons -quantities of it," Lynne assented.

"You know?" Harrington asked in surprise.

"Oh, yes. I've known always."

"But why didn't Pan work that ground? He could have taken out a fortune for both of you."

"To be sure," Lynne agreed. "But he did not intend to go out where gold would benefit him. 'And I rebel at the thought of useless labor,' he told me. 'Every hour that I should spend extracting gold, instead of profiting me, would mean the sacrifice of an hour out of my remaining allotted time that I should much prefer to devote to other things. Once, in another state of existence, I was King Midas of the golden touch, but the gift failed to provide what I was seeking, so I traded jobs with Pan. Now, instead of working to extract gold from one source or another, I prefer to work at extracting from my head such wisdom as may be in it, if any, or in reading such wisdom as other men have been able to extract from theirs.'"

"I've known many to proclaim their scorn for wealth that belonged to others but which was not within their reach; but they seldom spoke in that vein when they themselves were afforded opportunity to acquire it—a subtle difference there. Pan, at least, was consistent," Harrington declared.

"Yes. He viewed the equation in reverse from the way you just stated it, I think," Lynne said, considering. "Instead of scorning wealth for others, he considered it very desirable for them; but since he was to remain here where gold was of no more use to him than the same amount of sand, he scorned it for himself."

"True," said Harrington. "But few men possess the fundamental intelligence to see it in that light. It is less difficult for me to picture the opposite type—the man who, knowing he would never again see civilization, nevertheless would work feverishly to pile up gold."

"He said that out there so much stress is placed upon the acquirement of wealth that sometimes the purpose of it all becomes obscured. He believed that there were increasing numbers of a certain type of mind that did not view the acquirement of wealth as a means to an end – the end being sufficient means to pursue whatever attainments seemed desirable in life—but instead looked upon it as both means and the end. That type of mind, he said, works on the theory that wealth and full enjoyment of life are synonymous, which is far from true. He told me of one man, representative of many of his acquaintances, who had acquired great means, only to discover that there was no end to which he cared to devote it.

"This man scorned all abstract knowledge that was not intimately concerned with producing wealth, so he did not care for leisure in which to enrich his mind. He had no hobby to indulge, viewing all such as folly. He cared little for travel. He lacked the vision to employ his wealth in vast enterprises to advance the efficiency and prosperity of the human race, in emulation of the really great financial geniuses. He was, then, merely an unfortunate, his position that of a man who had plodded doggedly to the foot of the rainbow to find the pot of gold, only to discover, as he held it in his hand, that all of it would not purchase another glimpse of the rainbow. Have you known such a man as that?"

"Scores of them," Harrington smiled. "Since Pan's day the genus is increasing. Pan also realized the desirability of wealth, so he must have intended that you should benefit from his strike." He chuckled as the truth of the situation dawned upon him. "Here I've been actively and enthusiastically engaged in rediscovering claims that you had located years ago. I suppose," he conjectured, "that Pan, very sensibly, had instructed you that in case anything should happen to him, you were to inform no human of this strike until after the claims had been recorded, which accounts for your neglecting to mention it to me."

"Yes," Lynne assented. "He feared that the recording of the claims would bring other gold seekers in here, so he would not have it done while he still lived. That Father Ruvierre whom I mentioned has the papers."

That was not, however, the primary reason for Lynne's failure to acquaint Harrington with the tidings of those gold deposits. To Lynne all things had a literal translation. She had gathered from Harrington's recitation of months ago that only his lack of wealth had served to separate him from that other woman. By logical reasoning, then, if he should suddenly become possessed of wealth the only obstacle would be removed and he would rush back to this other love forthwith. She was convinced of the soundness of this conclusion, so she had refrained from any mention of the gold. Now, however, he knew of it through his own efforts. Perhaps she might even utilize his knowledge to detain him here. If that should fail, there were other ways—one in particular that would serve if all others failed.

"Of course, you know, Clay, that you can have as much of it as you like," she said. Then she sat back and waited, half expecting to hear him launch into enthusiastic plans.

Harrington, returning from his mental excursioning on the trail of the departed Pan, encountered an expression in the gray eyes that drew the very soul out of him. In that instant his arms automatically answered the uncontrolled impulse of his brain and extended themselves as if to enfold her. Then full consciousness, reasserting its control, thrust him back in his seat as firmly as a restraining physical pressure and he regarded his half-extended hands with detached curiosity, as if they did not belong to him, then dropped them to his thighs, and he answered easily:

"Of course you'd say that. But the main consideration is to record those claims so that you will benefit from them; so that you can live to the full the one extreme of life as you have experienced the other here—have your own estates and be surrounded by charming people; everything you've been deprived of. Though I'm not so sure it's been a deprivation. I'll see that they are worked to the best advantage for you. And my part doesn't really matter, for it so happens that I have as much of this world's goods as I'll ever need—more, probably."

(Continued on Page 123)

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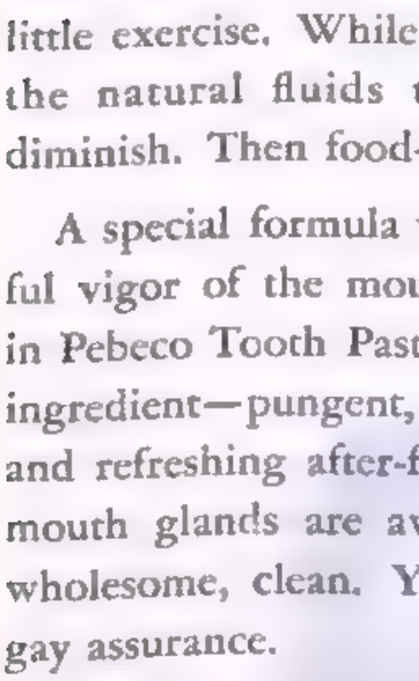

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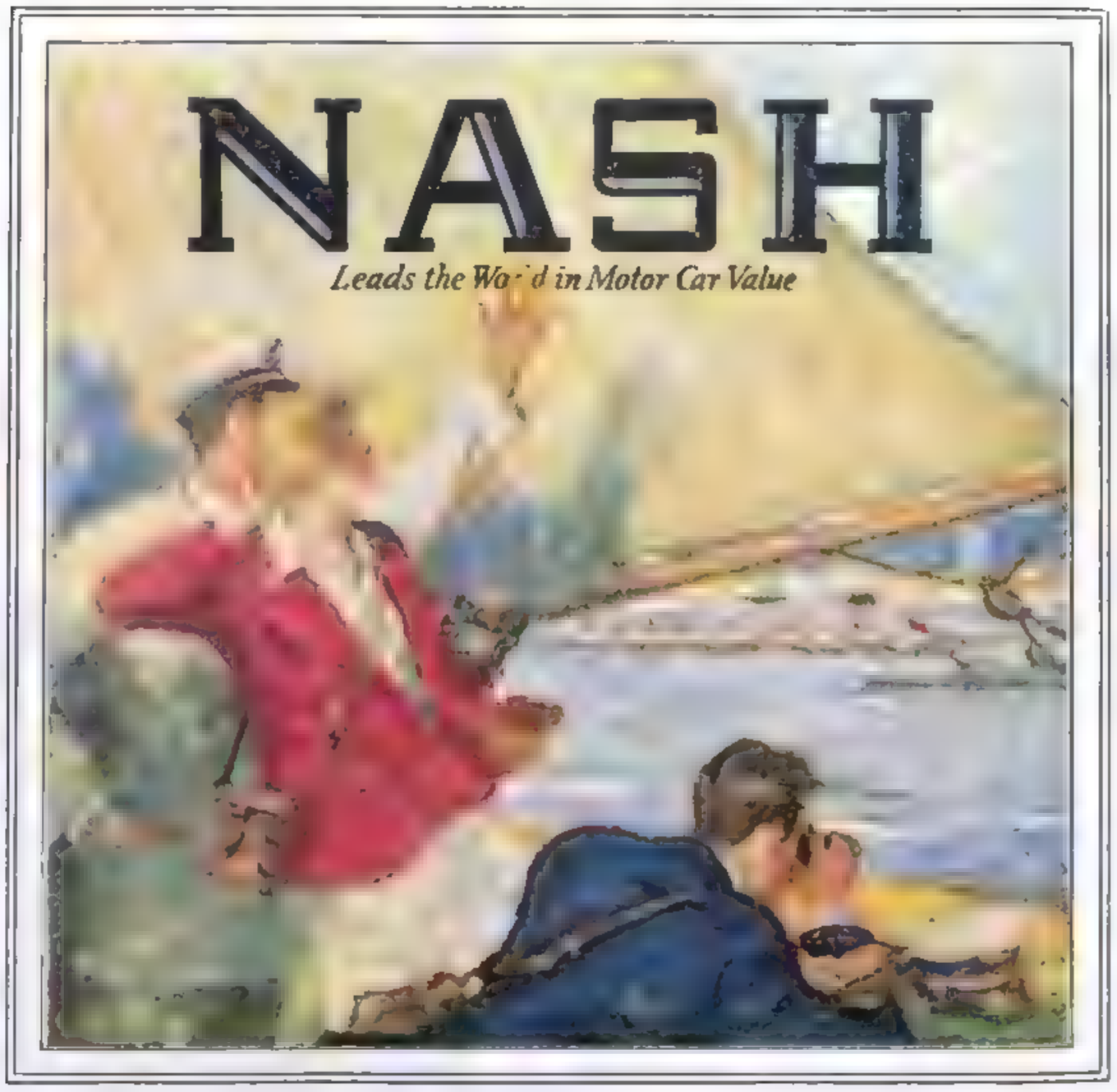

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(Continued from Page 120)

She sat for a space in silence pondering this, her former convictions wavering. "But I thought you were without things really quite poor," she faltered at last.

"Lord, no," he chuckled. "Wherever did you gather that impression, Lovely? Matter of fact, I'm rated as a rather prosperous citizen; nothing tremendous, you know, but with more than any two or three mortals actually need. Likely I'd have been better off with less these past few years. Then, at least, I'd have been forced to work for my bread and beans, instead of just drifting aimlessly."

He was looking out of the window. "The snow is coming," he said as the first few flakes slithered along the mica pane of the window. Except for the throb of the falls, there was a strange hush in the air, as if all the creatures of the wild waited in breathless suspense for the breaking of the storm. Big soft flakes sifted down; thickened until they became a whirling smother of white. For two days and nights the snow descended. Then it cleared and the temperature dropped; a day of calm; then the shrieking gale that always follows a storm in the North. It scoured the snow from exposed spots and piled it deep in the gulches and in great drifts on the down-wind slopes beneath the brows of ridge and cliff. Other storms would follow soon, but the two occupants of the basin could not start upon their long journey until there was sufficient snow on the level to cover the bush. That might be accomplished by the next heavy storm, but in all probability another two or three storms would pass before the north-country bush would be buried beneath a smooth blanket of white. This first storm of the season was followed by a two-day chinook that softened and packed the drifts before the temperature dropped again to bitter cold.

Harrington, missing Lynne, set out on a ramble of his own and chanced to overtake her as she topped out. Once out upon the plain she led the way to the south, down over the rim of the big fault and into the choppy country below. Lynne traveled steadily, flanking the course of the river, but remaining a mile or more back from its shores. The wind blew from the river to them and Harrington knew that she held to this course so that Queen, the one dog she had brought with her, might catch the scent of every creature that moved between them and the river. Also this route insured their own party against detection by canine noses in the event that any possible intruders along the stream chanced to be accompanied by dogs. It was very evident that she still considered it probable that the actions of the dogs denoted the intrusion of strangers into her domain. The river was the logical route of travel. The snow had been piled in the timber and in the gulches. Lynne held to the open spots that had been cleared of snow by the winds whenever it was feasible, thus leaving as few tracks as possible. The exercise of all such woodcraft was so much a matter of course with her that she failed even to comment upon it.

In the drifted snow they observed the tracks of caribou and moose, of wolves and lynxes; the pigeon-toed, waddling trails of porcupines and the wide-spaced double tracks of leaping martens. An otter, striking across country from one stream to another, had left evidence of its buckling jumps in the snow. The four-cornered patterns left by squirrels skipping across the white blanket of snow from tree to tree, the series of triangles that showed the wanderings of hares and the evenly spaced single line of tracks that revealed the passing of a fox were all imprinted in the white fields. All these were accorded a casual but comprehensive glance by Lynne. Then they encountered the tracks of a huge grizzly. Most of the bears had sought their winter dens with the recent storms, and few were now abroad. Perhaps this old chap had been flooded from his retreat by the brief chinook that had followed the storm and he was now in search of better quarters, Harrington mused. Queen sniffed curiously at the tracks of this monster, bristling slightly as if undecided as to just what sort of message the cold tracks conveyed to her nose. She seemed a trifle uneasy, and followed along the trail, stopping to look back inquiringly at Lynne. The girl turned and moved slowly along the double line of tracks, carefully inspecting each print. Then she increased her pace. Harrington sensed a certain tenseness about her and when she suddenly whirled to face him, he again detected in her eyes that strange hard light that he had noticed there on that day when she had looked down from the rim upon McNair—a light that reminded him of the greenish flare that comes to the eyes of a hunting cat.

"What is it, Lynne?" he inquired.

"Two men," she proclaimed, indicating the tracks with a gesture.

"H'm," Harrington murmured, inspecting them. "Bear-paw boots? I've known the natives of Kodiak Island to make them, and the Aleuts farther to the westward on the Alaskan Peninsula. They cut the hide round the leg near the body and peel it back, leaving the pad and claws on, and tan it that way. It makes a good serviceable boot, also an ornamental one. But I didn't know that the natives of the interior were up to that." He examined the tracks closely. "They look all right; spaced well apart sidewise, alternating properly and with the prints of hind feet overlapping into the tracks of the front feet at every step. All same way bear she walk. What's wrong with 'em, Lynne?"

"The claws," she informed. "They're crooked." She stooped to point. "Look at this third claw on the left front foot—it's turned sidewise and makes almost a flat impression. And this." One by one she pointed out the deformities of the various claws. No two of them made similar impressions.

Harrington nodded. It was clear to him, since she had pointed it out, but if left to his own devices he would not have observed it.

"Tanlika used to make bear-paw boots for me when I was a little tot," Lynne said. "But the pads always dried and drew the claws out of shape. That's what happened to these. The tracks are two days old, but Queen sensed something strange about them. The man in front wears the forefeet and walks with a wide-spraddled gait. The man in rear steps upon the tracks with the hind feet of the bear. Come, I'll show you." Swiftly she followed the trail. Queen bristled again, her nose close to the snow. Lynne inspected the spot. "A bear doesn't knock the coals from his pipe as a usual rule," she said. And a hundred yards farther along: "Or rest the butt of his gun in the snow." She pointed to the marks beside the tracks. The trail led into a patch of timber and she waved a comprehensive arm. "See. The hind feet wandered off by themselves."

Harrington nodded, viewing two separate sets of tracks, one made by the forefeet of a bear, the other by the hind feet, the two traveling parallel and some twenty feet apart.

"They are camped somewhere about, waiting to pick up our trail and track us home," Lynne said, summing up. "They have brought no dogs with them, for their howling would warn us of the presence of their masters. While they travel about in bear-paw boots we would not be apt to notice, even if we should cross their trail." Harrington nodded assent.

The days were now short, with but few hours or less of daylight out of every twenty-four. It would be dark in half an hour, so they remained in the patch of timber, lest the intruders should be camped at some point where they could sweep a considerable area of country with their glasses. When night shut down they started on the return journey.

"I'll lead," Lynne said. "Step where I do."

Wherever it was possible she held to bald ridges that had blown free of snow, so that they left no tracks. Once out on the upland plains, it was an easy matter to avoid the drifts. In the maze of branching canyons that led down to the river it was not so simple, but she exercised every caution. Once they moved for two hundred yards round a narrow ledge, from which they brushed with spruce boughs what little snow remained on it. In such few places as necessitated traveling in the snow the girl held to the game trails that were littered with tracks of moose and caribou. Before morning their tracks would be blotted out by the hoofs of scores of these animals.

"No man could unravel that trail and find his way in here," Harrington predicted when they had regained the shelter of the cabin. "All we have to do is to stay undercover here until the big snows come and we can hook up the dogs and give them the slip."

"They can't find their way in here," she agreed. "But they will learn our general location by the dogs. No power on earth can prevent huskies from holding a midnight serenade."

The only chance for outsiders to find their way into the retreat, Harrington thought, would be by following the ice of the river through the canyon and exploring from below. He mentioned that contingency to Lynne.

"The river never freezes over entirely in the canyon," she said. "The force of the falls breaks it up. Or during an intense cold snap the flow of water is lessened and it runs out from beneath the ice, so it caves of its own weight. They can't travel through on the ice."

"It's our friend McNair again, I suspect," he said. "He made it down to some native camp on the Liard and secured guns and ammunition and a helper—some bad native, likely, who's not above slitting a throat for a profit. Or else McNair tricked him as to the purpose. In either event, he signed his own death warrant. McNair would never let him get back to the Liard alive."

For McNair's attempted deed of the previous spring no longer seemed a senseless thing, the act of a maniac. Those gold claims, richer than the Klondike, furnished adequate motive. McNair, or whatever his real name might be, had knowledge of them. In view of Pan's failure to return, it seemed likely that, dying, he had encountered McNair and confided the matter to him, promising him a substantial sum in gold to come to the aid of the two women.

McNair, no doubt believing that no other human knew of the presence here of the two women, had decided to eliminate them and have the gold for himself. Discovering that Harrington was preceding him into the country, he had included him in his plans. Harrington had no doubt but that one of the men who prowled the hills in bear-paw boots was their acquaintance of the previous spring.

The sub-Arctic winter laid siege to the country. During the next month there were two storms, each of several days' duration, but they failed to precipitate a quantity of snow sufficient for traveling. Harrington knew that the interior was not a deep-snow country, the average depth of snowfall being less than a third of that on the coast slope, and that on some years there was actually too little snowfall back in that region to cover the thick scrubby vegetation and make for easy dog-sled travel through the bush. They could, of course, follow the ice of the river, but a stream so swift and with so many rapids would afford no easy means of progress. There would be treacherous air holes and overflows beneath the snow. Every time that a foot was planted in an overflow and soaked, it would be imperative to call an immediate halt to dry the member. Otherwise it would freeze within an hour. Such halts would not accord with the schedule that they would be forced to maintain after making a break from their retreat and starting down country, for the two men

(Continued on Page 125)

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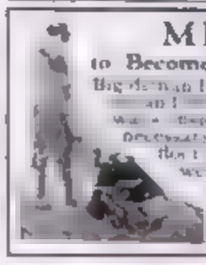
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(Continued from Page 123)

who were hunting for them would inevitably strike that trail and follow it at top speed. All things considered, it would be unwise to start out before the big snows came.

But they failed to come, and as Harrington waited he chafed at this enforced inactivity, and his wish to put an end to McNair crystallized into a steady unfaltering purpose. There were times when he was on the verge of issuing forth, of making a sortie to attempt to discover the two men, surprise them and tear them apart with his bare hands or to batter them down with club or rock, after the manner in which his primitive forbears had been wont to dispose of their enemies. He felt capable of doing it. But he must think of Lynne. In case of failure his back track would lead those two killers to the girl. He must hold himself in check and do nothing that even verged upon recklessness until Lynne was safe at the Simpson post. Then he would arm himself and return to take up the trail of those two miscreants and hunt them down.

There was now but a brief period of light daily—an hour's lifting of the shadows at midday. No sun, merely a vague lightening of the skies. And every night at midnight the husky choir burst into its unearthly serenade in answer to the flaring streamers of the Northern Lights. Harrington wondered if the wailing tumult reached the ears of those two patient stalkers in their bear-paw boots. Were they even now peering down from the lofty rim and seeking some route of entrance into the sink hole? Or were they waiting, believing their presence unsuspected and knowing that their intended victims sooner or later must emerge?

Harrington's mental attitude was a fair example of the complex workings of the average brain trained in the inconsistent evasions of civilized modes of thought as contrasted to Lynne's simple direct manner of thinking. His own inclination urged him to stay on here, yet some vague sense of duty demanded that he should take Lynne back to the outside world. The presence of those two patient stalkers provided an adequate excuse for prolonging the stay without compromising his conscience by violating his sense of duty, thus actually resulting in the very continuation of his stay that he himself would have chosen if left to his devices without thought of duty. But instead of welcoming the situation that resulted in a measure of fulfillment of his own desire, it served to irritate him.

So, while Harrington chafed, as is the white man's way, Lynne seemed to fall back upon the placid acceptance and serenity that she had been taught by Tanlika's native stoicism. From her surplus stock of furs, caught the preceding year, she fashioned winter clothing for them both—trousers of caribou skin with the hair on, parkas of lynx and wolf hides, the hoods faced with an edging of wolverine fur, which does not hold the frost of one's breath; knee-length mukluks of caribou skin, ankle-height socks of beaver fur, fur mitts suspended from a rawhide cord worn round the neck.

She had failed to evince the least apprehension as to their predicament. And Harrington, when he forgot to chafe at the menace that stalked them, seemed to absorb something of the girl's calm, to experience a vast contentment as they sat before the fire in the big living room night after night. His former state of existence, the rush and strife of civilized life, former ambitions, all seemed so far removed as to impress him with a sense of its unreality. Had he actually taken a part in all that, or was it but an uneasy dream? More and more frequently he reverted to speculations concerning the possibility of his being able to find any true contentment in the hectic rush of civilized society. The mysterious Pan had been unable to find it there, so he had come here in search of it. And he had found it. Villiers, too, had acquired serenity in the wilderness. He might find it here himself—already had found a measure of it; and he would lose that measure, once he returned to the rushing throngs. It wouldn't be bad to stay on here.

The intimacy of their long hours together before the fire had woven itself into the fiber of Harrington's being to a greater degree than he realized. His eyes feasted on her loveliness, the glint of the firelight on her hair, the grace of her as she moved about the cabin. Occasionally their glances met and locked, and at such moments her eyes seemed to draw him to her. But the opposite extremes of her training exerted their appeal in strangely different ways. In the domestic intimacy of the cabin her attraction was that which a beautiful, cultivated woman would exert upon a man of civilized society. When they ran together about the basin for exercise, followed by a score of dogs, her charm seemed that of a lovely savage for an equally primitive male. Sometimes when on these runs he was swept by sudden exultation, fancifully imagining himself a creature of the Stone Age, traveling dangerous trails with the mate of his choice, as wild and unrestrained as himself.

One day as Lynne left the cabin Chief crowded past her coming in, eager to visit his master. For a space he sat beside Harrington, his great head resting on the man's knee, inviting the ministrations of his hand. After a space he wandered off, toe nails clicking across the floor. Presently Harrington heard a thud and the big dog came from Lynne's room, dragging an object that he had extracted from beneath her bunk. Harrington, by means of a sharp command, caused him to drop it, and the man examined the thing.

"Well, I'll be teetotally damned!" he remarked sincerely, as he divined the purpose of it. The object was one of a pair of stilts, the shaft some seven feet in length. The lower extremity terminated in a caribou hoof that was firmly attached, the skin of the animal's shank having been cut into strips above the hoof and woven securely about the wooden shank of the stilt. The purpose of the thing was clear. Lynne could mount these stilts and travel at will about the country. Where she left a track in the snow it would be the track of a caribou. In a region swarming with the animals she could hold largely to game trails and within a few hours her own tracks would be trampled out. Even where she might move across untracked snow she could imitate the stride of a caribou, and only by the closest inspection by an expert tracker could the difference be detected. In a country literally tracked up by tens of thousands of caribou, no man would be apt to accord careful and suspicious scrutiny to the track of any one animal. And in the gloom of the sub-Arctic night the ruse would be practically immune from detection.

The foot rest, instead of the usual wooden step attached at right angles to the shaft of the stilt, consisted of a fur-lined stirrup securely toggled to the shaft some two feet from the lower extremity. Thus Lynne could thrust her moccasin-shod foot deep into these warm stirrups, whereas the customary wooden steps, if used in these bitter winter temperatures, would soon cause one's feet to chill beyond endurance. The thing was perfect. Lynne had outmaneuvered the enemy, had improved materially upon their bear-paw boots.

Harrington replaced the stilt with its fellow, mentally applauding her ingenuity. When she had fashioned a second pair of stilts for him they would start. They could pack their effects upon the dogs, except the sleigh, which Harrington could pack himself. In case McNair should see the dog tracks, he would believe them to be those of a pack of wolves. Then, when well down country, the effects could be transferred to the sleigh, the dogs hitched to it and they could travel fast. Once Lynne was safe at the Simpson post at the confluence of the Liard and the Mackenzie, he would be starting back at once, heavily armed, to hunt down McNair and his fellow marauder and put a slug through each of that pair of bloody-minded miscreants.

But when Lynne returned he did not apprise her of his discovery of the results of her efforts. He would let her inform him, as a surprise, in her own good time.

Throughout the day the dogs were very restless. They sniffed the air suspiciously and glanced up toward the rims, which they could not see. They indulged more frequently in the husky serenade and Harrington felt sure that McNair was somewhere up there on the rims, having located the spot by the chorus of the dogs. But he would find himself unable to see down into the sink hole.

The perpetual night prevented that. And the vapor from the steam vents and the hot springs, rising to meet the intense cold, was transformed into a white curtain of fog that blanketed the bottoms from the view of anyone from above.

Frequent short outbursts of howling roused Harrington from sound slumber during the night. Chief was scratching vigorously at the door. He rose, donned his furs, pulled on his mukluks and stepped out.

The dogs crowded eagerly round him. That they were restless and suspicious, sensing things that were beyond his powers to grasp, there could be no doubt. Chief whined uneasily, half growling. Still, their actions did not indicate immediate danger. If some stranger had invaded the sink hole they would have been snarling demons rushing down to meet the intruder. Harrington spoke soothingly to them.

Suddenly there was dead silence among the dogs, a tenseness that communicated itself to the man. It seemed that not one of the huskies so much as moved a muscle. Then Harrington heard it. Faint, and far but unmistakable, it reached his ears, the long-drawn howls of dogs. The sound died away and the dogs stirred again, then lifted their voices in a dismal answer.

"A dog team," Harrington said. "Throaty, sort of, that howling was; not quite so much like pure wolf howls as Mackenzie husky voices are. More doglike, with something of the wolf in it too. Not much difference, but some. Funny how a man gets flashes out of nowhere; but when I heard that chorus my mind hopped back to many a night spent in the Yukon camps. Wonder if those dogs are Malemutes. Doubt if I could tell the difference, just hearing them, but the vibrations of that chorus certainly floated me back to Yukon road houses with the Malemutes staging a midnight serenade outside. I wonder now."

Also he suddenly wondered about Lynne. She was such a light sleeper, waking at the slightest sound. The stir of his dressing and leaving the cabin must have roused her. Queer that she had not joined him by now at least. With an odd sense of something gone amiss, he stepped back into the cabin.

"Lynne," he called. "There's a dog team somewhere out yonder. Did you hear?"

There was no answer. With a sinking sensation that was almost physical nausea he walked straight in, unannounced. His groping hand informed him that the caribou-hoof stilts, too, were absent from beneath her bunk. Seizing his mitts, he drew the hood of his parka about his head, plunged from the cabin and started for the mouth of the defile that led to the river, the dogs surging at his heels. He checked them over. Queen was missing. He reached the river and halted. The water, black and ominous, swirled past a few feet below him. The ice had gone out! The intense cold of the past week had reduced the flow and the water level had receded three or four feet. The ice had caved of its own weight and the broken cakes had been swept away by the current.

New ice would soon form, but it, in turn, would be shattered. Ice would not hold for long in this canyon. Either it would cave when the water receded or buckle as it rose. And if the water level remained the same for long, then the battering of the falls would hammer it from its moorings or send a flood of water pouring across its surface to furrow out channels.

The big cakes of the recent cave-in had formed ice gorges at intervals. He could see one looming dimly below, precluding possibility of using a canoe to reach the foot of that sloping ledge by which he must attain the crevice that led to the top. He glanced to the right. A narrow margin of ice, a mere clinging shelf, still adhered to the cliff some four feet above the present water level, the ice having cracked and parted there at the time of the cave-in, instead of at its junction with the rock. And there, in the film of snow atop the ice, were Lynne's tracks. A chill struck through Harrington's system, but he did not hesitate. There were Lynne's tracks and he followed them, trusting his weight to that frail stringer of the clinging ice shelf, first having ordered the dogs to remain behind. The shelf gave forth an ominous cracking sound as if about to give way under his weight. If a man should be plunged into that black water, there would be small chance indeed of his swimming back to the landing. He traversed the frail shelf of ice for two hundred yards and attained the foot of the ledge that angled up to the mouth of the crevice by way of which he must start for the top. The snow on the floor of the crevice revealed caribou tracks.

Lynne had mounted her stilts upon reaching the ledge. Harrington stooped to examine the tracks. There were five lines of them, three pointing upcountry and but two returning. Suddenly he divined the reason for Lynne's silence regarding the stilts. They had not been intended as a surprise for him, but to provide a secret means whereby she could mount to the top without fear of leaving her trail, and spy upon the enemy while Harrington slept. She had taken matters into her own hands, assuming all of the risk to protect him, more confident of her own ability to cope with the situation than of his. With a reputation the length of the Yukon for personal daring, he had been calmly sleeping on at least two previous occasions when Lynne had gone out alone. He emitted a short, half-angry laugh at the irony of the thing, and mounted swiftly on her trail.

He knew, too, that the situation had resulted from his own words in the spring, his announcement that men did not expect their women to go in for that sort of thing. Lynne, rather than displease him, had permitted McNair to escape that day in the river. Now, knowing that the situation must be remedied, she still felt the necessity of concealing her purpose from him to avoid his displeasure. Harrington cursed himself for having uttered that smug pronouncement. Now, instead of a sense of shock at divining her purpose, he was conscious of a curious elation, a fierce pride in her. A few hours past she had sat with him before the fire in the cabin, a vision of loveliness, calm and unperturbed, and the civilized part of him had responded to the picture.

Now she had reverted to the other extreme, slipping out to brave that precarious clinging shelf of ice and to prowl the hills in the gloom of the Arctic night, a primitive creature unafraid to pit her skill against that of two dangerous beasts, with the odds against her.

Now the primitive male in him rose in fierce response to that part of her, and he started for the top at his best speed, committed to hunt for McNair until he should feel that miscreant's throat between his hands.

But he knew, too, that it was rather unwise for him to venture from their retreat and leave his tracks in the snow. It might upset her plans, might even occasion disaster to them both. But he could not picture himself remaining down below while she was up there alone. Besides, it was beginning to snow. Perhaps there would be sufficient to blot out his trail. If only he could locate McNair and that other miscreant, there surely would be a fighting chance for him to rush them from close

(Continued on Page 130)

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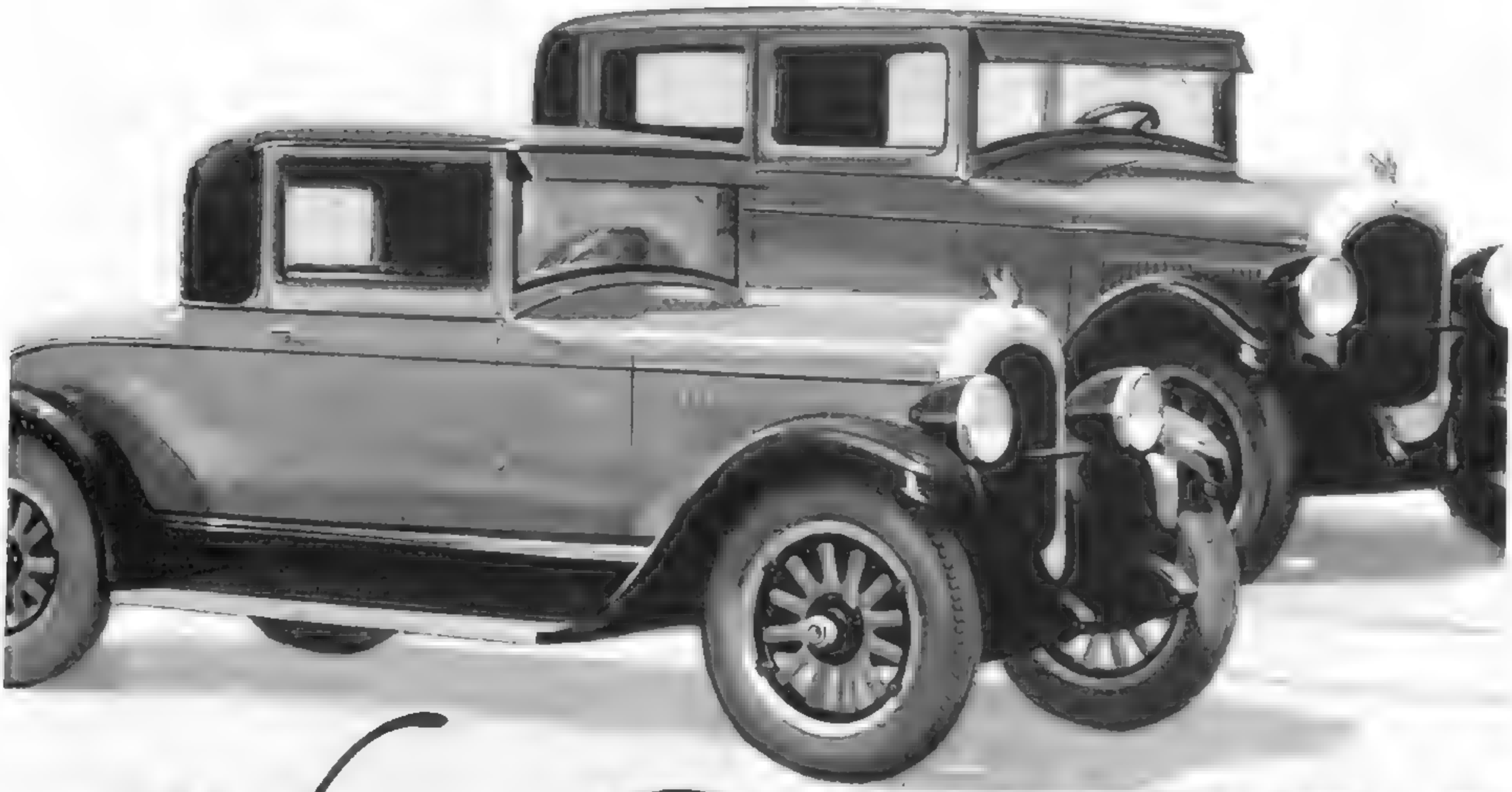

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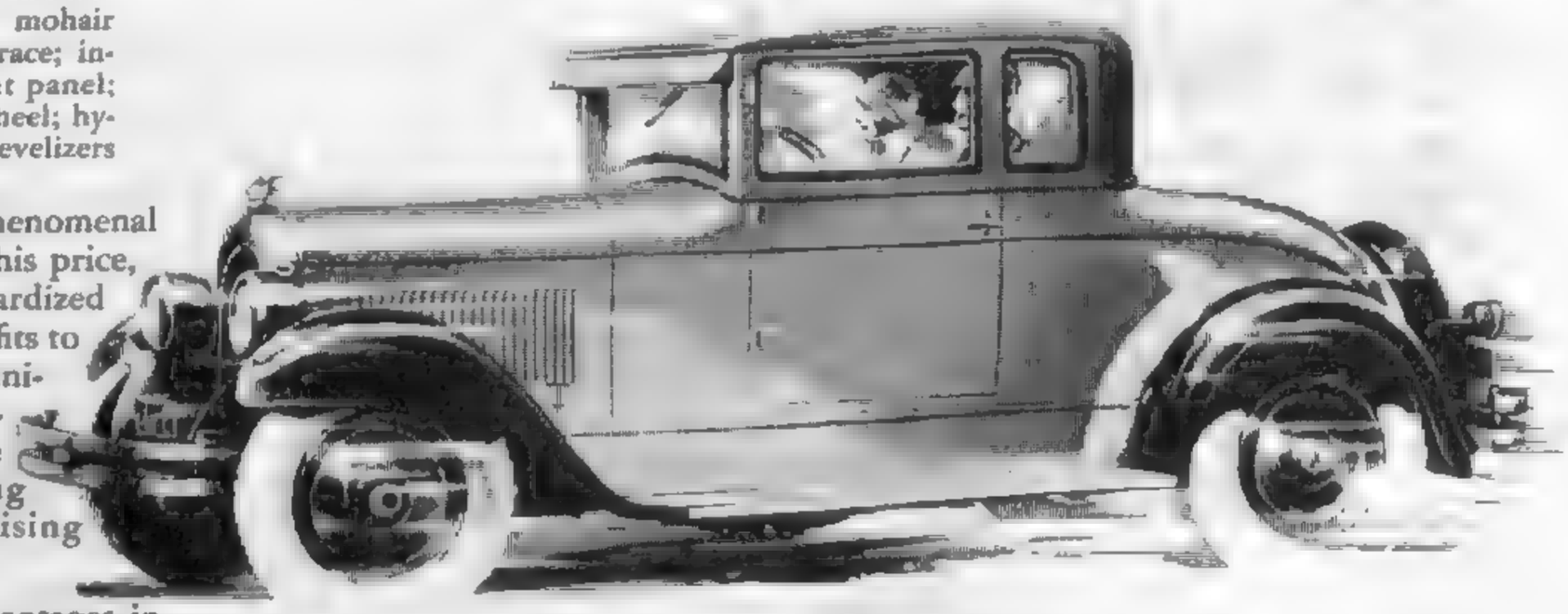

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"Oh, what a soft towel!"

NO girlish skin is too tender for Boott Towels. Another reason why girls like them is because they are so white and absorbent.

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(Continued from Page 125)

quarters before they could use their guns. It might be that the driver of that dog team was a stranger to McNair and would prove to be an ally, if only he could locate him. Not likely, though. Probably a third party bringing in supplies for the enemy. The wind was rising to a gale. That would cover the sound of his movements. And the whirling snowflakes were coming faster now, rapidly turning into a blinding smother. He topped out on the edge of the upland plains.

Then from somewhere out ahead, closer now—not over a mile away, he judged—there sounded again a canine chorus, the combined voices of eight or ten dogs launched on the wind of the gathering storm. And again Harrington's thoughts were swiftly carried back to Yukon road houses while the Malemutes staged midnight serenades outside.

■

HARRINGTON wondered if the dogs that had howled were still on the trail or if their owner had made camp. The snow drove slantingly down into his face. That was well. He had the wind on them. And he knew that Lynne would stay on the down-wind side of the camp or, in case the dogs were still on the march, that she would flank the route of travel. Therefore she could not be far away. The wind had a steady push and the air was now so heavily laden with flying snow as to give him the impression that he waded upstream. It was impossible to see far through that combination of black night and the driving smother of white flakes. His field of view was restricted to a radius of but a very few feet.

This fact brought him a sense of solid satisfaction. It would work to his advantage. An armed man would find his gun useless at a distance of more than a dozen feet. The arrival of those dogs, however, complicated the equation. It would be extremely difficult to approach a camp in which there were dogs. Then, too, it meant that there were now three men to be reckoned with.

It was only the background of Harrington's consciousness, however, that was concerned with such speculations. His every conscious faculty was alert to his surroundings. His eyes were of little use, as he could not see a dozen feet through the blinding storm. Nevertheless, he strained them for a glimpse of any possible movement. He listened intently for any sound that might rise above the wind and the slither of snow—the sound of sled runners, the whine of a dog, the voice of the driver lifted in a command to his team.

He halted abruptly, crouching low and poised to spring, as a dim shape, a mere deepening of the obscurity, loomed just ahead. Gradually it took on nebulous wavering shape and he knew it for the trunk of a tree, its upper portions obscured from view, and he advanced to its shelter. Other shapes loomed dimly close at hand, taking on the semblance of ghostly human forms—the trunks of trees whose tops were invisible in the storm. A man could stand motionless among them and the keenest of eyes could not distinguish between the single human and the topless trunks about him. But a dog's nose would detect it instantly, if down wind, even if far beyond range of vision. He wondered where Lynne could be located. Prowling somewhere near, Queen's nose would serve well in such an upwind stalk. As he moved silently to the next trunk ahead he speculated curiously upon the fact that for all that his power of sight could determine he might be moving up to a man. He could see the object to a height no greater than a man's head. It would be odd to move up, expecting to take shelter behind a trunk, and to discover, only when he touched it, that the object was a man. He wished that he had brought Chief with him. Then he could advance without hesitation. But Chief would growl at the wrong moment. Not so with Queen. The big she-husky was trained to a hair and seemed to divine the wishes of her mistress.

As he moved to the next tree a hanging festoon of moss struck him in the face. He almost struck back at it, then chuckled.

He sensed the presence of humans. Somehow he knew that others were somewhere close at hand. Well, why not? This timbered depression near the rim of the sink hole constituted an ideal camp site for any who would spy upon its occupants. And undoubtedly McNair had located their retreat by the nightly serenades of the huskies, but had been unable to find his way into it. But how was he so certain that humans were near? Whence came his knowledge? Often in the past Harrington had speculated upon those strange hunches, or intuitions, that come suddenly to men in the open—the certain knowledge that game is near, even as to its variety, deer, bear or moose, as the case may be. He had attributed the occurrences to messages received over the paths of the physical senses—some stray ribbon of scent, some faint vibration of sound—too slight to register a striking impression upon the dulled physical perceptions of man, but sufficient, nevertheless, to stir some almost atrophied cell to sluggish action that resulted in a vague knowledge. Whatever the source, Harrington knew that there were humans about.

He advanced cautiously for a hundred yards, then froze in his tracks. He had caught the dim murmur of voices ahead and a little to one side, barely audible, then silence. His spine prickled with the age-old instinct to bristle the hair where hair had ceased to grow, and he turned toward the spot. Then the acrid taint of wood smoke smote his nostrils briefly and was gone. That was it! Long before the sound of voices or the smell of smoke had been of sufficient strength to carry a message to his brain, his subconsciousness, harking back ten thousand generations to that time when the physical perceptions of his ancestors had functioned as delicately as those of beasts, had fastened upon the fact.

And now he himself had harked back ten thousand generations, and he moved silently upon the camp of his enemies, prepared to pounce like a killing beast, yet using the caution of a stalking cat. There was no further murmur of voices. Then wood smoke assailed his nostrils again. He froze to attention. A dull glow seemed to waver just ahead. He watched it intently but could not determine whether or not it was merely a dancing occasioned by straining his eyes against the storm. He advanced ten cautious steps. The glow was barely perceptible through the shrouding storm, but unmistakable. A camp. A fire, sheltered, no doubt, by a windbreak on the upwind side, but open on his own side; but whether it was twenty feet removed from him, or fifty, he was unable to determine. He moved forward one step, another, then halted as a voice spoke, seemingly in his very ear.

"We ought to hear him coming, or passing, right soon now," it predicted. "Those dogs weren't over a mile away when they howled last time."

The voice was that of McNair, and again Harrington felt that prickling of the spine as if the long-dead cells of hairs sought to erect themselves into a bristling roach. He heard another voice reply in some native dialect.

"His dogs will bring him straight to the camp if he gives 'em their heads," McNair predicted.

Now, if ever, was the time. In a very short space of time the driver of the dog team would arrive, increasing the odds against Harrington to three to one, in addition to the certainty of detection by the dogs. He must act on the instant, advance until he could make out one man, preferably McNair, pounce on him and seize his gun, turn it on the pair of them and drop them in their tracks. Then he could handle the new arrival. A form loomed against the glow, dimly. Was it ten feet, or twenty? Another cautious step and there was a sudden interruption to his plan. From out in the night, perhaps a hundred yards beyond, a voice was lifted in a hail:

"Ho! Ho, the camp."

The figure before Harrington had disappeared and McNair's voice came in a tense whisper: "Off to the left and ahead to meet him! I'll go to the right."

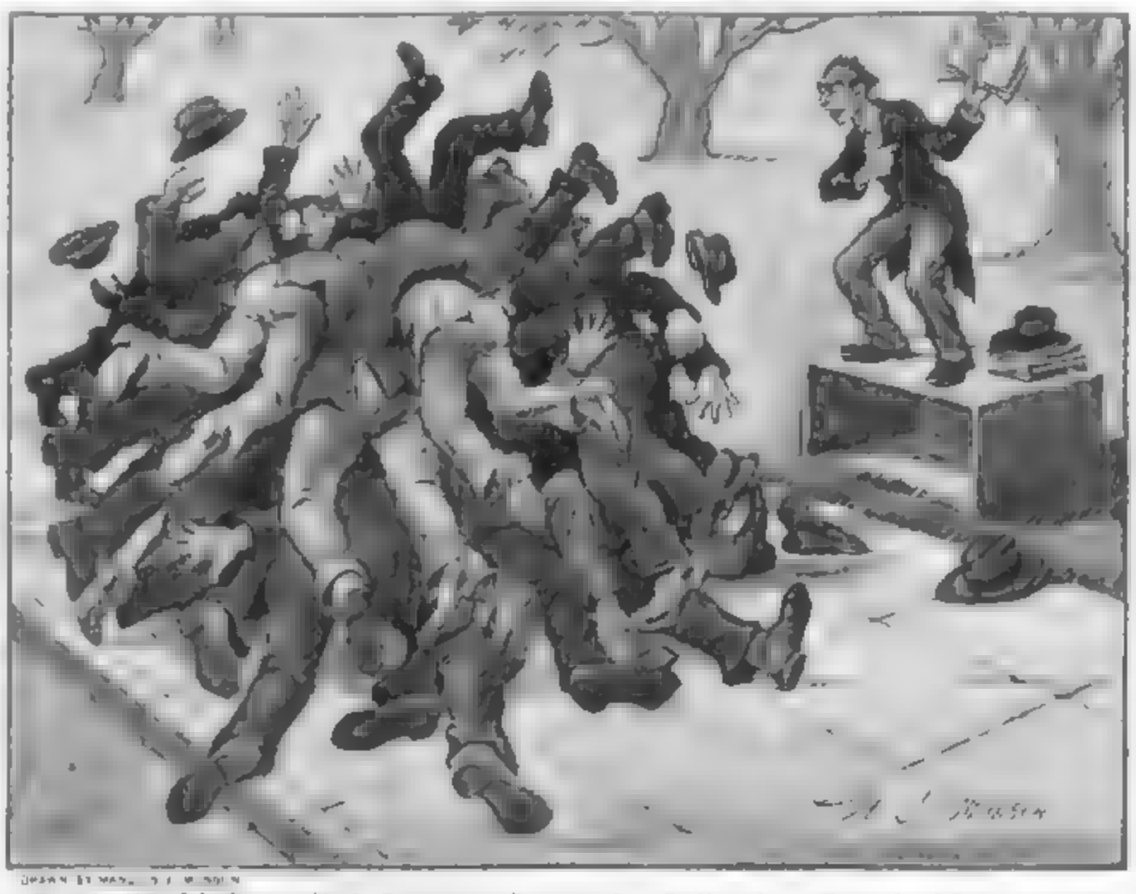
The two men had moved away from the fire. Why such caution, when a hail would have brought the newcomer into camp? Harrington's chance was gone and for the present his plan was impossible. If only he had acted sooner by a single second.

"Ho!" the voice called again from fifty yards beyond. "Ho!"

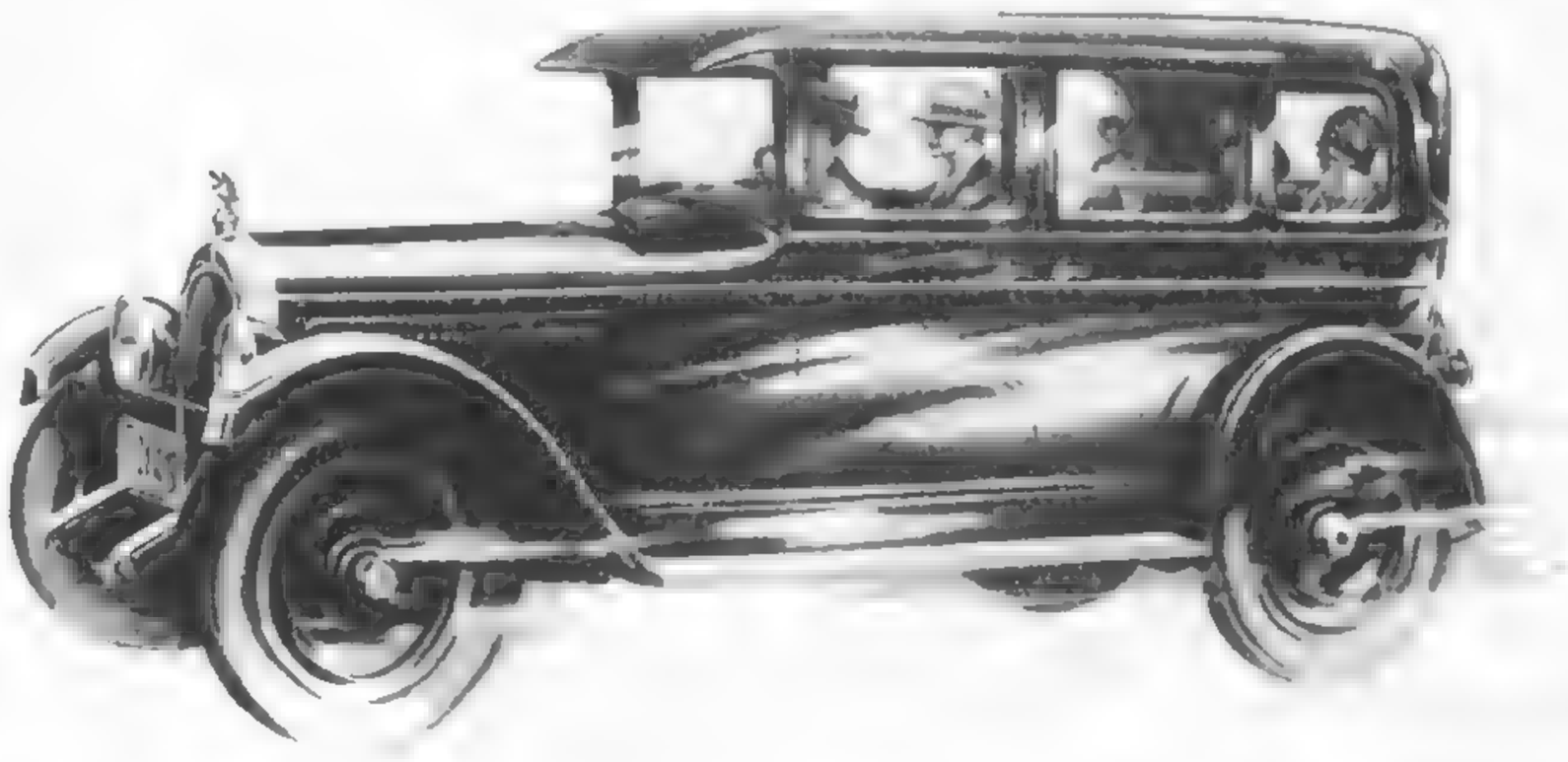
Harrington advanced swiftly. Two steps carried him within six feet of a flickering fire. Beyond it, merging with the storm, stood a small shelter of caribou skins, and behind the skin tepee a log windbreak had been erected. Harrington moved past the fire to grope round for the ax that must be somewhere close at hand.

Out in the storm there sounded a rifle shot, a single cry of surprise, the snarling of dogs, another shot, a third and fourth in rapid succession, the anguished howl of a dog in mortal agony, two more shots, then silence, save for the snarling struggles of the dogs.

TO BE CONTINUED)



Football? Oh Dear, No! Someone Dropped a Dollar in a Crowd of Communists



More people are learning about Falcon-Knight cars

THIS year the sale of cars powered by the famous Knight sleeve-valve engine will more than double the sales for any previous year; and this remarkable growth is due to the fact that more people are learning about the Knight sleeve-valve principle and the amazing performance of this type of motor.

Knight engine performance means a quick, smooth flow of power that surpasses ordinary six-cylinder performance just as the average six surpasses the four.

The Falcon-Knight six-cylinder sleeve-valve engine with seven-bearing crankshaft places America's finest type of motor in the lower price group.

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STOP guessing the way to hair health. The course has been charted for you by great hair and scalp experts such as Saveli, Louis, Frederics and a host of others. These experts lend their endorsement to the testimony of thousands who state that Glover's Combination Scalp Treatment has worked wonders for their hair.

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Glover's does more than just dissolve loose dandruff. It is a complete treatment—To stop the infection which breeds the dandruff scales—To cleanse clogged hair cells and renew sound circulation—To bring vitality back to dormant glands—To restore a healthy scalp and thick, lustrous hair!

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Its absence would mark the absence of a most essential ingredient for those who seriously want hair health. Contains other vital ingredients, too, found only in Glover's, the original famous mange medicine.

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Glover's Combination Scalp Treatment consists of Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap. This, specialists state, is the perfect scientific combination for gaining and keeping healthy hair. But only regular use will prove its amazing full benefits.

What Glover's Does

The Mange Medicine brings a sharp tingle to your scalp as it reaches the hair cells. Old dead hair is loosened. Circulation is stimulated. Dandruff has disappeared. Then the shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap leaves your scalp soft and clean and hair gleaming with a new lustre of health. In this way tens of thousands are winning back luxuriant hair.

A free instructive booklet regarding scalp troubles and their treatment will be mailed on request. Address: H. Clay Glover Co., Inc., Dept. P, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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MANGE MEDICINE MEDICATED SOAP
SCALP TREATMENT
95c at all Drug and Dep't Stores

E. Frederics says:

E. Frederics is the perfector of permanent waving. His methods are used by fine shops everywhere because he is one of the country's greatest scientists and teachers in matters pertaining to human hair. He says:

"TO GAIN a healthy scalp condition I recommend Glover's as a shop treatment or for use at home—as dandruff and thin, sickly hair are most safely and surely treated in this way."

MAKING SECURITIES SECURE

(Continued from Page 27)

"Stock-exchange collateral," added the visitor, pitching his tone to suggest that he did not much care whether he got his money from that banker or from his rival across the street. After a trip to the safe-deposit chamber, the borrower presented to the banker a handful of crisp stock certificates representing ownership in companies with shares having a very substantial value, ranging from $120 to $180 each.

It was a big loan he had asked for and the prevailing rate of interest in Florida was 8 per cent. The banker insisted that the stock certificates deposited as collateral be registered in his name. This was done and the banker was delighted. Here was a loan that could be shouldered onto a New York bank, where the interest rates were 4½ per cent. In other words, 3½ per cent profit to the Florida bank without tying up any of its own capital. A magnificent trade—he thought.

Again it was a clerk in a loan cage—this time in a New York bank—who observed something that aroused his suspicions when he handled one of those hostage certificates about a week later. The investigation that resulted disclosed that every one of the certificates that had been put up as collateral was a one-share certificate that had been raised, some to seventy-five shares, some to eighty-five, some to ninety shares. A few had even been raised to ninety-five shares.

Men who pay $10,000 for a residence building lot do not become impatient if the transaction, due to title searching, requires several months to complete; but when those same men buy shares of an industrial corporation they seem to begrudge even the twenty-four hours that is normally required by the transfer and registration machinery which safeguards transactions in securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Thanks to that speed, the Florida banker was informed that he had been victimized in time for him to have the glib borrower arrested. The man was put in jail, along with two confederates, and held there until they obtained possession of pistols one day and shot their way to freedom.

The tracing of all the transactions by which those three and other unapprehended participants in their enterprise acquired the one-share certificates which they later raised, disclosed the example of gall referred to at the start of this anecdote. They had bought lots of two shares each in the stock of about thirteen different companies, obtaining in each instance two certificates of one share each. In order to provide numerals to be applied to the certificate to be raised, they were forced to mutilate one share. Did they destroy these damaged ones or throw them away? Not at all. They took a match and burned the edges at the scrolls, sent them back to the transfer agents and asked for the issuance of new certificates; and that was done.

A Benevolent Schemer

Further investigation brought to light the recollections of the odd-lot brokers from whom those one-share certificates had been bought as to the appearance and behavior of the swindlers when they came to market. One had been a man who represented himself to be a Chicago real-estate dealer. In explanation of this unusual order for a number of one-share certificates, he told of a benevolent scheme for rewarding zeal and encouraging thrift among his employes. The one-share certificates were, he said, to be given to his salesmen as prizes.

In the offices of transfer agents in New York and in the offices of the experts of the New York Stock Exchange, the methods of these crooks have been described in letters sent to banks and brokerage houses throughout the country, with the hope that some of them will curb their enthusiasm for new business so as to lend money to or accept securities only from persons whose financial responsibility is known to them. The transfer agents are asking the officers of such institutions to be especially careful in handling stock certificates for odd lots presented by strangers, or by persons who may have been strangers a few weeks or months earlier.

As one means of embarrassing any future attempts to raise odd-lot certificates, the committee on securities of the New York Stock Exchange has requested all corporations to imprint on odd-lot certificates, immediately back of the columns of tens and units, in a space indicated by a printed line, this statement: "This space must not be covered in any way."

Candlers for Certificates

Elaborate safeguards have been developed since the Civil War for the protection of that ever-increasing multitude of Americans who are classed as stock or bond holders. About 2500 issues are listed on the New York Stock Exchange, which maintains strict listing requirements. Each of those 2500 or more of listed issues represents the property interests of a great many Americans. There are about 350,000 individual stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company; there are more than 100,000 stockholders of record of the United States Steel Corporation, and the Pennsylvania Railroad has on its books the names of about 140,000 stockholders. There are myriads of Americans who own Liberty Bonds, and an undetermined number of millions who own bonds and stocks less conspicuous than these. More than half the holders whose securities are recorded in their name, are estimated by Wall Street transfer agents to be women. The transfer agents are now looking forward with personal misgivings to that better economic day when the average American will be a security holder and therefore a capitalist as well as an employe. This machinery that safeguards transactions in stocks and bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange is, therefore, a matter that touches directly millions of people, and not merely a few speculators.

Every corporation that seeks original listing on the New York Stock Exchange must file an application reciting facts about scores of matters of importance to the potential purchasers of its securities, revealing information about the business, the rights of its stockholders, its assets, its indebtedness, its charter and other matters. In addition, all securities for which listing is requested must be engraved and printed in a manner satisfactory to the listing committee of the Exchange; which means that the documents must be engraved so that there will be as effectual security as possible against counterfeiting. So exacting is the committee that only two or three engraving companies in the United States are able to meet its requirements.

The justification for that strictness is that no one has ever succeeded in counterfeiting any of the certificate forms approved by the committee. Blank forms have been stolen and signatures forged on them; odd-lot shares have been raised; and the names on stolen stock certificates have been erased and others written on them, but the stock and bond forms themselves seem to have been beyond the skill of counterfeiters.

Most men whose work requires them to handle stocks and bonds have a few tests which they make instinctively when any of this valuable paper comes into their hands. They look at the bottom for the name of the concern that engraved and printed the security form. One concern does the bulk of this work. Next they look automatically at the picture over the reading matter on the face of the paper, because one of the

(Continued on Page 134)

America's foremost Aviators
and thousands of satisfied Franklin Owners
have proved air-cooling for you

LINDBERGH, Chamberlin, Acosta, Byrd! The planes with which these heroes have written chapters of modern history have all had *air-cooled* motors. What is their opinion of air-cooling?

Why is the Franklin Owner's next car so generally *another air-cooled Franklin?* Did you ever hear a Franklin Owner's opinion of air-cooling?

What is *your* opinion of air-cooling? It should include much more than - no radiator to fill. With an air-cooled motor you have maximum engine efficiency, maximum dependability, freedom from all *thought* of freezing or over-heating, unusual gasoline economy, the simplicity of a hundred fewer parts.

With the Franklin, you have the air-cooled motor in its most distinctive setting, an automobile constructed throughout on the most advanced principles of fine coach-work and engineering.

Today Franklin enjoys the highest percentage of repeat buyers in automobile history. Many features besides air-cooling account for this fact—exclusive features which materially increase the comfort, the economy, the pleasure of motor car ownership. . . . . You will find a Franklin demonstration extremely interesting—an experience you owe yourself if you are to keep abreast of modern automotive progress.

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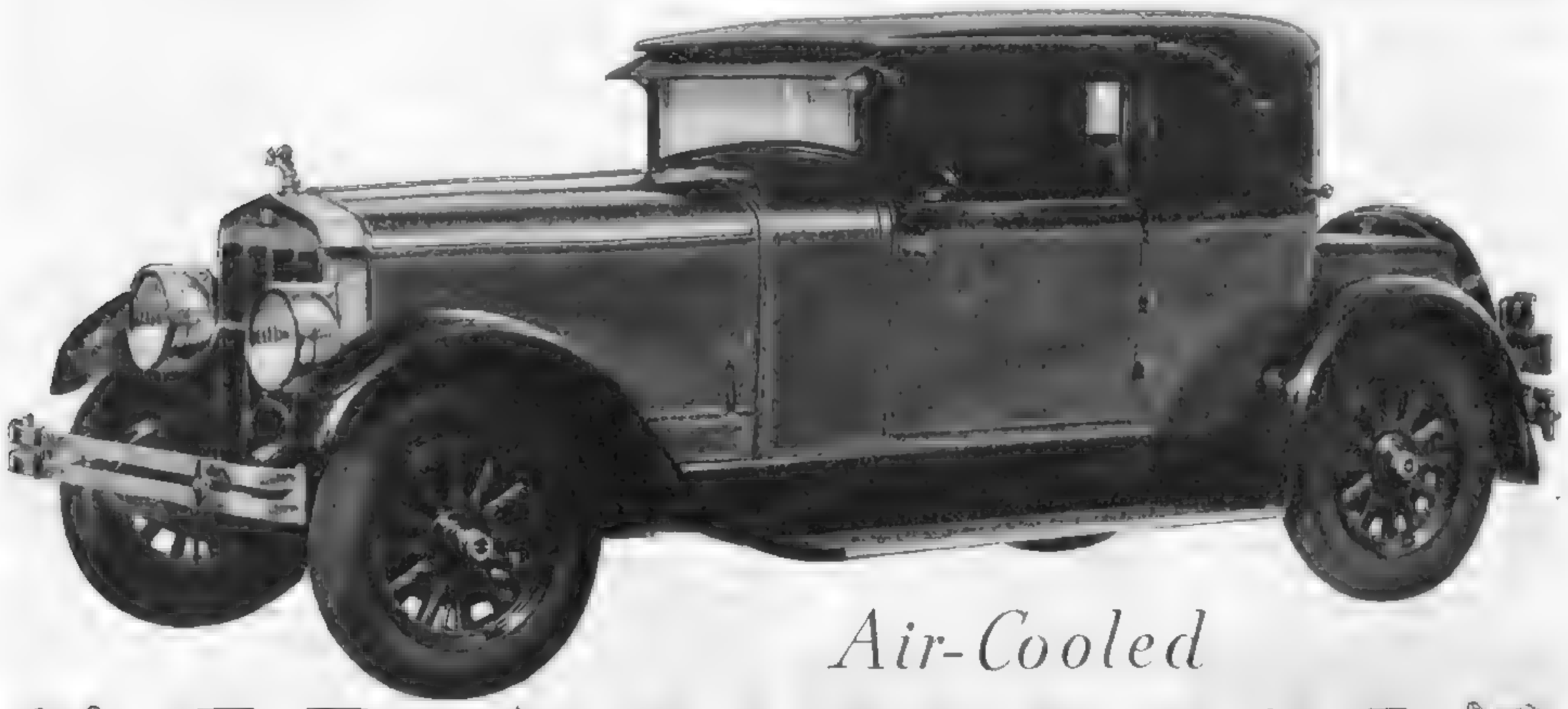

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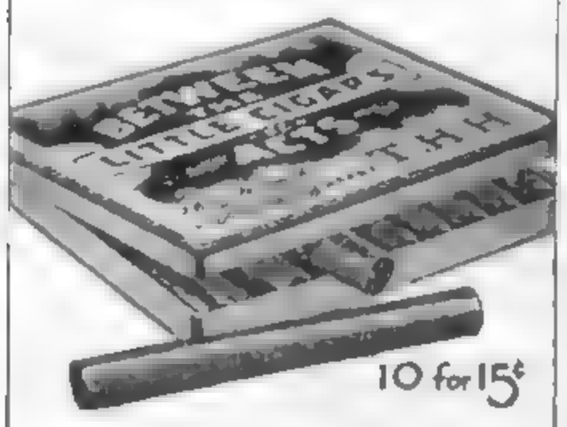
BETWEEN THE ACTS

LITTLE CIGARS



If your dealer cannot supply you, remit as $1.50 for ten packages and we will send them to you parcel post prepaid. P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York.

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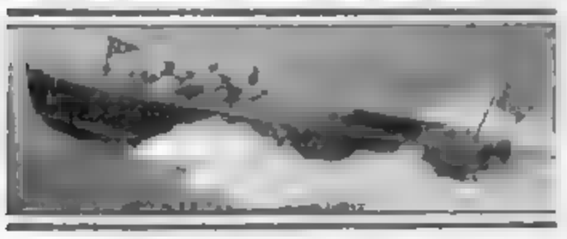

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Are you making the most of these fine summer days—and nights?

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The Dodge-Watercar

The Boat of a Thousand Uses

A jewel in appearance; a bulldog in reliability, power and endurance. Experts consider it the safest and best runabout built

A postal brings you the fascinating "Book of the Dodge Watercar," full of boating [illegible] and describing Watercars from 22½ to [illegible] 20 to 45 miles an hour, costing [illegible] the same as medium-priced sedan cars.

Horace E. Dodge Boat Works, Inc.

578 Lycaste Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Some rich territory available for high class representatives

(Continued from Page 132)

listing requirements is that securities must bear a vignette, or pictorial design, upon their face. The work must all be steel engraving; no typesetting, photo-engraving, lithography, copper-plate work or printing of any other kind is permitted. The best skill of the artists who make the steel engravings goes into the making of these pictures.

Individuals among them who have never seen each other can identify the work of their fellows with a glance, discerning original touches in the incredibly fine shadings and depths of form obtained with wavy, criss-cross lines cut on a steel plate. It is precisely the same sort of work as appears on all paper money of the United States. Charged with ink, those cuts leave perfect impressions on the paper that is applied to the plate that bears them. Two plates must be used to satisfy that exacting committee—a border and tint plate from which is made a printing in color underlying important portions of the face printing; and a face plate containing the vignettes and descriptive or promissory portions of the document, which is printed in black, or black mixed with a color. Distinctive colors are required also to make classes and denominations readily distinguishable to the harried clerks of financial institutions and as an additional barrier against the attacks of counterfeiters.

Where Buyer and Seller Meet

The engraving of the picture on a bond or stock certificate form is a job that takes all of an artist's energy for from one to three months. No flaw is tolerated and the impression of a steel engraving which becomes the symbol of a share in some railroad, gas company or automobile factory presents to sensitive fingers a filelike surface that testifies on the instant as to its genuineness. A lot of trouble, indeed, but any slackness there, experience has shown, is likely to be costly.

One might think that in a country where so much of the wealth is transferred by means of these handsomely engraved sheets of paper there would be widespread familiarity with the standard of requirements. Yet, a man appeared in Texas not long ago, established himself easily, obtained bank references and then went into the security business. His was a kind of investment peddling, and the customers he selected were for the most part persons unfamiliar with stocks and bonds. But they all had automobiles and it was not difficult for this man to sell shares in one of the best-known and richest automobile manufacturing companies. After having sold a number of lots, this man disappeared, and then his handiwork began to trickle into the banks.

What he had been selling were out-and-out forgeries, cheaply printed imitations of what a genuine stock certificate should look like. He had not even bothered to forge real names for the signatures of the secretary and president.

There was a time when forgers used to make it their practice to get hold of genuine certificate forms by corrupting boys in the transfer offices, but that species of swindling has about disappeared because of stricter methods of handling the forms now prevailing in the offices of all transfer agents.

Some years ago a certain state ordered forms printed for a new issue of bonds which it was intended to have listed on the big exchange. The work was given to a printer unaccustomed to performing the high quality of work required, with the result that the exchange refused to permit them to be listed, because of defects regarded as hazardous. The state authorities then refused to accept the printer's work and he in turn declined to take them back. The sharply cut piles of paper began to accumulate dust in one of the storerooms in the state capitol. Some, however, were stolen and put into circulation with forged signatures, with the consequence that the state experienced much trouble in launching its genuine bonds. Trading in them was not unhampered until those forged forms were entirely rounded up, the apprehensions of investors in the meantime being reflected in a lower price for the genuine bonds.

With 2,000,000-share trading days on the stock exchange not uncommon, the transfer and registration machinery of corporations has had to be expanded and improved in recent years. The stock exchange is the hub of all that activity, but the nod of a broker at one of the trading posts on the floor of the exchange in the midst of one of what seem from the visitors' gallery to be a score of riots, sets in motion an important train of consequences unsuspected by the average reader of that Niagara of values, the stock-market quotations.

A bell ringing sharply at three o'clock in the afternoon suspends activity on the floor of the exchange, but long hours after midnight other men in the financial district are busy with the details of transferring the ownership of many lots of shares from seller to buyer. A rule of the stock exchange requires that stock sold one day must be ready for delivery on or before the following day.

When a man buys eggs from a grocer, the exchange of money for merchandise may be a simple hand-to-hand transaction. When a man buys outright shares of a large industrial enterprise to be put away in his safe, generally the purchase is made through some broker's office, and though the buyer and the seller do not encounter each other and have no interest in each other's identity, nevertheless there is a frontier where their transaction is completed as definitely as when the grocer pushes a basket of eggs across the counter. That frontier is in the offices of the transfer agents and the offices of the registrars, of whose work more will be said later.

In New York, transfer agents also act as registrars of stock, but never in both capacities for the same company. Usually these offices are performed by a bank through a separate department. Twelve banks in New York do the bulk of the transfer work for the companies whose stocks and bonds are listed on the exchange. One of the largest of these institutions is within a few short blocks of Wall Street. Five days of the week at 1:30 in the afternoon the windows of the transfer department, which are quite like the wicket windows of tellers' cages, become a dike against a flood of humanity, as the boys who serve brokerage houses as runners pour in there with millions of dollars' worth of securities, seek to discharge their burden of wealth and rush on to the windows of some other transfer house with other bonds and stocks. That peak-load rush lasts until about 2:15 in the afternoon. An outsider might get the impression that many brokers' messengers, or runners, handle their tokens of great wealth with no more respect than if they were shopping in the ten-cent store, and the outsider would be right. Frequently they are office boys with all the faults and virtues of office boys. At the transfer windows, though, they are uniformly in a hurry.

A Raid on Wall Street

On the other side of that glass barrier in the bank which is being discussed there are eleven young men. They must be young and keen-eyed to keep up the pace of their work. Each one, during that forty-five-minute peak-load period, receives more treasure than ever was taken by a pirate with a single engagement. To each individual from whom a window clerk receives a bundle of stocks and bonds, he gives a small and unimportant-appearing receipt, dated and bearing a penciled memorandum for, suppose, 1000 X, which is the symbol for that many shares of United States Steel. The man who gives that receipt has counted those shares, or bonds, and assured himself of their genuineness as certainly as any bank teller has assured himself as to the genuineness of the money he receives from a depositor, before ever he parts with a receipt.

If there should be a raised certificate in one of the bundles of securities presented at a window, it would be the duty of the employe receiving that lot to detect it, but if he should fail, there are other hands even more skillful to detect its fraudulent character before a new certificate could be issued in its place.

A few years ago a band of criminals developed a scheme for raiding Wall Street that caused endless difficulties before they were captured and put in jail. The leaders of that conspiracy were quite ordinary thieves who had gone into partnership with some bucket-shop proprietors, and enlisted with these were a few blackleg lawyers, strong-arm thugs and other useful members of such an undertaking.

Then there began to occur a series of robberies of brokerage-house messengers. These boys, some of them not even of high-school age, were easy victims. It was not precisely like taking candy from children; it was merely taking hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of securities from children. Even when the messengers were young men they were poorly equipped to defend themselves against the highwaymen. There were thousands of boys carrying millions in securities through crowded streets, in and out of the corridors of towering buildings. Before many months there had been stolen approximately $5,000,000 worth of securities, a portion of these being Liberty Bonds, almost as easily negotiable as ten-dollar bills.

Outlawed Paper

That was a time of stress in the offices of the transfer houses of New York. Each of those institutions has what is called a "stop" department. The owners of stolen securities, of course, always hastened to apprise the transfer houses of the robberies, and stops were placed against those documents, just as a man may place a stop order against a check bearing his signature.

It was inevitable that sooner or later the bulk of that $5,000,000 worth of securities was going to appear in the tide of wealth that ebbs and flows in Wall Street. After being properly indemnified, the transfer houses had issued new stock to the owners whose shares had been stolen. The stolen certificates were, therefore, so much outlaw paper, with every knowing man's hand against it. Nothing much could be done to protect the holders of unregistered bonds that had been stolen; in fact, no more than could be done for a man whose pocketbook, fat with $100 bills, had been taken. But thanks to the efficiency with which the stop-order system operates in the transfer houses, the stolen stock was caught by that filter before any of it was sold in a legitimate transaction.

The stop-order clerks do their work, as a rule, at night, and every share that is offered for transfer passes through their hands before it is canceled and a new one issued in its place. The numerals, legends and other symbols that serve them as danger signals are as intelligible to them as the colored lights that flash warnings and other messages to the crews of swiftly moving trains. So rarely do they make a slip that there is warrant for the use of the word "never."

Assume that John K. Jones, a thief, goes into a broker's office in San Francisco and asks them to sell for him at the market 100 shares of This, That & The Other stock. Assume further that the broker's representative there is willing, for the sake of new business, to pretend that he has known Mr. Jones for some time as a person financially responsible. Mr. Jones, in lieu of cash to guarantee his account, would be asked to surrender his stock as collateral. Within one minute his selling order might be transmitted to New York, executed on the floor of the exchange and word returned to him of the price, not paid, but agreed upon. Mr. Jones' 100-share certificate

(Continued on Page 138)

Performance records

prove the supremacy of LYCOMING POWERED CARS

POWERED LYCOMING

{OVER 225 MODELS
OVER 5000 DEALERS
Nearly half a million owners}

Nothing out-talks performance. Here are a few of the many stock car tests for speed, power, endurance, flexibility and indisputable A.A.A. figures which have confirmed the judgment of nearly a half-million owners of Lycoming-powered cars:

Official A. A. A. 1,000-Mile Stock Car Record

At the Los Angeles Speedway, March 18, 1927, an Auburn stock car, powered with a Lycoming Eight-in-Line Motor, averaged 68.37 miles per hour for 1,000 miles—bettering the previous record by nearly 9 miles average speed and 2 hours, 10 minutes, 22 seconds elapsed time.

Remarkable Stock Car Climbing Record

A Lycoming-powered Elcar recently established a new climbing record, from 10 feet below sea level to the top of Mt. Baldy, 6,000 feet above sea level, 119.08 miles, at an average speed of 47.38 miles per hour. The time—2 hours and 32 minutes—was 16 minutes faster than any previous record.

Four Out of First Five Places in Fastest 75-Mile Stock Car Race

At Atlantic City Speedway, May 7, 1927, under A.A.A. sanction—In the greatest stock car race in history, the first three cars crossed the finish line *less than a half-second apart!* Of fourteen starters, only 7 finished. Four of the first five were Lycoming-powered; the average speeds of these four—two Auburn and two Paige cars—ranged from 86.240 to 85.191 m.p.h.

19 Times Up and Down Lookout Mountain, in High

24 hours with the gears sealed in high, 19 times up and down Lookout Mountain, averaging only 7½ miles per hour—this phenomenal record by a Gardner stock model, powered with a Lycoming Eight-in-Line Motor, is unquestionable proof of the supreme power, flexibility and control which are characteristic of all Lycoming Motors!

Over Desert Sands and Tortuous Grades, 2,107 Miles in 59 Hours, 27 Minutes

Over the worst roads in Arizona, California, Old and New Mexico, a Lycoming-powered Gardner car, piled high with U. S. mail, covered 2,107 miles in 59 hours, 27 minutes, averaging better than 15½ miles to each gallon of gasoline and more than 887 miles to each quart of oil.

Indianapolis-New York-Miami, 3,469 Miles Without a Stop

3,469 miles over all sorts of roads, through fair weather and storm, without ever stopping the car—this marvelous performance by a Lycoming-powered Auburn car convincingly demonstrates the brute stamina that is built into all Lycoming Motors.

When the maker of a car or truck can say, "Powered by Lycoming", it means that he is giving you the utmost in motor value.

Most of the 225 models of Lycoming-powered cars and trucks built by these makers are briefly described, for ready reference and comparison, in a single informative book which we will send you on request. Write for your copy

LYCOMING MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

CARS and TRUCKS *powered with* LYCOMING MOTORS

FOR NINETEEN YEARS BUILDERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS

"—and WILLARDS get

If there ever was a job that calls for a reliable battery it is the job in the big busses. Think of the kick it takes to spin one of their huge motors. Think of the current it takes to supply the lights. And remember, too, that a bus line must give uninterrupted service to please the public—economical operation to pay the owners a profit. Willards get the jobs in the big busses because Willards do 'em better—just as a Willard can do a better job in your car.

We service all makes and sell Willards for all cars, for farm lighting, and for radio, too.

The Willard

the BIG JOBS, too"

Busses

Acme
A. C. F.
Atterbury
Backus Motor Truck (Jitney)
Bridgeport
Clarkspeed
Clydesdale
Commerce
Fageol
Garford
Gotfredson
Graham
Gramm
Guilder
Hahn
Kelly-Springfield
National
Pierce-Arrow
Reo
Ruggles
Safe Way Six Wheel
Standard
Studebaker
Twin City
White

Trucks

Acme
American-La France
Atterbury
Austin
Available
Backus
Buck
Century
Chevrolet (Partial)
Clarkspeed
Clydesdale
Commerce
Defiance
Delling
Denby
Diamond T
F. W. D.
Garford
G. M. C.
Gotfredson
Graham Bros.
Grass-Premier
Hercules
Independent
Indiana
Kelly-Springfield
Little Giant
Marion
Menominee
National
Nelson-Le Moon
Oneida
Oshkosh
Pierce-Arrow
Red Ball
Ruggles
Sayers
Standard
Stoughton
Tiffin
Traylor
Vulcan
Ward-La France
White

Fire Engines

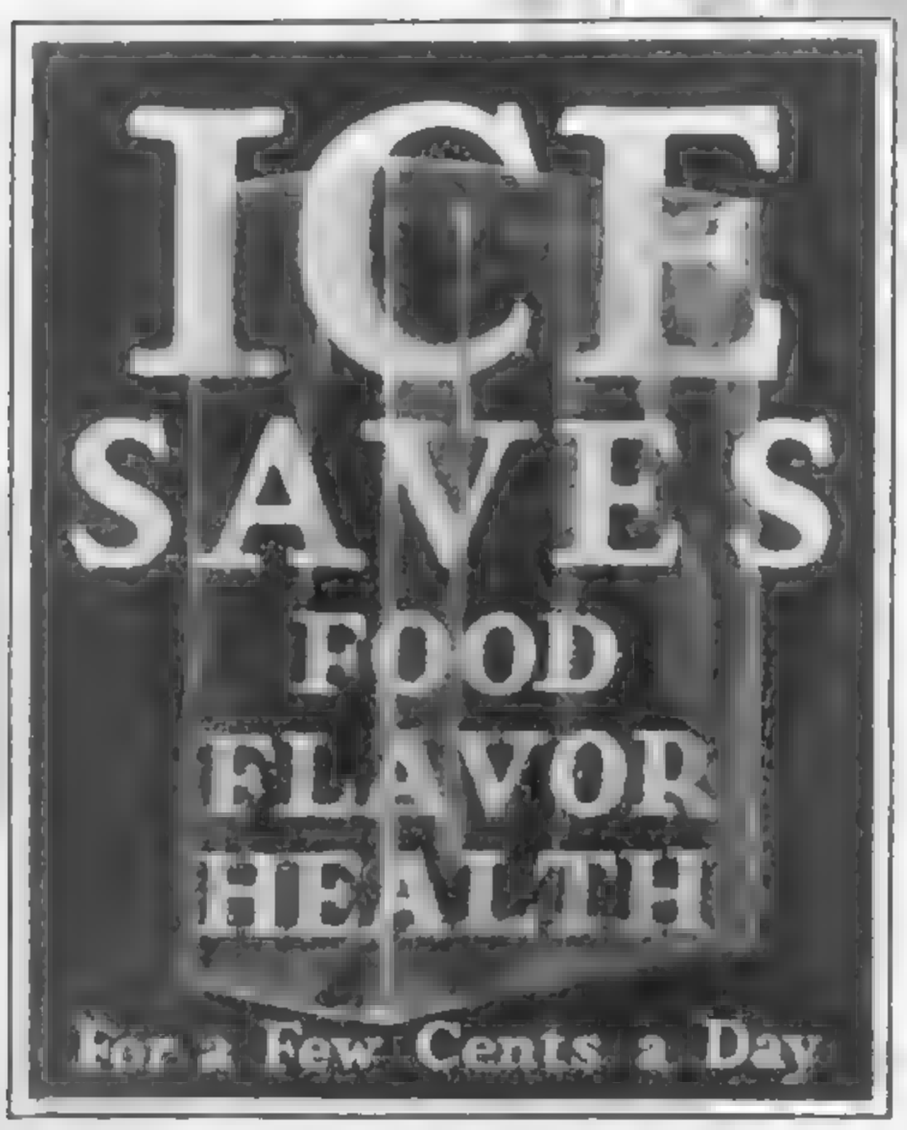
American-La France
Peter Pirsch
Seagrave

Motor Cars

Case
Checker Cab
Chevrolet (Partial)
Chrysler "50-60-70-80"
Cunningham
Davis
Dodge
Erskine Six
Franklin
Hupmobile
Jordan
Kissel
McFarlan
Meteor
Nash (Adv. Six)
Oldsmobile
Paige (Exp.)
Pierce-Arrow
Reo
Studebaker
Wills Ste. Claire

The busses, trucks and cars listed above are Willard-equipped by their makers.

Battery men



ICE does much more than merely refrigerate food. It keeps it *at its best*

IT does so by affording just the right atmospheric balance: cold enough and dry enough through air circulation to prevent spoiling, and what is equally important, moist enough to retard the drying out of food.

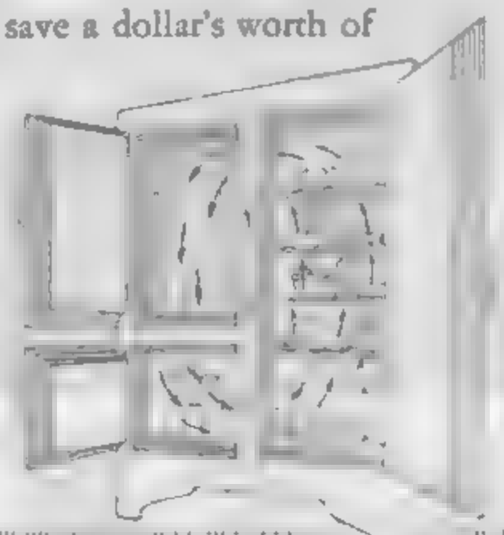
There is no refrigerant like ice. It is the natural way of chilling food, to keep it fresh and juicy and full of flavor.

And it is so inexpensive you can have abundance of it, not merely for keeping your ice box cold, but for many delightful uses, such as making ice cream and frozen desserts, cooling drinks, chilling fruit on the table, crisping vegetables, firming butter.

A nickel's worth of ice will save a dollar's worth of flavor.

Be sure to use enough ice

to get the full benefit of it. Keep your refrigerator well iced, the ice chamber never less than half to two thirds full. That will not only keep your food in prime condition; it will cause the ice to melt more slowly, and you will have plenty of ice for table and other uses. And it is important to know just where various foods should be placed in your refrigerator. There are scientific reasons why food will keep in better condition and its flavor be protected by following the instructions given in our booklet, "Where to Place Food in the Household Refrigerator," written by Dr. M. E. Pennington, Home Refrigeration Expert. Sent free upon request.



MAIL THIS COUPON

National Association of Ice Industries, 163 W. Washington Street, Chicago

Please send free, your booklet, *"Where to Place Food in the Household Refrigerator"*

Name

Street

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES 163 W. WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 134)

then goes into the mails addressed to the New York, or home, office of the brokerage house with which he is dealing. Mr. Jones being a naïve thief, expects to receive a check about a week later, allowing for prompt mail deliveries and twenty-four-hour transfer service. Instead of which, his stolen stock reaches New York, is dispatched by messenger to the transfer office and there encounters the stern eye of a stop bookkeeper. When Mr. Jones calls for the cash proceeds of his sale the chances are that a couple of detectives will be waiting for him, or if not a couple of detectives, then three or four, and maybe half a dozen.

It is impossible to escape that routine in selling listed securities through brokers, and the purpose of it all is, quite obviously, to achieve the protection of the owners of such securities. So earnestly do the rules operate to guard the interests of those who own stock shares, that were a forger to be caught in the act of raising some one-share certificates registered in his name, the whole machinery of what is usually known as Wall Street would support him in clinging to the ownership of those solitary shares, even though mutilated, provided he had bought them at their market value in a legitimate transaction.

There are at all times on file in the big transfer offices from 6000 to 7000 stops—a stop in every case meaning a warning from the owner of a security that it must not be transferred to other ownership. About nine-tenths of those stop orders are a reflection of a national habit of carelessness with respect to the symbols of wealth. Those are the securities that are mislaid by forgetful owners, whose alarm is then expressed by a frantic stop order filed, as a rule, by telegram. Many months pass and then one day a stop bookkeeper grunts with satisfaction and lays aside the missing certificate in obedience to the owner's command. But when the owner is notified, nine times out of ten he replies: "Pardon me; my mistake. I forgot to remove the stop order when I found my 100-share certificate of Time & Tide Common B, and please accept this as your authority to transfer the stock which I have sold. Yours sincerely."

The other one-tenth of the stop orders, though, are an index rich with drama, with stories of cupidity, of cunning, of misfortune and more carelessness.

The Lost is Found

In a city in the Southwest a woman in mourning was going through the sad task of straightening up the silent home of her widowed sister, who had died a few days earlier. There was going to be, at best, but little money for the orphan niece. The sister, herself a resident of a distant city, emptied closets of clothing, packing it away in trunks; she packed barrels of kitchen utensils, complaining, as she did so, at the slight prospect of receiving any but cruelly low offers for it as secondhand merchandise. Finally she went to the attic to complete her packing and inventory. There she found an old-fashioned trunk filled with letters, receipts, bills, dance programs, and among this litter one piece of paper that made her heart leap. It was a 100-share certificate of a corporation whose shareholders have enjoyed a rich harvest of dividends in recent years.

The sister of the vanished one who had placed that certificate in the old trunk tried hard to complete her task there, but her sense of relief was too much for her. She had known that her sister had possessed the shares, but she had long supposed them to have been sold and the proceeds devoted to the maintenance of the tiny household which she was now engaged in dismantling. She decided at length to go to call on a business man, an old friend of her family, and seek his advice as to the proper means of disposing of her find.

With his assistance the legal formalities were hastened and the shares were sold locally at the stock-market price, but not through a broker, and the proceeds deposited in a bank for the child. A few weeks later, however, the purchaser of the shares was alarmed when his bank reported that the New York transfer agent of the company which had issued that stock had declined to issue a certificate in his name. There was, he learned, an old stop order against the 100-share certificate. An investigation disclosed all the facts. Some years earlier the dead sister had been made frantic by the disappearance of the stock certificate. Being soundly advised, she had sent a stop order to the transfer agent and later had received a duplicate—a new certificate—which she had sold. That old certificate, hidden away in the attic with the fiendishness that sometimes seems to govern inanimate things, had reappeared only to arouse false hopes. It was a worthless piece of paper. The proceeds of its sale had, of course, to be returned to the purchaser.

Something for Nothing

Ladies, you may learn in Wall Street, mislay their stocks and bonds frequently, and so do gentlemen. This carelessness even infects the people who operate the financial machinery, so that they find it necessary in some of the largest banks in the financial district to keep a corps of porters whose sole duty is to make a careful search every day of all the waste paper gathered in the institutions a few days earlier. The porters peer into every envelope on the chance that a valuable inclosure has been thrown away; they scrutinize waste paper with the same flattering attention that it may have received a few days before, when it was newly received mail, and they find enough papers of value to make it profitable to keep these porters on the pay rolls of Wall Street houses.

There are 500 stop-transfer orders against the stock of a single corporation, a sixty-year-old concern which is regarded in Wall Street as a favorite reservoir for the investment funds of women; but there are only one or two men in the country who dare, without blushing, to preach on the subject of being careful with valuable securities.

One of these is Judge Elbert Gary, chairman of the board of the United States Steel Corporation.

"Through motives of cupidity," expounded Judge Gary recently, "many people are moved to do foolish things. This is seen in the case with which some persons are persuaded by glib-tongued swindlers to part with money or securities which represent the savings of a lifetime. And that is not confined to the ignorant or the inexperienced, although they comprise a great majority. The chance to get something for nothing, or to get rich overnight, is a bait thrown out and repeatedly snapped up by thousands upon thousands annually, who realize their mistake only when it is too late.

"Widows, young people and others of little experience in business would be spared many a heartbreak if, before investing their money or transferring securities which are bringing them a reasonable return, they would refuse to consider any glittering scheme, promising large profits, until they had consulted some competent person whose integrity could not be questioned.

"On the folder which accompanies our dividend checks we say, just that certificates of stock be kept in a safe place. Many certificates are lost, stolen or destroyed when the stockholders fail to provide security for them. The stockholder is advised that it may be possible to replace the certificate so lost, but to do so will involve delay and may cause him considerable trouble and some expense. We also suggest that a certificate be kept unsigned until the stockholder is ready to dispose of it."

The chief transfer institutions in New York require in these times of heavy trading an aggregate of 5,000,000 engraved

(Continued on Page 141)

Here's What Has Happened

MERELY this—a better tire at no greater cost—one that *really will* go a *great deal* farther, and usually give no trouble of any kind during its entire life.

Not new—just more and more appreciated by more and more people—twice as many people as last year—six times as many as three years ago.

Just better materials and workmanship made possible because we found a way to distribute them throughout the country more quickly and thoroughly at much less cost.

Lots of people who put on Mansfields two years ago have never since *thought* of tires.

For them, *nothing* has happened.

THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Mansfield, Ohio

Balloon Cords *Truck Cords*
Heavy Duty Cords

The great Hardware Wholesalers of the country have in a sense combined to give this exceptional tire the widest, most thorough, most economical distribution ever enjoyed by any tire.

The Cost of Distribution is Lower—The Standard of Quality is Higher

MANSFIELD

Built ~ Not to Undersell, but ~ to Overserve

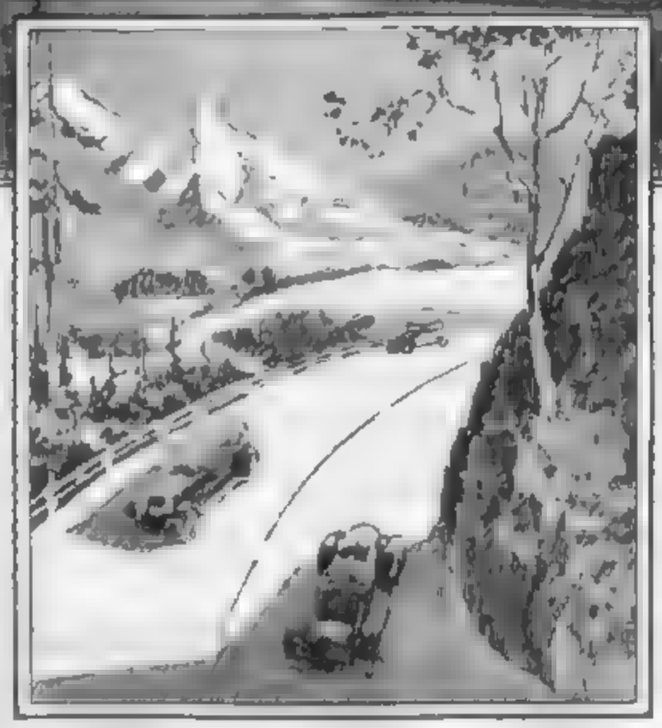
STOP, *Start and Steer* BETTER

FOUR small points of contact where tires and pavement meet, four little areas of only a few square inches each—yet how important they are to the safety of motor travel! You cannot stop, start or steer your car efficiently without perfect contact of tires and pavement. *Good traction* is the first requirement of modern streets.

Portland cement concrete pavement provides the ideal surface for rubber tire contact. While always smooth and even-surfaced for riding comfort, the gritty finish affords gripping, non-skid traction even to tread-worn tires. Concrete streets are *safest*—wet or dry!

Your city needs more streets of clean, smooth, lasting, *safe* concrete.

PORTLAND CEMENT
CONCRETE
for permanence



Motorists everywhere prefer concrete roads They have learned that concrete means safety, on mountain grade or level highway, comfortable travel and arrival on schedule, rain or shine. There are now more than 47,000 miles of concrete road in the United States. And concrete streets now insure safe travel in more than 3,500 American cities. Write for the illustrated booklet which tells of their satisfaction. Portland Cement Association, Chicago.

(Continued from Page 138

forms yearly for their work of issuing new certificates. Several of the big companies use from 5000 to 7500 fresh certificate forms daily. One of the largest has in its vault a supply of more than 1,000,000 of these engraved forms that await only the application of a few signatures and the impression of a rubber stamp to transform them into instruments of great value. Those forms are closely guarded, and when new ones are taken from the vault, where they are in the custody of a single control clerk, strict account is kept of them.

Several years ago new certificates for a copper-mine stock were issued to a stockholder who made affidavits that he had lost the originals. It was but the first step in a criminal scheme to get rich quickly. The man then proceeded to put up his new stock at a bank as collateral for a loan. At another bank he hypothecated the old certificates for an additional sum. With the borrowed money he proceeded to buy more stock in a company having a different transfer agent. Again he made affidavits that he had lost his certificates, and when the new ones were made out and sent to him he borrowed still larger sums of money, being careful to keep up his interest payments. His pyramiding might have continued indefinitely, but for a tiny flaw in his scheme that would be unfair here to reveal. He was caught and went to jail.

From time to time old stock certificates, that have been hidden away since the days when Jay Gould was credited with having his own printing press for the issuance of such stock as he required in his manipulations, are brought to Wall Street by those who have inherited them and wish to determine their value or their genuineness.

Catching Up With Trouble

Quite recently one was brought to the expert of the stock exchange for scrutiny and comparison with a specimen form of the same issue. It was a bond that had been listed on the stock exchange in 1862. Because of some writing on its reverse side, a question had been raised as to its negotiability. Within three minutes after it was offered for examination, its mate had been produced from the file of specimen forms. It is still producing revenue for its owner.

Even a slight alteration on any stock or bond should be regarded with suspicion, and it may be surprising to many owners of Liberty Bonds or other bearer certificates to discover that they have, by writing their names on those documents, made needless trouble for themselves when it becomes time to dispose of them. Bearer certificates so written upon are not regarded as a delivery under the strict rules of the stock exchange.

A transfer agent questioned a 100-share certificate of an Eastern railroad some months ago. He could not establish what was wrong with it himself, but he took it to the stock-exchange expert.

The expert is well equipped with all sorts of instruments for detecting flaws in the paper that is so important to that great market. Photography revealed, as if by magic, a name that had been erased. Surprisingly enough, it was the name of the broker's customer for whom it was being sold. The owner of the security was invited to attend a conference He came and at first denied that he had ever sullied the parchmentlike surface. Finally, when the signature had been shown to him under a magnifying glass, he admitted that he had written his name on the back of the certificate and then had erased it when he decided to transfer the stock. There was no wrong motive; he had just been foolish in a manner that transfer agents are inclined to regard as characteristic of many of their countrymen.

Behind most rules of the stock exchange is a story of a coup by some individual who had exposed a weakness in the trading methods. Prior to 1869, for example, the stock exchange did not require that the shares of the various companies be registered. Boards of directors had sometimes made large additional issues of stock secretly, sold the stock and delivered the certificates before the fact of the increase would be made public. A man buying one share of a company that has issued 1,000,000 shares knows today that he has a millionth-part interest in that company. The fact that it is a rule that the registrar of a company may not be its employe has much to do with the sanctity of present-day stock certificates.

The Watchdog for Stockholders

Some years ago the president of a railroad resigned his office but retained possession of a large supply of its stock-certificate forms. Whenever he felt so inclined he signed his name to some of that gaudy paper and sold it. Similar scandals had caused many prominent stocks to be stricken from the list of the stock exchange, but it was the adoption of the rule requiring registrars that put an end to the practice. A company cannot act as its own registrar.

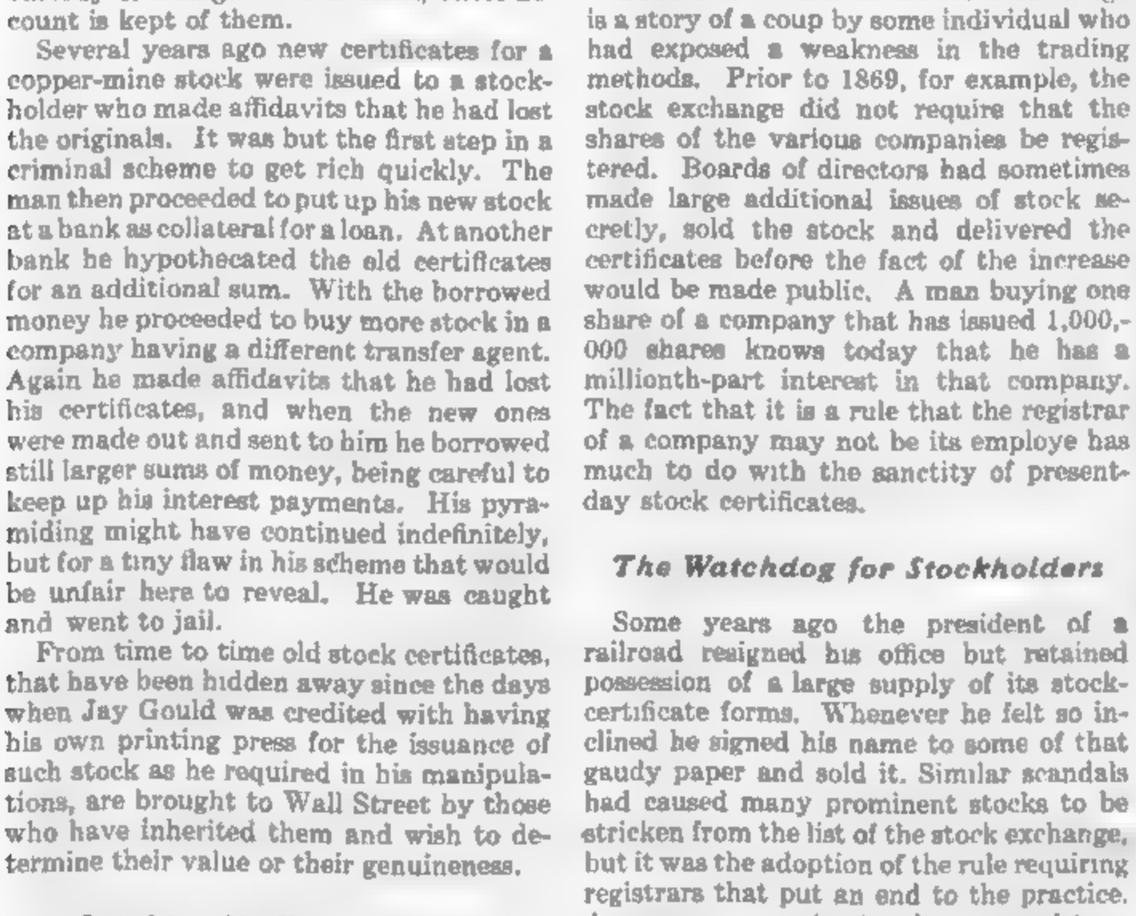
The registrar has become the watchdog of the stockholders, and he does not represent the company even though it pays his fees and appoints him. He is the equivalent of a corporate trustee.

At 8:30 on five mornings a week boys of high-school age start out from the offices of the big transfer agencies. Some of the companies have eight or a dozen boys for this work. The lads travel in pairs, carrying a bag between them, and are escorted by an armed guard in uniform. Their task is to carry securities surrendered the previous day to the offices of the various registrars.

For every new security which they are asked to sign, the registrars insist upon seeing and handling the old security which it is intended to replace, and the old security must be cut full of holes that, when held to the light, become a cancellation legend such as "This certificate is void."

The liability of both transfer agents and registrars is very great, and in the performance of both offices strict attention is paid to legal formulas. The boys who leave one transfer agency with securities to be signed by various registrars pass on their way other boys similarly burdened, who are in turn going to visit their transfer agency in its capacity of registrar.

The banks that engage in this sort of work are both transfer agents and registrars, but never can one concern fill both rôles for the same company; which is just one of the reasons why we may call the paper they handle "securities."



The CLASSIC—Style S-170

FOR the man who cares there is no shoe like The Florsheim Shoe and no better time to find it out than now.

MOST STYLES TEN DOLLARS

The FLORSHEIM SHOE
For the Man Who Cares

Manufactured by THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY Chicago

CLARK
Windodger

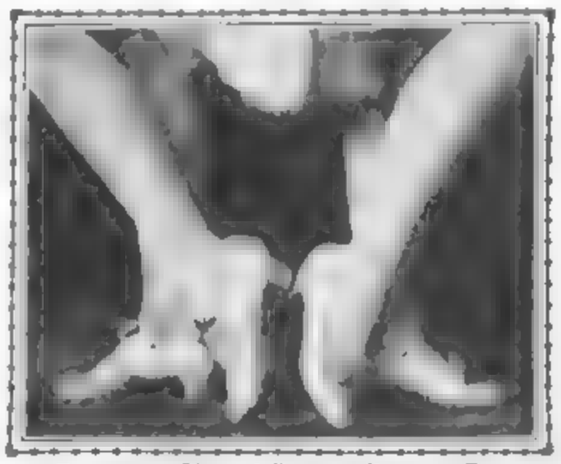
Can you drive one-handed?

Then you can use the Windodger (a sports edition of the Clark Lighter) no matter how fast you ride. No more hand-cupped struggles, with finger-burning, fence-bucking possibilities. One graceful flick, and a faithful flame—wind-sheltered by golden bars—lights your smoke. Any smart shopman will exchange one for your $12.50 or $15.00

W G C

THE LIGHTER THAT WORKS IN THE WIND

W. G. CLARK & CO., INC., North Attleboro, Mass. Showrooms: 584 Fifth Ave., New York



FAIRBANKS TWINS' *Famous Dancing Feet*

FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept free from corns

"Misfortune never comes singly . . . even with twins. So each of us dreads a corn for fear of wishing it on the other."

So writes Madeleine Fairbanks . . . one of the charming Fairbanks Twins now dancing in the new Broadway production "Oh! Kay."

"But if I should ever get a corn, I'd follow the stars and use Blue-jay."

. . .

And what a delightful way to end a corn! A dainty pad . . . like velvet . . . fits over the corn and stops the pain at once . . . One plaster usually conquers the corn. But even the deep-seated corn seldom requires more than two . . . The new 1927 Blue-jay, with the new creamy-white pad, is now ready at your drug store. . . . *For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.*

THE *New* Blue-jay

© 1927

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

$7.50 extra in one afternoon

R. H. Newton had been looking forward to Saturday afternoon. It gave him just the time he needed to call upon a few of his neighbors and to talk to friends as he met them along the way. Upon returning home he found his net profits, for the afternoon, totalled exactly $7.50!

How did he do it?

Mr. R. H. Newton of Tennessee knows that almost any odd hour—morning, afternoon or evening—is worth to him up to $1.50 or more.

Extra Cash for You, Too!

Mr. Newton simply told his neighbors and friends that he is our authorized representative and would be glad to save them the trouble of forwarding their renewals or ordering new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

Today, after more than a year of money making, Mr. Newton will tell you that our offer is one fine way to earn extra cash.

Let us tell you how you can make your spare hours pay. It makes no difference whether they are morning, afternoon or evening hours; no matter what your age, or whether you live in a large city or a small town. *You can earn extra money!*

Send This Coupon

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
954 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

What is your cash offer?

Name. _____ *Age* _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

MY LIFE

(Continued from Page 32)

"I cannot," remarked the venerable field marshal, "assume the responsibility of seeing Your Majesty dragged to Berlin by mutinous troops to be delivered as prisoner into the hands of the revolutionary government."

I have the assurance from Hindenburg's own mouth that he believed the Kaiser's sojourn in Holland would be only temporary; that within a few weeks he would be recalled to Berlin. The field marshal remembered that, under similar circumstances—in 1848—Emperor William I, then Crown Prince, had temporarily left German soil until tranquillity was restored. Once, twice, three times in succession, the faithful Hindenburg entreated the Kaiser to depart for Holland. Again and again the Emperor refused.

At ten o'clock at night, Admiral von Hintze appealed once more to the monarch in the name of Field Marshal von Hindenburg to depart for Holland. Rebellious troops were marching on Spa. The Emperor could neither join the army of the Crown Prince at the front, nor, bearding the revolutionary lion in his den, could he return to the capital. Both paths were barred, as the bridges across the Rhine were in the hands of the rebels. Unutterable chaos and ghastly shambles were sure to ensue if the Emperor refused to go. If the Emperor remained he would jeopardize not merely the peace negotiations but the life of the Empress, who was still in Berlin.

At last William consented. Accompanied by a small retinue, the Emperor arrived at the Dutch border in an automobile.

"What should I have done? What could I do?" the Emperor remarked to me at Doorn when we discussed the events of the ninth of November. "All cards were stacked against me. I did not know that members of the government had encouraged the revolution that swept them away. I did not know that they had secured no guaranties assuring adequate compensation to my unfortunate country, for my sacrifice and for the surrender of a king's ransom in territory.

"I have been taunted with the fact that my great ancestor Frederick carried a bottle of poison with him to take his own life in case of defeat. I am a Christian. I reject the doctrine that man has the right to escape a trial imposed upon him by God through the short alley of suicide. If, in spite of my religious convictions, I had laid hands upon myself, I should have been a deserter indeed, deserting alike my family and my country. For the suicide of the German Emperor would be construed as a plea of guilty. It would have been regarded throughout the world as a confirmation of Germany's guilt."

One Exit Rejected

"Your enemies say that you should have chosen death in battle," I remarked.

"That," the Kaiser replied, "would have been merely another way of committing suicide, without accepting responsibility for the deed. Even had I desired to choose this path, you know that even the rear of a modern battle front is riddled for kilometers with shell holes, that it takes miles before anyone can even reach the front. I might have broken my leg in a shell hole, but I could not possibly have established contact with the enemy.

"Moreover, the Armistice was being negotiated. I might have dragged some troops after me in the silly attempt to fight after fighting was over; perhaps we would have been lucky enough to be killed, but such an act would have been theatrical claptrap. A king has no right to send his men to death to gratify his personal vanity. It would have meant the sacrifice of valuable lives, merely to provide me with a spectacular exit. The attempt would have ended in a preposterous mess, completing the step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

"If you had stayed ——"

"If I had stayed, the German people might have been forced to shameful compliance with the Allied demand for my surrender. I am responsible to God; I am responsible to my country; but I am not, and was not, responsible to my country's foes.

"Death is never a thing to be feared. But consider the humiliations imposed upon the Czar and his family, which leave upon the Russian people a stigma that time cannot erase.

"Today I know that the revolution could have been quelled. The majority of the people and of the army were loyal. Some of my advisers were traitors. Others had lost their heads. The coup d'état of Prince Max left me no choice. I could not undo the damage without an army; and the army, Hindenburg himself assured me, was a broken reed. It was no longer loyal."

A Service to Germany

"To stay meant civil war at home and slaughter on every front. To go meant tranquillity in the empire and honorable peace, based on the Fourteen Points, with our enemies.

"I had to choose between sacrificing myself and sacrificing my country. I sacrificed myself. It is not my fault that the sacrifice was in vain."

Vice Chancellor von Payer, a rabid democrat, admits in his memoirs that the Kaiser rendered a great service to Germany when he chose exile in Holland. Historians more competent than I will elucidate these facts in the future. I only knew that we had lost our Emperor. A rulerless, a terrible time was at hand. Every man's hand was raised against every other. There was no security. There was no order. Every tie was severed. These were black days of ruin. Many lost faith in their country. Many sought other lands.

How the Emperor suffered, alone, in Amerongen! Later, as soon as it was possible, Empress Augusta Victoria followed. She was saddened beyond measure by the injury done by her beloved people to the man she loved. It was too much for any heart to bear. It was too much for her.

The ignominy of the peace, added to our other troubles, weighed heavily on my husband, Prince Schönaich-Carolath. Again our pilgrimages to sanitariums began. In vain we traveled to the Black Forest and the mountains. He knew that his case was hopeless. He sought no longer recovery, but only an anodyne for his pain. The last eight months of his life he was chained to the mattress. Racked by coughs, plagued by sleeplessness and a nervous collapse, life became a torture. He died two years after the collapse of the empire, one year and four days before death released Her Majesty Empress Augusta Victoria from similar torture.

When the doctors told me that recovery was out of the question, I devoted myself entirely to him for one year, assisted by his two nurses. The children remained in Saabor under the protecting wings of their grandmother, the Dowager Princess of Schönaich-Carolath, and faithful, competent nurses. For a little while, in August, 1919, the children lived at a hotel adjoining the sanitarium, but they were not permitted to approach their father except from afar. For, especially in the final stage of his illness, the danger of carrying the death germs to their little lungs was too ominous not to be heeded. He himself, conscious of their peril, insisted upon the utmost precaution. His extreme kindness and consideration, aided by the marvels of disinfection that modern science contrives, saved me from sharing his fate. My children, thank God, have not inherited the malady of their father. Unknown to them, they were subjected periodically to medical tests

(Continued on Page 145)

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The Rexall Store

You will recognize it by this sign

The whole month of AUGUST

(Continued from Page 142)

to verify their condition. For two years and a half I was a widow—years of anxiety and of labor.

There was much to rebuild. That is a difficult task under normal conditions. It was doubly trying under the circumstances. Everything was in flux. The moral as well as the economic foundations of life were shaken. The old order had fallen. No new order had as yet sprung out of chaos.

My five children had been without my guidance for nearly a year. After such a lapse of time it takes effort and patience to regain complete control. I had to select schools for my boys. I must create an environment most conducive to their physical health and to their mental development. Children must rear their own lives. We can only give them the groundwork upon which they themselves must build. I had suffered too much from the illness of others not to realize that any structure raised upon inadequate physical foundations must fall. Cleanliness—or rather hygiene—I fancy comes even before godliness. Physical development, without godliness, without a sense of reverence for spiritual values, is equally futile.

Times in which so many ancient beacons of conduct waver and disappear in the dark enhance the moral responsibility of parenthood. They compel us to steer the little vessels intrusted to us without guidance—often against the stream. Navigation is simpler when all currents sweep in the same direction.

A Woman With the Reins

An age of transition makes it incumbent upon the educator to preserve the values of the past without compromising the future. For no education is adequate that fails to adapt the child to the needs of his own time. We live, after all, not in the past but in the present. Our children are denizens of the future. My boys are still in the period where storm and stress—*Sturm und Drang*—will toss them hither and thither until they discover themselves. They are inexpressibly dear to me. God grant that I may have dealt wisely with them.

The management of Saabor made heavy demands upon me. My problem was to make the estate support itself in a period of economic anarchy. My success, in spite of heavy odds, gave me new confidence in myself. My sense of order, inherited from my father, enabled me to systematize my affairs. Our foresters and our laborers learned that a woman's hand, however light, need not necessarily lack strength in holding the reins. I taught business men, who counted upon my inexperience in calculations, that arithmetic is sexless. I respected labor according to its merit, but I had no patience with Bolshevist nonsense. The red flag was never hoisted at Saabor.

In the winter of 1921 I visited my two eldest sisters. Emma, Countess Künigl, lives harmoniously with her husband and her three children in a beautiful castle commanding the Puster Valley in Tyrol. My sister Maria, Baroness of Guignoni, owns a delightful château overlooking the mountains, not far from Klagenfurt in Austria. She, too, is happy with her husband.

My brother's condition remains unchanged. He is still a human automaton, unable to move or act by his own volition. My sister Caroline, being dead, is at least not unhappy. My youngest sister, Ida, married in 1911 Prince Christoph Stolberg-Rossla. Like all my sisters, she has managed to adjust herself to the new era. Her castle, to which I have already referred, lies at the foot of the Kyffhäuser Mountain, where, according to legend, the Emperor Barbarossa waits to restore the splendor of the realm.

When Ida accepted the prince, I asked myself, "Will she be happy?" For, being the youngest, she had been spoiled by us all. We sisters and the ladies of the court were at her beck and call at the slightest pout. Such excessive care is rarely conducive to ultimate happiness. Fortunately, the sweetness of my sister's temperament overcame the faults of her education. She, too, found happiness.

Marriage, in any case, is a hazardous game. I often marvel at the slipshod ease with which men and women tie the knot that is to unite them forever. However, even with the utmost caution, the element of chance cannot be eliminated. I, thank God, was lucky both in my first and in my second marriage.

The Story of Quarrels

Never, not even in the dark days of the Middle Ages, when the power of the German emperors had declined to a shadow, were conditions in Germany more depressing than in the years immediately following the revolution. There was no ray of light, not a silver lining appeared in the clouds. In vain we hoped for a hero with a tall hat or with spurs to rise in response to the extremities of our need. No silk-hatted statesman and no man on horseback appeared. Barbarossa still slept in his Kyffhäuser Mountain. William II was barred from Germany not merely by the decree of the Allies but by the division existing among the people themselves.

Barbarossa, the legend tells us, will sleep while the ravens circle over the mountain wherein he slumbers. William II will not return, except in response to the demand of a united people.

How often our unhappy country is torn by internal dissensions! German history is largely the story of German quarrels. There is one anecdote bearing upon this point which the Kaiser loves to impress upon his hearers.

"Once upon a time," he remarks quizzically, "the Romans and the Germans were at war. The Roman commander, discouraged by the ferocious assaults of the blond Barbarians, had asked for an audience with the imperator to discuss ways and means of retreat. Suddenly there rose a terrific din from the German lines.

"'We are lost, O Imperator!' the leader of the centurions exclaimed. 'The dreadful din indicates an overwhelming number of the enemy and the furor of their attack.'

"'On the contrary,' Cæsar replied, a smile spreading slowly over his pallid features, 'the clamor means we have won. The Germans are quarreling among themselves.'"

What was true in the Roman's day is still true today. The Germans are always divided by internal dissensions. Internal dissensions prevented Germany from exerting the last saving ounce of pressure in the World War.

Leaderless and divided into hostile camps, Germany, after the war, was headed straight for disaster. There is no page in her history more glorious than the sturdiness with which she succeeded in extricating herself from uttermost perdition. Even partial recovery, under such conditions, savors of the supernatural. This miracle was wrought by the people, not by their leaders. It was wrought, perhaps, in spite of the leaders. When no savior appeared to the people, they saved themselves.

Many who did not sympathize with the new era gritted their teeth and imperiled their lives to restore order. For whatever happens to the individual, the country must live.

In spite of all, Germany today is industrious and at heart wholesome. Such a nation cannot go under.

Young Germany was forced to adapt itself to novel conditions. The boys who came back from the front had forfeited a large share of their education. In many cases the loss was irretrievable. Some had the courage to return to the schoolroom, after gazing for so long into the ghastly countenance of Death. They absorbed new knowledge and the new ideal on the same benches with younger comrades to whom war was a myth.

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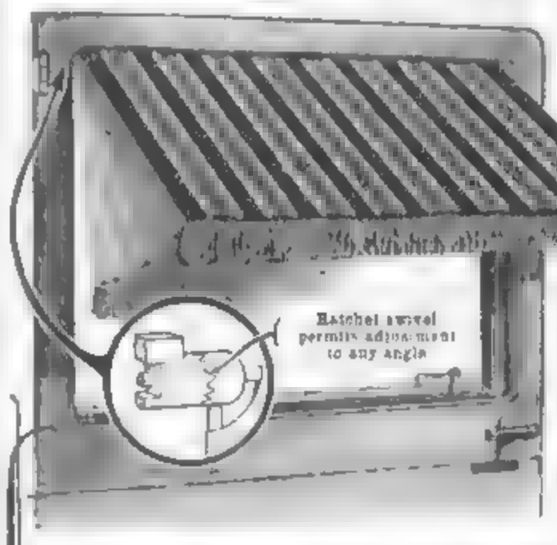

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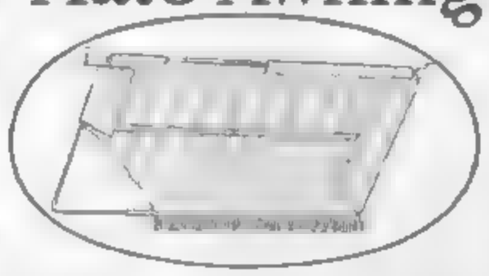

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The alienation of large slices of German territory by the Peace Treaty limits their possibilities of employment. The battle for existence, hard at all times, is even more strenuous in Germany. Big business is compelled to curtail its personnel. We have no colonies where young men, eager to wrest new wealth from tropic soil for the Fatherland, can prove their mettle. The army, which offered so many opportunities, upon which so many businesses thrived, is disbanded.

The harshness of the times breeds a new type of German. Youth has more freedom, more pleasure perhaps. Many prefer not to turn their eyes backward. They would not, if they could, reverse the wheel of time. However, they pay for their new privileges a heavy toll in suffering and in toil.

Woman, too, has lost many of her ancient shackles. The postwar period gave her the vote. With the new rights came new responsibilities. German women, with splendid courage, took up the new tasks. Our women have demonstrated the ability of our sex to cope with men in politics, in sociology and in science.

Release From Fetters

My childhood was dominated by the incurable malady of my brother, which deprived him of the power of volition and motion. My youth was darkened by the death of my sister Caroline, Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar. My young womanhood was overcast by the war and by the illness of my husband, Prince Schönaich-Carolath. Almost throughout my marriage I was fettered to his bedside. My chains were pleasant, because they were wrought by the hands of love; nevertheless, they restricted my development and my freedom. My five children and the Saabor estate were a responsibility. I was handicapped by postwar conditions. The inflation, which destroyed perhaps more wealth than the war, made heavy inroads upon my exchequer. But, at least, I was my own master. I was able to indulge freely in my passion for travel. I traveled, visited towns, exhibitions, theaters, concerts. I renewed my acquaintance with artists and poets. My new freedom enabled me to complete my education and to permit free play to my own personality. I was strongly determined never to marry again, never to surrender the precious right to be the master of my soul. Love hears such vows and laughs!

However, for two years and one-half I was secure in my independence. When finally I married again I had gained enough strength to preserve my individuality.

I have traversed every part of Germany. My voyages of discovery began when I was a girl. I know Germany's picturesque towns; I know the castles that live in legend, the museums that store the treasures of the past. After I was sixteen I traveled without a guide, accompanied only by my old chief lady in waiting and governess, Frau von Dithfurth. Occasionally my companion was Miss von Wolf, who helped me to perfect my knowledge of foreign tongues.

Klinger's nude Beethoven in the museum at Leipsic, a statue which, for some reason or other, never appealed to the Kaiser, inspired me with admiration and awe. Unwilling to monopolize such delights, I initiated my children into the mystery of Klinger's art. I sought out the art treasures of Dresden. Alone, I sallied forth into the almost unknown ancient quarters of that picturesque town. I remember especially the refectory in the Church of St. Thomas.

At Wagner's Shrine

My thirst for art embraced every human activity from copper prints to cathedrals. I spent glorious days in the museums of Berlin and of Potsdam, hallowed by memories of Frederick the Great.

Berchtesgaden in the Bavarian Alps is the land I love best after my own little Greiz, nestling among the Thuringian Mountains, where my father ruled and where I was born. I spend a few weeks every summer in Berchtesgaden, the most lovely spot in Bavaria. It is a spot loved by the Wittelsbachs, the royal house of Bavaria. Berchtesgaden, with the blue glory of its lake, weaves a spell that few can resist.

I love Baden with its Black Forest. And I love Sigmaringen, the ancestral home of the Hohenzollern family, in the beautiful valley of the Danube. Prince of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, a cousin of the Kaiser, and his amiable consort were delightful hosts.

The artistic and historical traditions of his household, combined with the worldly wisdom and farsighted vision of the prince, are a precious memory in the treasure house of my mind.

I haunted the art museums of the ancient Hansa towns, the free cities of Hamburg, Bremen and Lübeck, which had retained their privileges and their republican government even under the empire. I saw Nuremberg, Munich and Nördlingen, one of the most beautiful of our ancient towns. The pointed gables of Breslau, with its cathedral, its university and its city hall, remind us how close we are still to the Middle Ages.

I gloried in the magnificence of Danzig, that citadel of Germanism for a thousand years—Danzig, that remains German in spite of Versailles.

I visited the Marienburg preserved in its architectural beauty by the Kaiser and saved from the Poles by my ancestor, Henry of Plauen, grand master of the Knights of the Temple. The Cologne Cathedral, the many churches which the Rhine wears like jewels, are beads in the rosary of my recollection.

In Posen I saw the romantic palace built by the Kaiser. As I gazed through its high windows and walked through its marble halls, I felt again the thrill of my old infatuation. It seemed as if the beauty of the structure somehow conveyed a spirit message from its builder to me.

(Continued on Page 150)

White Siberian Race Dogs on the Ice-Bound Chena River, Alaska, April, 1927

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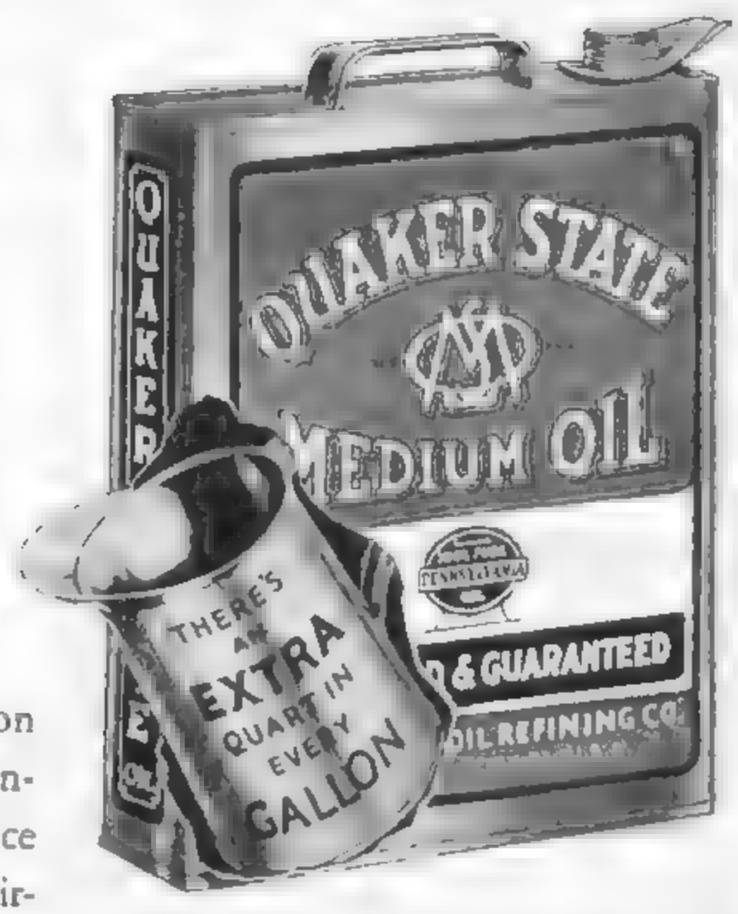

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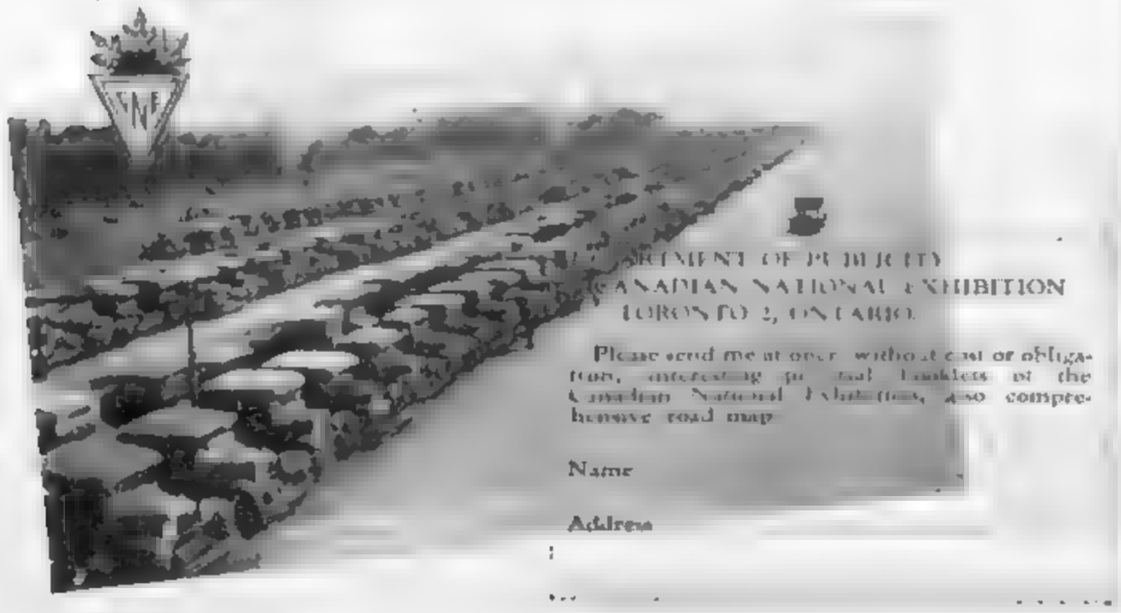

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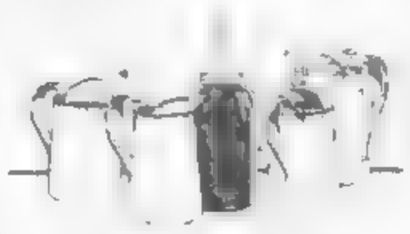
While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

Try this *Intelligence test—*

1 Is there more than *one* good motor oil on the market?

ANS: Yes—there are many good motor oils on the market.

2 Are there any bad motor oils on the market?



ANS: *Yes indeed*—far too many!

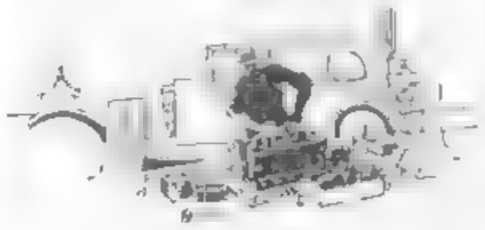
3 By asking for "Just oil", can you ever be sure which *kind* of oil you will get?

ANS: *No,*—emphatically you cannot!

4 Do any motorists ever really get poor motor oil?

ANS: Yes, a great many. Poor lubrication is the greatest single cause of repairs and ruined motors.

5 What repairs can poor lubrication make necessary?



ANS: Anything from repairing a scored bearing to replacing almost the entire motor.

6 Is there any *one* kind of oil noted for giving particularly fine motor lubrication?

ANS:
PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL!

7 Is PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL any different from any other oil?

ANS: Yes—Nature made it of different materials.

8 How good is it?

ANS: International experts call it "The highest grade oil in the world".

9 Is there any real reason why you should use PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL exclusively?

1,800,000 motorists have answered question No. 9

By always demanding—and getting—Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oil—

. . . you get the oil which has characteristically greater resistance to heat—consequently a low consumption under extreme heat;

. . . an oil whose free-flowing tendency at normal starting temperatures assures a ready supply at every point;

. . . which shows the least "breakdown" or thinning out when heated—and retains, therefore, the safest body and oiliness at efficient operating temperatures.

These qualities in Pure Pennsylvania Oil mean that a more efficient piston seal is maintained; greater power is developed; dilution is minimized; less gasoline is consumed.

Under normal conditions—without an oil rectifier—each filling of Pure Pennsylvania Oil gives you at least 1000 miles of super-lubrication. Experts call it, "The highest grade oil in the world". And 1,800,000 motorists agree with them—motorists who use Pure Pennsylvania Oil exclusively.

To convince yourself that Pure Pennsylvania Oil is a remarkable lubricant, try one filling. Identify this oil by the emblem shown below. It appears on many different brands—but they are all 100% Pure Pennsylvania Oil. No other kind or grade of oil can use it.

Have your crank-case drained and filled with Pure Pennsylvania Oil. Maintain the oil level, but it is not necessary to drain again for at least 1000 perfect miles.

You will probably agree with 1,800,000 other motorists—it's the sweetest lubrication a motor can get. *Try it!*

Least breakdown—minimum consumption under extreme heat—at least 1000 miles to a filling. Demand Pure Pennsylvania Oil

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

free a booklet on motor oil and lubrication every motorist should have.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASS'N,
114 Center Street, Oil City, Pa.

Please send me the booklet, "The Inside Story of Motor Oil." Worth money to every oil user

Name

Street Address

City State

S E P 8 4 2 7

(Continued from Page 146)

The memory of the beautiful things I have seen sustains my courage and stimulates my imagination in the long winters at Doorn.

Twice, in 1906 and in 1908, I worshiped at Wagner's shrine in Bayreuth. My hospitable reception in Villa Wahnfried, where Wagner's widow lives with her gifted son, and with her three clever and charming daughters, established many delightful contacts with peers in the realm of opera and of the arts. What jolly suppers we had with Frau Cosima! And, oh, the unforgettable hours when all the world was drowned in music! On the occasion of my second visit, I did not meet Frau Cosima, but Siegfried Wagner and his sisters did the honors in exemplary fashion. I did not revisit Bayreuth after the war.

My interest in the past makes it a delight to meet our famous historians and scholars. I shall not recite names which, however significant to us, mean comparatively little to the American reader. I will only mention that intrepid explorer, Frobenius, who frequently visits us at Doorn, and whose views on race questions are strikingly vindicated by his archæological discoveries in Africa; and Oswald Spengler, whose Decline of Western Civilization has revolutionized German thought.

My travels taught me to apply new standards in my judgment of people. When I first exchanged my home in Thuringia for Silesia, I was stunned by the contrast. The comparatively small geographical compass of Germany furnishes astonishing variations of type. Environment and climate predetermine our disposition to a surprising degree. The amount of sunshine, the contents of the air, an indefinable something arising from the soil, mysteriously influence the character of the population. These influences make us gay, kindly and enterprising, or suspicious, distrustful and sullen. They lend wings to our thoughts, or they make us lazily charming, without depth.

The Emperor agrees with me. In his opinion, not only the character of individuals but the history of a race, in fact, civilization itself, is largely a result of its climate. One type of civilization flourishes in the heights, another in the valleys. Even the social question is governed to large extent by climate and habitation. Mussolini, I hear, takes the people from the slums and forces them into the sunshine, under the slogan of Lungs for Italy. Sunshine is the best antidote against Bolshevism.

A similar movement to give lungs to Germany would aid immeasurably in solving our social problem. But the cruel mutilation of Germany and the seizure of our colonies, coupled with insupportable reparations, condemn the German masses to many years of servitude in ill-lighted tenements.

The climate at Doorn, which contributed to the illness of Empress Augusta Victoria, sometimes depresses me in spite of the exuberance of my vitality. I conquer my melancholy moods, induced by fogs and rain, aided by my memories and by the personality of the Emperor.

If, in spite of all, my depression increases and my old malady—a reminder of the Ersatz food of war days—plagues me, the German border is always open to me. It is closed to my unfortunate husband, the Kaiser. It seems strange, indeed, that the right to sojourn in Germany should be denied to the man who ruled the country for thirty years!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

By the MIGHT *of* Tiny Crystals

EYES that sparkle, cheeks that glow—tokens of brimming health! Here, if you please, more than in all the dusty volumes ever written is the secret of human happiness.

And health, physicians say, is first of all—*food*. They know the great scientific truths of proteins, carbohydrates, vitamins, fats, sugars, salts. *Salts* are the vitalizing spark—and the tiny crystals of table salt (with Iodine) the mightiest of all. It is right, then, that the Mulkey organization takes pride in producing a salt which has no superior.

MULKEY SALT CO., DETROIT

Also Makers of

MB Butter Salt, Bakers' Salt, Meat Packers' Salt, Water Softener Salt, Free Running Table Salt, Jack Frost Table Salt—each perfect for its purpose

For Every Home Use and for the Prevention of Simple Goitre—At All Grocers'

MULKEY'S *Iodine* SALT

New Spout Pours a *Thin* Stream

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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"The Ross Steering Gear holds my car steady on rough roads— *and will hold yours*"

As with electric starting, balloon tires, four-wheel brakes, the Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear was developed because something *better* was *needed*—and needed *badly*. Already, thirty-nine automobile manufacturers use it as standard equipment. Already it has won the public's preference . . . Steering is the *only continuous effort* demanded of you by your car. Ross doubles your steering ability—gives new steering ease—greater control—increased safety . . . Drive a Ross-equipped car through heavy gravel, over chuck-holes, ruts, railroad crossings . . . *The steering wheel remains firm and steady in your hands—the car holds true in its course!* Road-shock, with its fatigue and hazards, is reduced to a *minimum*. And parking, with Ross to aid you, is *surprisingly* easy. . . . The secret of all these advantages lies in the long lever arm and variable pitch of the cam—exclusive with Ross . . . Drive a Ross-equipped car before you buy again. Mail the coupon for a roster of Ross-equipped cars, buses and trucks, and an interesting free booklet on steering.

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EASIER STEERING--LESS ROAD SHOCK

Before Cities Were Built

WHEN every family kept a cow and hung the milk in the well—when every one had a garden—when nothing was known about germs or bacteria—they gave little thought to the problems of freshness in food.

Now when millions of people live in cities—when our food has to be transported many miles—when we know that germs and bacteria lurk everywhere—we need to think much about the freshness and cleanness of the food we eat.

The things we've learned. We've learned a lot of things our grandmothers didn't know about. And in our better knowledge, what a lot of prejudice we have thrown away! Our grandmothers had prejudice against food in cans. But we now know, on the word of the greatest scientific authorities, that food in sealed cans is as good and safe and wholesome as food can be. We know the can does no damage to the food. We know, on the contrary, that the sealed can is a guarantee of freshness, and purity and cleanliness.

We *need* to know particularly that the milk we use is pure and clean. We *do* know that Evaporated Milk, sterilized in sealed cans is always pure and absolutely clean. It is one of the modern accomplishments through which science has given us, in the cities, as pure, clean food as we could have if all of us still lived on the farm.

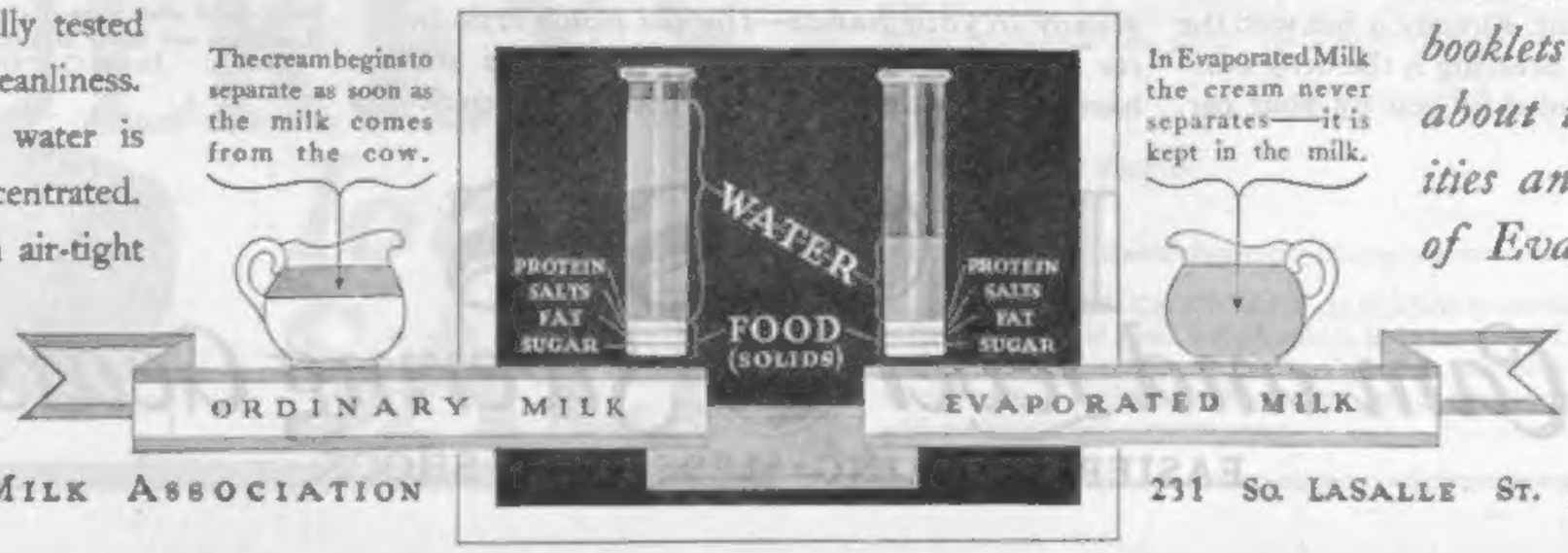
What it is. Evaporated Milk is pure milk. Nothing is added to preserve it. Not a thing is taken from it but some of the water which is the greater part of all milk. All the food qualities of the milk are kept in it. None of them is harmed in any way.

Always fresh and sweet and absolutely clean. The milk is produced under the supervision of experts on farms in the best dairying sections of America. It is received in sanitary plants in the country within a few hours after it comes from the cow—while it is fresh and sweet. It is carefully tested for purity and cleanliness. Then part of the water is removed—it is concentrated. Finally, it is put in air-tight containers and sterilized—protected from everything that can impair its freshness and sweetness and purity. In this condition it comes to your pantry—fresh and sweet and absolutely clean.

With better richness. 87½% of natural cow's milk is water. The remaining 12½% is composed of butterfat (cream), milk sugar, proteins and mineral salts. 60% of the water of cow's milk is removed in making Evaporated Milk. The food (solid) content of Evaporated Milk is, therefore, more than twice as great as in ordinary milk. And *every drop* of Evaporated Milk contains *all* the food elements of milk. There is no cream line. The cream never separates. It stays in the milk. Evaporated Milk is *never* skimmed milk. It is always more-than-double rich in butterfat and *also* in the bone and tissue-building substances—in all the elements which make milk Nature's most perfect food.

For every use. Wherever you need milk, Evaporated Milk will *better* fill the need. In cream soups, for creaming vegetables, for sauces and gravies, in breads and cakes, in cocoa, iced or hot—wherever you use milk—Evaporated Milk serves as nothing else will serve. Evaporated Milk serves in place of cream for coffee, in ice creams, for desserts—wherever you need cream (single or double). The adaptability of Evaporated Milk to every milk and cream use will be an astonishing revelation that will surprise you and delight you.

The modern cream and milk supply. Undiluted Evaporated Milk serves in place of cream—at less than half the cost of cream. It can be diluted to suit any milk need, and costs less than ordinary milk. You can buy it from grocers everywhere. The supply on your pantry shelf is always fresh and sweet and absolutely clean—equal to every need you have for cream and milk. It is the modern cream and milk supply for everybody, for every use.



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Pasas Sun-Maid
JAPAN:
乾葡萄女天
CHINA:
乾牌
葡女
萄美
ENGLAND:
Sun-Maid Raisins
Many odd uses of Sun-Maid raisins are found in foreign lands—the raisin soups of Sweden, for instance
In the English manner, he calls our seeded raisins "ready stoned." The brand, however, is the same as here—Sun-Maid
The Chinese, too, have a sweet tooth. And they spend lavishly from slender earnings for Sun-Maid raisins
Dutch housewives appreciate the cleanliness of Sun-Maid raisins. They prefer the kind "zonder pitten" (without seeds)

Only raisins supremely fine could win such world-wide favor

Last night when her family sat down to supper, Mrs. Sven Nygren in Stockholm very likely served a raisin soup, for raisin soup is quite the thing in Sweden now.

And very likely the raisins she used were Sun-Maids, for Swedish women are most careful to ask for "Sun-Maidrussin."

In China yesterday some tiny tot became the possessor of a cash, just a fraction of our penny, and he spent it yesterday, as thousands of Chinese children did—for eight Sun-Maid raisins in an envelope.

To every part of America; to Europe; across the Pacific to Japan, China, and into the very heart of Asia go Sun-Maid raisins to supply a growing world demand.

One may learn the reason in practically any grocery store—in the red and blue Sun-Maid cartons. The world has no other raisins like Sun-Maid Nectars, seedless raisins with the fragrance, the flavor and plump tenderness of vine-ripened grapes.

Nor any other raisins like Sun-Maid Puffed, seeded raisins that aren't sticky, that carry all the flavor of the muscat grape.

Tonight, perhaps, you will serve a pudding or a tempting salad rather than Mrs. Nygren's raisin soup. But you will both agree on this point: The raisins to use in it must be supremely fine—Sun-Maids.

SUN-MAID

NECTARS *[Seedless Raisins] in the red carton*
PUFFED *[Seeded Raisins] in the blue carton*

A New Thrill millions may now enjoy

Today Home Movies with Ciné-Kodak are as easy to make as the simplest snapshots

YOU'VE ridden 60 miles an hour in an automobile. You've listened to radio concerts 1,000 miles away. You've read about wireless photographs and television. Now, here's a thrill that's different from any you've ever known before.

Movies—real movies—of people you know, children you love, places you go—are now easy to make and show right on your own silver screen.

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Eastman Scientists have made Home Movies as easy to take as the simplest snap-shots.

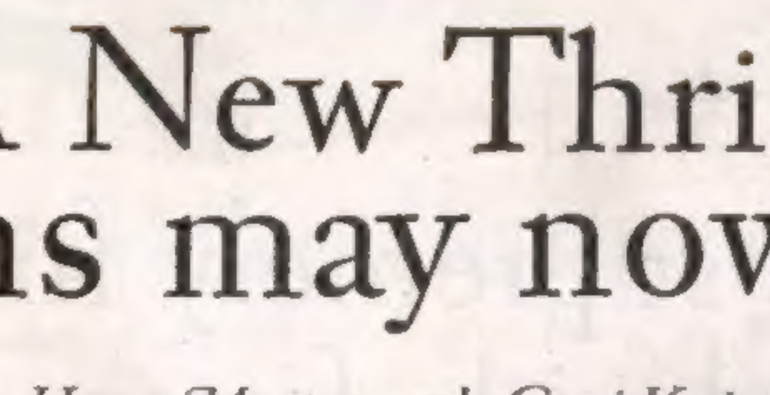
You sight your camera either from waist height or eye level. As you press a button, a shutter whirls inside, and the film slides swiftly behind the ever-focused lens. Instantly every action within the scene before you, every changing sequence of light and shadow, every expression of individuality, is registered for all time on your film.

Then, no troublesome developing. "You press the button—we do the rest." We finish your films at no extra cost, and return them to you. And you are ready to make romance, adventure, sports and humor live again on your screen. Crisp and clear the scene flashes itself in swift light and shade upon your silver screen. The amateur actors re-act their parts. "Your own movies!" It is all as easy as that.

For the day of the new sport, the new art, the new opportunity for self-expression, is here. Ciné-Kodak embodies Eastman's forty years' experience in devising easy picture-making methods for the amateur. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made "still" photography so easy have now made home movie-making equally simple for you.

To supplement your movie program, Kodak Cinégraphs, 100-foot reels covering a variety of subjects, are available at your dealer's. Price $7.50 per reel. You may also rent full length films of famous stars from the nearest Kodascope library.

A complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope Projector and Screen, may be had for as little as $140. Ciné-Kodak weighs only 5 lbs. Loads in daylight with amateur standard (16 m/m) Ciné-Kodak safety film, in the yellow box. See your Kodak dealer.



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